

On Sound
Bar Williams

An illusion cast by the shadowplay of hearing,
transliteration, the result of vibrations in the air
channeled through gnarled ducts of cartilage
fluttering against a flimsy drum of skin
by this mad magic you distinguish the action
of a mosquito's wings from the velocity
of a passing car, the several dozen instruments
of an orchestra and the manner in which they are played
your own blood pushing through your veins...
the f-f-fucking nuance of information is
staggering
and that's to say nothing of language
and the numb chasms between utterances
the sincerity of an *I love you*, or otherwise
evasions eel-dark, the necessity of a lie
everything unsaid
which
once unheard
can never
not be heard

Bar Williams is a British writer, now settled in Stockholm by way of Amsterdam. His work has appeared in *Constellate*, *Drabble*, *NFFD's FlashFlood* and *Guardian Online*. A long-time short fiction writer, he's recently turned to poetry to make sense of parenthood and life in a new country. Find him on Twitter @mrbarrington