MAINTAINING PRESSURE AT THE EQUILIBRIUM LEVEL

I tracked down the Irish

expert on anti-sound

to a pub, rock blaring

round. He said — it's all

a wave, love, you know

it's air; compressed just so

by your prate, a caw; a tweaked

millionth of an atmosphere

and there, you've let sixty

db babble go. Bit of solid

state circuitry — a cinch,

to synthesize the opposite

phase, respond (here he leered

at a blonde). A crest atop

a trough, that's how it works,

he said, it sums to a flat

nil, the din rendered quiet.

Two pints on, maudlin,

he cried he got the idea

from his second wife — the

damped dialogue of her yes, his

no. There still be problems,

dearie, he yelled in my ear

as we danced, there's wild, wild

sound. And we can't figure out

why people get this damn short

fuse in our custom-made silence.