

Four Poems by Mary Mendes

Deaf But Not Mute

You ask why I look at your lips
and not your eyes.
If your eyes could speak my language
I would.

But my ears don't hear your eyes,
they read your lips;
and I understand and hope you can
understand the world of the deaf.

My world is mute. But I am not.
I try to discern the words you
speak,
by the movement of your lips.
My eyes stay focussed,
and my mind stays stressed
till that what you speak,
my eyes absorb, and replay it back.
And sometimes when words
are garbled,
and sentences twisted
my mind somersaults and vaults
over possibilities;

I can pick and choose
what I choose to hear,
and what I wish to replay.
And sometimes there is pity,
sometimes jeers.
And sometimes, impatience plain,
as you turn on your heels
and walk away;
it's too much to repeat
or explain what you say,
again!

Alone

loneliness echoes
in the chambers of my heart
like whispers of the long-dead
in an old abandoned home
I count days
but the elastic weeks stretch
Till my resolve breaks
And I beckon my shadow
'stay close to me, till he returns'

Envy

There she goes
With her scarlet thoughts
Globes shimmering behind her
Breasts audaciously thrust
Her sex shouts loud and clear
I'm red all over
I'm hot
I'm your tiffin
Eat me!

Senses

Hot and scarlet
Hot to look
Hot to taste
She burns me!
