Evie Cummings

Ms. Ann Sullivan

Sandbox 101

February 16th, 2018

This I Believe-

I Believe That I Can Hear

I believe I can hear. I really do. I believe that when the wind pushes through the branches that I can hear it whisper. I believe that when a fire is lit, I can hear it snap. I believe that I can hear comforting words when I’m down. To hear is such a magical thing, and I should know because I’m deaf. It’s not that out of the ordinary, and it’s not as shocking as it sounds. So no, I don’t actually hear the wind, fire, or even words. But my sounds are better because they are born in my head. I pity people who have ears but don’t know how to use them, isn’t that what Jesus said once? You have ears all over you. When I’m crying and I look into my mother’s eyes and I have to change my glance so that I can read her lips, don’t you believe I can hear the comfort? Did you know that wind whispers into your hair? My hair can hear the wind as it gets picked up and lifted in a sweet little jig. My skin can hear the snap of heat as a campfire suddenly is flicked on, born of wood and testosterone-fueled lighter fluid.

Your feet have ears when the beat on the dance floor rocks with bass and other people’s soles and the lights have the strangest harmony. Your arms have ears when you pick up a child and it tells all its dreams that are written in the ink of potential. Most of all your spirit has ears when you pray, or fall in love, or even being angry. I’ve spent a lot of my days isolated. It’s hard when the world speaks a language with the wrong senses. It’s been hard to make friends or to really get close to many people because they don’t believe that I can hear their snubs or insults. Those poor people who lost the opportunity for me to teach them how to listen with their body. So no, my ears don’t work but I believe I can hear. I believe that you’re the one that is deaf.