Sixth Former Y 12

Deaf years don’t listen

My language is foreign, at least it must be,
They show no sign of understanding me.
I hear them speak, and respond accordingly
But to me, they see and respond to no degree.

I try to find a shared word, to share a way
Though you show little interest in my day
More drawn to faults, shadows, and all that’s grey.
Thought I could do something to sway your constant way.

But now I see clear, you know this all too well,
You only speak to cast a shadow’s spell
I have found my kin, who understand, not dwell
And pity you, trapped in your silent shell