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## The Great Listener

Aaron C. Harris

He travelled a while inside of his mind,  
To find fine lines in which  
He suffered in time.  
It shone not bright but burnt in the sight  
Of the many who starred  
And bared witness the blight.  
He found not one nor two reasons to die,  
But the third was his masterpiece  
With which he survived.  
So travelled he did,  
Through cold winters he slept,

Until his last dying breath.

Have you ever made a noise  
In a world of indistinct voices?  
Refusal of the Uniform!  
Refusal of the Choices!  
Education; humanities lifeline  
Education; the minds whetstone you see  
In these days past I've watched the world alone.

The Great Listener!  
Deaf to his own soliloquy who speaks  
Of silent indifference.  
You should admire his peculiar perspective  
You may even admire his truth,  
It being impossibly selective.  
You will admire the way he  
Glares straight into life,  
You will despise him anyway  
For that is his strife still,  
He had sung what he thought  
Was his great final work  
But the talking, in turn  
Still not wanted to learn.  
With this he found

His heart sank in melancholy  
And passed away when breath left his body.

Sometimes the wind whistles  
When we feel we're alone,  
That is The Great Listener  
Whistling down the empty phone.