

TTD* To God

I raise my finger to your eye,
and ask, Why did I have to go deaf?
I'm not dumb but it sure seems that way
when queried, "Hi, how are you?" and
I say, No, it's Thursday.

But you know, God, it has been right
interesting to observe since being here,
here in the Land of the Hearing None.
Hearies sometimes live in sewers of sound,
bound by them night and day, and at times
even plugged ears don't send them away.
Yet I can be quite peaceful, right
in the middle of a disco, seeing
those sweating bodies jumping around
with sounds shirtless and hairy,
and me hearing nothing.

I know it's absurd but God, have you heard
the one about Helen Keller's door bell??
Stamp your feet!! Well, old Helen, surprised,
would have let the whole disco in, pell-mell,
what with the thumping and everything.
So God, it's not all that bad, and even though
I was sad and certainly mad at you,
I am really glad to be here now,
hearing the birds and the bees,
and the wind through the trees,
all with my eyes.

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*TDD: Telecommunications Device for the Deaf

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