

# MY FATHER'S HEARING AID



seemed lost without his ear, a silenced spigot,  
adrift without a doorway, without  
the organ's alluvial crib. For years it was you  
I spoke to, my calls transfigured, rendered clear  
inside your daily minister, amplified.  
It was you who fathered me, lifting my words  
into the stirrup of his ear, the body's anvil.  
You he reached for each morning, sky  
unfolding in him then like a canto, birds  
hived in the Wisteria, their gossip making sense  
once more as though it were something  
undeniable, unstoppable out there, transfused,  
striking the Sistine of his ear.