

# Out of Earshot

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Only rarely does a shell  
look like an ear, and usually  
only to a child. When I was  
that way, I'd squat for hours  
fondling my small pile of seabones,  
and telling them whatever  
I happened to know.

I practiced dialogue where I could,  
in caves, or with the occasional animal  
tame enough to reciprocate. I am  
older now and perhaps I sound cynical  
when I feel my ears, and  
notice how stiff they are. Rumor  
has it that our ears could move once  
and perhaps I have a memory or two  
of something like that. But what  
muscle was there is gone now, and I  
can only wonder if it's a voice  
when something manages to penetrate.