

## On Hearing A Monaural Recording Through Headphones In My Bad Ear Late One Night

White hot moon  
now hangs  
like a hole  
in the mostly  
nothing of  
what I  
can't touch.

Today I  
stretched  
what I  
don't have  
over the gaps  
in my life

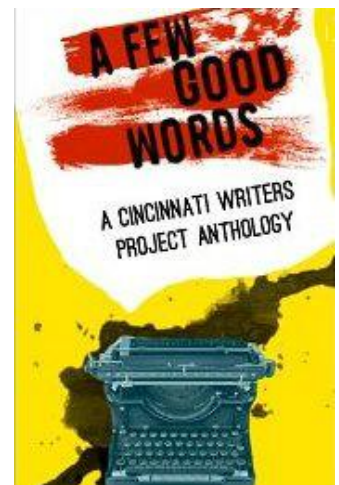
tried hearing  
the futile  
echoes  
of what  
never happened

my hands black  
with effort,  
save small  
crimson cuts.

Futility,  
trying to echo  
in what  
can't be  
heard

stretching  
life over  
the gaps  
of today,  
having  
what I don't

hanging mostly  
like a  
whole moon  
in the white  
hot nothing  
of my  
touch.



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