

Miriam Manglani

HER HIDDEN TALENT

In a dark, noisy room with
beer-drenched sticky floors,
packs of sweaty young adults
with ripped jeans and make-up,
the last place I wanted to be,
nude colored earplugs peaking out of my ears
to shut out the blaring music.

But she was in her element,
swaying to the music,
singing lyrics along with the crowd,
wide dark eyes simmering.

After the concert,
she tells one of the artists
she writes songs.
This passion revealed to total stranger
before her own mother.
I turn into a shocked sour grape.

But when she sings one of her songs to the artist,
the words and emotions gripping,
the rhythm and beat amazing—
I beam like the tallest lighthouse.

It was worth it.
All of it.
The sleepless baby nights,
cooking for her,
driving her to school,
taking her to a bad concert—
for this one moment: to hear my hidden musician sing.