

Silence is Lonely

When at first our hearing begins to fade;
Though the signs are foretelling, we may choose to evade.
We tell others they don't speak clearly, they mumble a lot;
My concentration is elsewhere, that's why I ask what.
Please talk a bit louder, your voice is so weak;
I could hear you OK if you'd look at me as you speak.
I can hear you just fine, when you're close at hand;
If you would learn to enunciate, I could understand.
Being with family is one of life's greatest joys;
But don't expect me to hear, with all of that noise.
It's easy to blame others, though it's not really fair;
It's your hearing problem, solve it,
show others you care.
He who said "silence is golden"
spoke for himself only;
For the hearing impaired,
"silence is lonely."

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