Editor's Choice

Corinne Kinney

I wrote "He Never Told Her" after watching the film October Baby, while struggling to grasp just how fragile my existence really is. Time and again I find myself subconsciously asking the question, does this life matter? Or more accurately, do I matter? Via the insistence of God, my passionate composer, I know the answer to that is yes. And if my life is meant to be momentous, so must the lives of every other individual, including the blind, the ill, the voiceless.

Although imperfect, I realize now it is through these blemishes we humans find redemption and become distinct. And instead of being locked inside a room brimming with regrets, I have hope in forgiveness and believe no matter our structures, everyone's story is meant to be heard.

He Never Told Her

By Corinne Kinney

He never told her

babies would speak
this one always wailing
for years after
scratched walls
local anesthetic
corridors with fragile lighting
replacing vacant never-to-be memories
She rocks her chair every evening waiting for them to come
sips the tart wine of un-ripened grapes
and nibbles on guilt-salted bread crumbs
attempting to find
a petite heart once beating

He never told her
a love would still labor
years after
that you don't need to touch or see something
in order to adore it

He did say *It will be simple*
it will be quick
The doctor is a theatrical musician who hits all the right notes
but later she learns
each rest and beat and crescendo is necessary
each white space with its intended ink blotch
will form a faultless arrangement

He never told her
every composition is beautiful