

Ghazal: Earth, Hear, Here

*after Ronald Johnson (EarthEarthEarth) and thinking of Kirschen, Russolo, and Schafer*

Sound is personal. A lonely vibration finds its emplacement in the ear; the cozy conception of the space a wave makes of the place for the ear. The-

the Futurists were celebrated for having an ear for the noise of the machine. [To hear] *pure sound... now fails to arouse* [the heart]. Perhaps ancient noise — rustlings, grumblings, cracking wood, sobbing hearts — to placate the ear. The-

the sounds of planes and cars today, they say, vibrate as a kind of heartbeat. Transmuting stores of sun into the sounds that play Coltrane to the ear. The-

the deep-earth sounds that we seldom hear have been translated through sound art. (*Behold the new orchestra: the sonic universe!*) The repeal of a predicted deafness — the Krakatoan concession — that could arouse an evolved placentation of the ear. The-

the screams from the Kola borehole were faked, and so Hell did not await us. But hadal deep spoke to Lotte Geeven. A thundered plea to charge the ear. The-

the lover notices the life within earthly pleasures or, as Hass writes, *the other shock / of the singular lived life*. The tandem redundancy, when the heart notes the burden of life in another. He hears hoofbeats. The faithfulness of a pulse, plainly coddling the ear. The-

the spiders of Issa's house, growing indifferent to the methods and the murmurs of man. Sweeping whispers of community like plagal calmatives to the ear. The-

the murder flew silently by, though the one crow forever laughing in the linden tree — No, Lindsay, do not mistake the placid cadence of tiny surges in the February lake — *I'm here, I'm here*, her clicks proclaim, and her presence plying the caves of my ear-The-

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