



5-15-2015

## Women Without a Voice

Daniel Daly

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Daly, Daniel (2015) "Women Without a Voice," *Westview*: Vol. 31 : Iss. 2 , Article 31.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol31/iss2/31>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



# Women Without a Voice

by Daniel Daly

A dim shop. Half of Tachileik sliding  
off shelves and tables, dust everywhere,  
a good sign. We lift it, study it, as if  
it were a text, arcane, compelling.  
Doll-lady strokes it with rings  
popping around her index fingers.  
*Listen. So pretty its sound. Buddha Music...*  
*That is music you never hear. Listen.*  
*Listen. You will never hear this*  
*any other place. Want it?*

Outside, the Burma rain is misting to glitter  
on the street. A passing bike rider waves,  
cries out, Cheap...Polo...Camels.  
Saris sweep past, thin as wind.  
A spray of birds trim a weary tree.

We hear them then, women we glided by  
in the middle of a compound, silent,  
announced by the trishaw drivers.  
*American, hey you buy things American.*  
*Show you good prices. Marlboro, flashlight.*  
*Show you pretty ladies scrub at the well.*

We hear them then, stillborn voices,  
as if coins glittered in a dim pool.  
Or sheaves of wheat touched by wind  
turned to rumor in the softness of light  
returning, surging over in-roads  
and distant valleys. Where the evening  
air breathes its own being. Where  
we drift easily into our journeys.

A land in the middle of a country.

