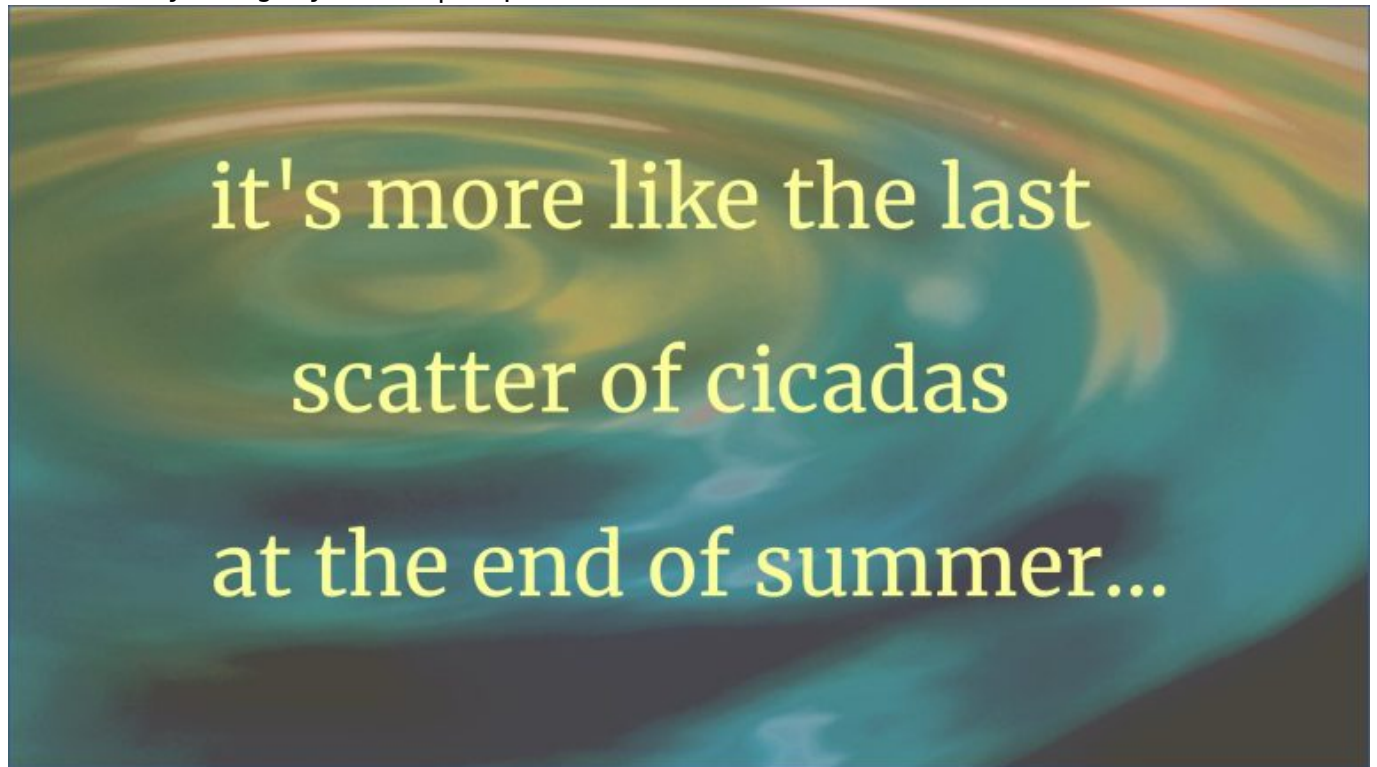


Tinnitus

Category: Poems

written by Gregory Luce | September 15, 2023



Occasionally it sounds like
a cathedral tower full of bells
but usually it's more like the last
scatter of cicadas at the end of summer,
an almost pleasant buzz and whirr,
though with a slightly higher pitch,
as at night once the light has gone
and daytime noise has faded.
Crescendos rise then fall
in soft waves and reverberate
like the keening voices
in Ligeti's *Lux Aeterna*
lift and drop, pierce
and penetrate, throb
and smooth and finally
come to rest.