

## Introduction for Ode To An Otolith

Most people don't know what otoliths are. "Oto" is the Latin word for ear and "Lith" is Latin for stone. Ear stone. We all have these tiny stones in our ears, but most of us are unaware of them. We take them for granted because we don't know how important they are.

These little tiny stones, sit on tiny hairs that line the canals deep inside our inner ears. If one of them happens to pop off its hair, we lose all sense of balance, become disoriented, and the room starts to spin. If you've ever had vertigo, you know what I mean!

I wrote this poem to honor the otolith. May it never be taken for granted!

## Ode To An Otolith

Oh Otolith  
What would I do if  
You fell off your throne?  
How is it you own  
My priceless right  
To stay upright?

You're out of your seat,  
My head starts to spin.  
I may as well drink  
A bottle of gin!

You're making a mess of  
My proprioception.  
My compass is gone,  
I've lost all direction.

Perhaps you are bored  
With the view from my ear.  
Please, don't get up.  
You need me to steer!

You've got the best seat,  
Please stay in your chair.  
Be my copilot,  
I promise we'll get there.

I'll take you to places,  
You can't go alone.  
Without me, you know,  
You're only a stone.

I'd write you a poem,  
You'd be award winning.  
Oh Otolith if,  
The room would stop spinning!

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