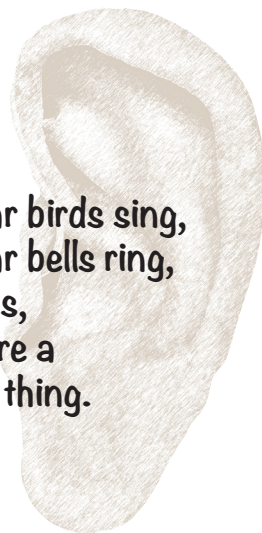


Ruthe's Ear

I still hear the world in my ears.
I hear the whoosh of the west
wind,
The noise of the empty word
And clatter of senses rubbing
Against the body of the wind
As if they are my very bones
That move lazily in my knee.
As I walk in my defunct dreams
I do not need the hearing aid.

jagannath rao adukuri
hellopoetry.com/words/hearing/

Lament
I can hear birds sing,
I can hear bells ring,
but words,
words are a
different thing.

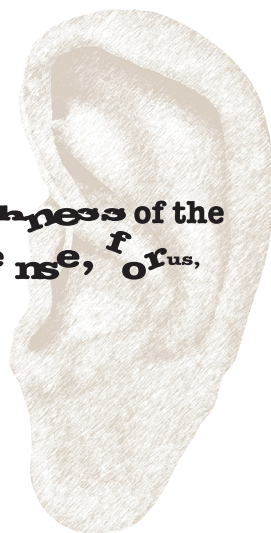


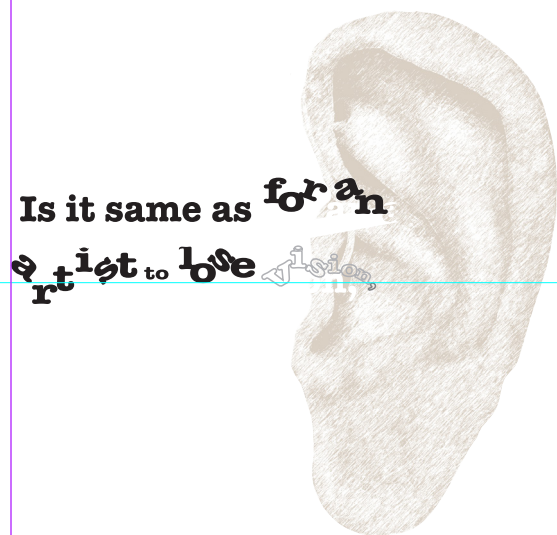
To lose the freshness of the words and sense,
for us,
Is it same as for an artist to lose vision,
Or for an actor -- voice and motion,
Or for a gorgeous woman -- her finesse?

Anna Akhmatova
poetrysoup.com/famous/poem/white_flock_553



To lose the ~~freshness~~ of the
w^o r^d s a n d s e n s e, f o r u s,





Your voice is soft.

It is hard for me to hear you



You face away from me when you talk

It is hard for me to hear you



You cover your mouth with your hands

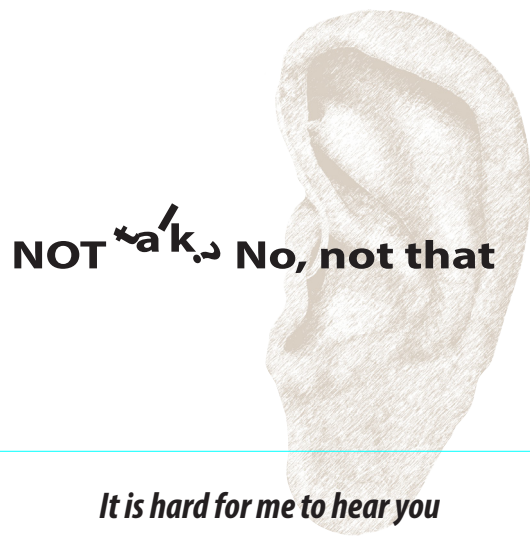
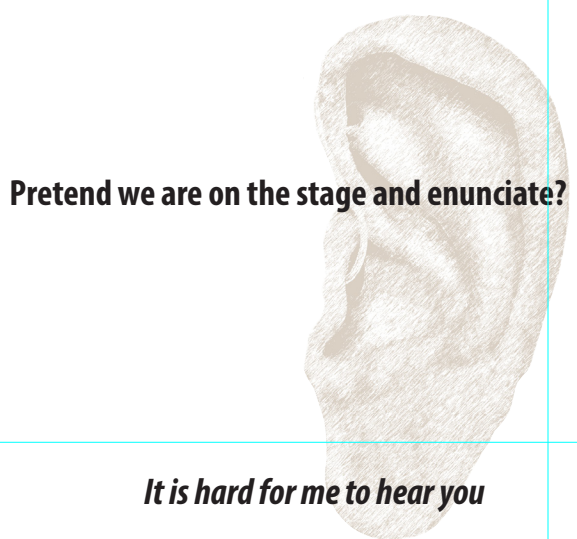
It is hard for me to hear you



You speak rapidly and blur your words together

It is hard for me to hear you





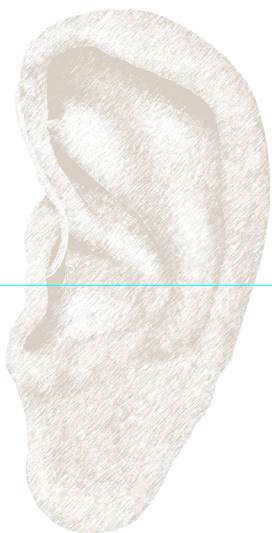
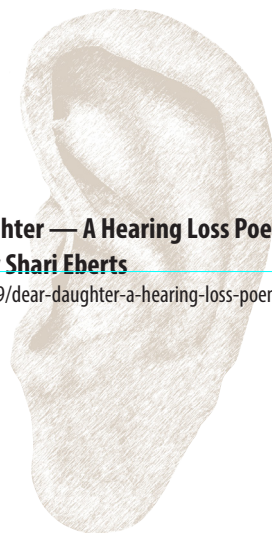
**I would change it if I could,
but I cannot**



Please keep trying. I want to hear you.

**Fragments from--Dear Daughter — A Hearing Loss Poem
by Shari Eberts**

livingwithhearingloss.com/2015/09/29/dear-daughter-a-hearing-loss-poem/



**Photographs, lament, ears and visualizations
© Ruthe Karlin 2017**

