

Voice

by Jim Gold

That lousy rotten Voice! Who does he think he is? Left me. Just like that! You call that gratitude? And after all I've done for him. I gave him the best place in my body--and he leaves.

I'm not the kind of girl to let just anybody in. I've got my standards. I'm very particular. But this Voice was real nice. You know the type--smooth and soft-sell yet strong and macho, super-masculine yet somewhat laid back. And oh so attractive! All the other girls in the office wanted him.

At first I didn't mind sharing. But after awhile I wanted him all to myself. I've got so little time. After working all day typing papers, serving coffee, bringing buns into executive meetings where all those dark-suited creeps clean their hands on my public and private parts--oh, they are disgusting! I hate them! But I had to do it. I had to.

After all, what could I say? I had no Voice.

But then I found my Voice. Ah, sweet Voice. He's protecting me, speaking up for me. Why should I have to share him with the other girls? Let them find their own voice.

from Carlos the Cloud

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