

## Tinnitus On The Shortwave

By Andrea Broxton

Another static Saturday afternoon loomed  
She still was doing nothing  
Listening to the tinnitus on the shortwave radio  
The shadows outside were angling for the sun  
She dialed the psychic punchline, but the lines were misty  
She browsed the Desperately Seeking Interventions  
Toe-tapping to hit parade improvisations for romance  
There was no one to generate an interruption  
At the all you can eat crisis buffet  
She shot some telepathic arrows through the heart of the mirage  
She said, we are broadcasting live, on-the-air, nonstop  
From the mainstream winter of my discontent  
Place a call to the transcendental travel agent  
Book me a magic carpet, drop the gangway to mother ship  
Baby, call the Lonely Planet escapist helpline  
She told him that her muses had thrown her over for another gal  
Her pilot light extinguished, arranged a general strike  
She wore her earmuffs and a ragtop  
To drown out all the poison blowing in her soul  
She feared the roots of her heartbone  
Were rotting from the inside out  
Antifungals would never be ineffective this time  
She needed an antidote to pick up where the anti-venom left off  
Her signal beamed over the stalled expressway  
A lonely little red light atop a twinkling tower  
Flashing in the midst of a irreverent universe  
That changed its tune, expanded no more, learned new dance steps  
Can you make out the station's call letters?  
RSI: Radio Self-Indulgence, your independent station  
Broadcasting from the weekend wasteland  
Where the frozen tundra encroaches on miracle whip front lawns  
The place where hearts with busted fuel lines were left unrepaired and rustling  
Awaiting spare parts to ship in from mainland Saskatchewan  
There had been disturbance in the logarithms that day  
The wind smelled like burning fusion left too long in the sun  
There was turbulence in the slipstream expectations  
Tray tables stitched-up in their uptight locked conditions  
Static in the footrest, confessions on the headsets  
The flight attendant has forgotten all our complimentary drinks  
When she drearily disembarked from the air  
She was a lovesick parrot to her perch  
She presumed her lonesome reposition on the sofa  
Thumbed through a hipster catalogue, Inertia Barn

Making notes on all the very latest trends  
She heard a beeping on her message board  
An orphaned call that motored in from overseas  
He said clamor down from that high hat tower  
Exit from that swinging barbed wire bridge  
There's no need to jigsaw jump into that void  
There's no need to wiggle weary with ennui  
Seize my stream of conscious across the chasm  
Clutch my hatchback handle through this needle hayride  
I promise to have your back on this every sigh  
Charmed to make this quantum acquaintance enchanté  
She opened up her defrosted fridge and let him in  
They shared sobs and sliced sting theories on crackers  
Cut off the lights and crawled into each other's heads

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