

*Opal Palmer Adisa*

## MY SISTER'S VOICE



hides out  
between the pages  
of the many books  
she devours  
laying in bed  
sheet to her neck

when she opens  
her mouth  
her words  
float out lazy  
as sweet limeade  
pulp sticking to glass  
and lips  
beads of condensation  
dripping on the table

my sister thinks  
her voice is liquid  
evaporating with  
the day's heat  
but when we huddle  
under the table  
and whisper  
our secrets  
her voice  
is a block of ice  
in which  
she conceals

the brilliant girl  
that lives inside her

# Calabash

A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Volume 4, Number 2 / Spring-Summer 2007

## Information about this work:

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**Start Page:** 25

**URL:** <http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/vol4no2/0402025.pdf>

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters* is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters*

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