

# Eavesdropping

Lou Beckerman

## *Morning*

Sun rising along with  
hope, new possibilities  
and opportunity  
though no morning star here to steer  
her into what should have been  
a sweetly silent waking scene,  
but for birdsong

She stirs and the voice (*is it hers?*)  
here as usual  
immutable  
droning and murmuring  
its tone mean and  
moaning  
No morning glory  
ends this auditory  
overload

Who's there she asks  
aware it's rarely  
a two-way chat  
no natter or banter  
about this or that  
Sometimes she catches snatches  
as on a muffled long-distance call  
flagging-up her many faults

## *Midday*

Fog generally clears by noon  
though heat today  
has no impact  
on such ice-cold commentary  
She strains to make out the ceaseless whispering  
its rising and falling  
and feels she's hacking  
into some top-secret data  
on all that she's lacking

### *Evening*

Dusk's shadows lengthen along  
with her watchman's monologue  
On rare moments it's amusing  
though mostly accusing, using  
unrestrained ridicule like  
'weak' 'unlovable'  
'stupid' 'too gullible'

### *3am*

Night hours offer a blindfold but  
still she's hounded by the sound  
of her ill-intentioned inner critic  
the cynic on the side-lines  
'You ruin everything'  
'Never be anything'

### *Morning*

Sun rising along with  
hope, new possibilities  
and opportunity to  
stifle the incessant asides  
She sings for survival  
softly at first  
then to full capacity –  
now she's bawling and  
her singing isn't so appalling  
after all