

# *How to listen*

**By Major Jackson**

I am going to cock my head tonight like a dog  
in front of McGlinchy's Tavern on Locust;  
I am going to stand beside the man who works all day combing  
his thatch of gray hair corkscrewed in every direction.  
I am going to pay attention to our lives  
unraveling between the forks of his fine-tooth comb.  
For once, we won't talk about the end of the world  
or Vietnam or his exquisite paper shoes.  
For once, I am going to ignore the profanity and  
the dancing and the jukebox so I can hear his head crackle  
beneath the sky's stretch of faint stars.

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