

AT SPEECH'S END

Leland Jamieson

He rambled up to me, leaned toward my ear
and murmured gossip I could not quite catch.
Rock shows and jack-hammers have dulled the shear

of consonants that stream into my thatch
Although I clearly hear the vowel behind
the syllable, I scratch my head to match,

from context, consonants that when combined
would make the best sense out of what he said.
Nevertheless, I'm often in a bind.

Folks say a hearing aid would help me thread
the words, but I just want assistance hearing
high pitches—consonants that I now dread.

Won't help at all if it seems sound is veering
down a deep well-pipe. I'd just turn it off
It's body language I find most endearing.

It almost never lies—and who can scoff
at that, in these Post-9/11 years?
Give me Marcel Marceau, Baryshnikov

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