
I WEAR GLASSES ON MY EARS

SARAH RAMSEY

I know it is not a traditional piece of hardware,
To wear around the ears,
But you see,
I have difficulty seeing sound.

The waves look fuzzy to me,
Versus the clear jagged lines,
That construct visible mountains, canyons, and valleys,
To people that can see sound clearly.

The glasses nestle right in the curvature of my ear,
And are hardly visible,
To the naked eye.

Sometimes,
They reflect sunlight,
That bounces off the lens,
And creates a glimmer,
Attracting the attention of onlookers.

If it happens when I am with someone,
I can see their brain clicking,
Trying to register why the inside of my ear is shining.

Why is she wearing glasses on her ears? They ask themselves.
Has she always had those? I don't remember seeing them before.
I wonder if I should talk to her louder so she can see better?

It amuses me really.

How awkward the onlooker can become,
When they are faced with the that fact I can't see sound well.

They are so desperate to act politically, ethically, morally, and socially correct.
They keep jabbering and blabbering,
As if they didn't notice,
As if their eyes are not resting on my glasses,
Nervously darting from one ear to the other.

I didn't say I was blind goddamit!

I just said I can't see sound that well.
I can still see your judgment, facial expressions, brain clicking, pity, confusion, and fear.
I am not stupid.

But,
I am used to this.
I pretend not to notice the tension that has just formed between us,
And keep smiling, laughing, and joking like I always do.

I don't mind my glasses,
I rather like them.

Without this stylish accessory,
I would be walking around,
In a murmur,
That feels like the fuzz on the outside of the peach.

I would be disconnected,
In my own world,
Without ears that sparkle like diamonds.

I know it is not a traditional piece of hardware,
But I wear glasses on my ears.