

LEAVING EUSTACHIAN

jes sachse

[Sounds of a subway train pulling into a station]

[Sounds of voices, laughter]

You should know that I can't always hear you.

My narrow ear canals have decided that while the right new will translate your words, the left ear will leave them.

Well, almost.

If my right shoulder gets tired of holding up with the worried and knows-best words of my mother on the phone, the left ear offers the sound of a squeaking rabbit down a long tunnel instead.

[Subway car squeaks]

I've thought about hearing aids.

Perhaps the same way I've thought about a gym membership.

[Voices, laughter]

[Subway doors closing]

Once my right ear decides to hit the pillow,

Toronto stops.

[Silence]

You stop.

[Narrator giggles]