

## On Coming Back

Sound returns

*The Earth was Mars-red*

before sight or taste, before memory.

*and rocks reached out from hills*

Sound bends its way in,

*in knuckle forms. I saw every layer*

palming hands around my cochlea,

*in the dried and punished sediment—*

cupping the fragile shell and pointing

*the highway sped out to the desert edge.*

down my ear canal with racket.

And like that wind which wore

shapes into uplifted stones

chatter reaches in to pull me back.

Voices in the room

whip around and pin me

to a place that I have seen before.

Words come in gusts and sandblasts—

My Name, wake up, My Name, you have to wake up.

That wind keeps up its clatter—

I answer: *Yes, I've been to Zion.*

I'm blown back to a scrub teal canyon.

I find my hands.

The walls have forgotten about clocks

so I start to wind my own.

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*This poem first appeared in Anesthesiology*