

The gift of sound

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This is only loosely considered poetry. I tried to convey a sense of being zoned out, listening to music for example.

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Electric shocks coarse, hinges creek. Hollow sounds escape the tin case as every ear draws near - you notice the sudden amount of zaps as lights go off, one following another but you pay no heed.

You're glued to your gift of sound.

Thwack, pangâ they go on and

on, hinges squeal but you care not, you stare lopsided â head tilted from thine own ears weight. Your eyes grow dull as your mind becomes weak for ignorance isn't always bliss.

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