

## What ear sees, eyes can't say

I close my eyes.  
This, so I have the hillside beside me sculpted  
in decibels —

a rooster's chisel throat  
carving out  
the shape of a vineyard

also  
a woman

(the long association ear has  
with memory)

lines of clothes flapping  
around her  
like inherited chooks.

Rows and rows of Pinot Noir dream themselves  
into their full bodies

each ascending crow of the cock  
shaping histories. More than eyes can say  
from this distance.

(The pie on the sill. The wine  
in the chicken.)

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An anonymous twittering so precise  
my mind's fingers trace the shape  
of acacias

across the pricked braille of ecstatic notes  
and landscape the garden.

This, ear does.

With one sharp cry hands me an ocean, a lament  
on one pitch

and gifts me the cracked rocks  
with mussels in it.  
Their black hearts.

And all the salt and rubbery embrace of the bed  
of the kelp.

There's brine on the gull's breath.  
Something like sadness  
articulates the jagged  
coast

between here  
and the point:

My ear is the melancholic and introverted  
counterpart to my impressionable eyes.

And hasn't been seduced  
by worldly things. It likes to mix its joy  
with grief.  
And loves to cry.