

# ANALOG

**LAURA  
DONNELLY**

She tells me  
analog waves from the '50s

still seek an ear in our atmosphere,  
that she wakes with the sound

of the Mister Softee's ice cream truck  
in her head.

Next door, our landlord is dying  
the death of the very old. His body

grown smaller and smaller until,  
when my husband lifts him

from the chair to the bed, their intimacy  
is the slip of a shadow.

When the daily rotation of nurses  
ends, we'll collect the dead's mail

in an old paper bag, catalogs  
and coupons that don't know he's passed.

She tells me after her father died  
the sounds came back. Childhood's

white noise turned specific, odd  
moments. *Out of nowhere*, she says.

A jack-in-the-box, a train rattling  
the glass. The knot

at the end of the string undone  
and all the beads clattering round.