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Voice

Learning to speak is like learning to play an instrument

Awkward at first with ear depleting high notes

And very disappointing low notes

But with patience and practice the sounds

Grow to become sweet melodies

But for some no matter how hard they try

Words like ice, can trip and slide

And a stutter appears where thoughts collide

Little me yearned to speak, to shout, to soar

But sounds get stuck and I ignore

Because I had hope that I could cope

And I did

With time my tongue learned to dance

Yet I wasn't a dancer

With time my tongue learned to skate

Yet I wasn't a skater

But I knew I had to fight my fear by stepping into the light

And so I did year by year

Putting myself out there

Speaking about things I didn't care about

All while finding parts of who I am
Until my words rang strong and clear

My voice no longer hid
For silence shaped a stutter taught
That courage blooms where fear is fought
And sure my words weren't as graceful as a skater
And as smooth as a dancer
But my voice was mine as fluent as can be
And I spoke straight from the heart.