

The Sound of What Arrives

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Approaching now, the hum beneath the calendar, a low wire singing
in the floor of the year. I press my ear to Tuesday and hear it—
the drone of a decade still forming, its pitch like a coin dropped down
a well that has yet to strike water. I have always been able to hear forward.
The way heat ticks in pipes before dawn, the way a house settles toward
its eventual collapse. The future has a sound. I am telling you. A specific
resonance, mineral and clean, like glass being cut in another room. I was
twelve when I first caught it—a whine behind the weather report, thin as
a filament, and I followed it for years. Now I wake and the morning carries
a particular chord, lower than speech, a vibration I feel in my teeth. Whole
cities approach me as frequencies I cannot name. They arrive the way
thunder arrives: the sound precedes the thing. I charted what I could.
Small predictions: a letter, a phone call, the exact hour a woman would
leave. Then larger ones—the static before markets fell, that electric whirl
before the towers. I wanted silence. I drove into the desert. Still it came:
the tone of the day after tomorrow, insistent, a single sustained note rising
from beneath the sand. There is no deafness deep enough. The years keep
sounding ahead of themselves, and I keep hearing what the world
has decided to become before it arrives, before it knows
its own full and terrible name.

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