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## Impass

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**I AM DEAF 002** Faizah Shah

## **Impass**

Karis Strannemar

nothing works  
pages of half written truths  
edits of stuff that need polishing  
I sit and try to think where I need to be.

The answer always comes to a fresh sheet  
and then vanquishes into slother  
All the good words dried up  
and went away  
leaving this wasteland of thought

Dusty and arid  
my thoughts come  
like ethereal waves of heat  
across the sand.  
They are seen,  
but when you reach out  
they are not there.

Moments evaporating  
in the heat I wonder  
if I will ever be able to  
write something again.

and then the desert blooms for me  
The shadows of the raptor  
dances on the ground.  
The rocks become cathedrals of my soul  
The sun reflects light underscoring their beauty.

There are clouds on the horizon  
and I smell rain  
and hear thunder coming across the sky.  
Every living thing resonates  
with the vibration of life.

My words begin to trickle down and  
flow across the page.  
At first slow and gentle  
and then into a downpour of thought and emotion.