

Understanding Noises and Voices

Noises and voices, yes I can hear that.

If I'm wearing hearing aids, hearing is not the problem.

Do I understand them? Hardly is the fact.

One speaks, it's Mad Libs for my brain to solve them.

Every line is a new language each time.

Got me deciphering lines like Indiana Jones.

Every rhyme sounds like repeat lines.

Understanding got me looking like I'm figuring out voodoo and bones.

I miss something said, "Oh he didn't hear you."

I hear a noise and don't know what it is, "Oh he can't hear."

Again, hearing is not the problem, so "He didn't hear" is not true.

Knowing locations of noises always have me go "There or here?"

"Where did it come from?" I asked. "Never mind" is the common answer.

So I say never mind too, "Just point with your hands sir."

My Soul Since Third Grade

To my soul since third grade...

Slowly dying in the hearing world as deaf-made.

Misunderstanding noises and voices a steady constant.

Slowly letting time and life cut you into nonsense.

No choice for your role, no voice for your soul...

Meaning you are left to decide to make yourself whole.

Therefore you decided so; keep your soul away from the chef.

Can't kill you or your soul, you're already deaf.

Silence in Hell

In this real world, as humans proved as Hell,

There is nothing that can be said

In lasting; therefore, all can tell.

How my life skidded through memories,

While the hearing with what they heard,

Bragging with details like materialistic feathery.

And then I moved on, as if towards Hear-adise...

Humble

“You’re a deaf man.”

Said all the naïve whistleblowers.

They’re still welcome here.

What's My Theory?

“What’s there?” or shouldn’t I ask “What’s ‘thear’?”

You describe what you heard and match sights fairly.

I see; then I describe putting pieces together.

With hindsight, my deaf self stays quiet like a surprise.

Lack of foresight is why, so “What’s ‘thear’ sir?”

I see what’s there but what did you hear come from there?

So what’s ‘thear’ and where did it come from?

Eyes sharp, I know I’m not just hearing things.

I’m just clearing things up like the CSI.

So my ‘theory’: I’m in the same book, ‘deafferent’ page.