

# Laughter

by [Jean Keskulla](#) in the [November 14, 2006](#) issue

When I'm reading a joke out loud  
from a new joke book, I hear  
my voice start to falter, from laughter,  
almost to weep, from laughter,  
the way my sister's voice did as a child  
or a woman, especially if somebody  
made a bathroom joke; and my father's  
voice did, when he wasn't just poking  
fun at someone, when he found  
something *really* funny; slapstick  
got him laughing that way, sometimes.  
A laughter beyond words, maybe  
beyond grief. As I hear myself  
laughing like them, with them,  
I say: a laughter beyond death.