

Tinnitus

by Lisa Halpern

Panic. A sound that lodges in my ear.
A stranger in my house who won't go away.
Some transient guest? Not so, I fear.
This irritating boarder is here to stay.

Shall I compare thee to a manic violin?
A constant noise pollutant? Raspy hissing?
Where deep inside, a thief has broken in
and taken the quiet, blessed solitude is missing.

The whistling phantom doesn't seem to know
how to end this cruel, embedded joke.
I can't stop listening but finally just let go
of tragedy's mask. It drifts away, like smoke.