

## My Heart Sings

### FARAH ART GRIFFIN

bones flooding with tremors/trying to understand how I put words to what whirls inside my prior days/impact of its trauma painting itself on the canvas of my voice... beginning appears the voice pitch changes, then appears the breathing difficulties upon speaking, then the episodes of stuttering, then the episodes of mutism, then the five years of complete mutism

*abuse from multiple individuals*

fearing if I pencil in its details, the true spirit of my being will not be sentient to those that read those words/that my words may tiptoe as inflammatory or declarations too severe for one to embrace the permanent wounds of my soul

my core sensing the unwritten/sparing events by my inability to etch out every year of abuse may cause more suffering/that I will be having to choose which traumas scalpel my soul further than others to warrant a whisper into written word... rendering the others of their silence... as if others do not chip my soul enough to leave a lasting trace

my core sensing the written/breathing the words of my suffering could stitch a haunting lack of compassion towards the individuals and an all-consuming hunt for justice that may never be enough... drifting away from my heart's desire to spread compassion for all

*my heart singing:*

we are all interbeings, born to each other, without borders, belonging to nature and all beings/if I lose compassion for the individuals, I fear I will lose compassion and hope for all beings and lose the desire to see another sunrise/I write this as an interbeing tethering in sorrow to those individuals while tethering in rapture to the beautiful lives I will never know

*my soul exclaiming:*

if our hearts sear open through unrelenting trauma, we cannot help but feel a profound need to ease the suffering of all beings/we cannot help but go beyond the fabric of our own circumstances of pain... even as we are at present bleeding to survive and exist

*my mind pleading:*

how can we transform a society to wipe away the tears of this planetary oppression of abuse for Earth and her inhabitants/how can we see our own hearts in one another/how can we recognize our own hearts in every person, in every being, in every form of life so that we may treat each existence that houses our delicate hearts with love and compassion

*my dream bellowing:*

liberate... please

*my poem once whispering:*

a pencil speaks for me...  
some dull, others sharp  
weaving between cursive and print

a computer speaks for me...  
characters of a keyboard  
typing each letter

a hand speaks for me...  
left palm in the air  
fingerspelling ASL

a phone speaks for me...  
texts of short sentences  
reaching a distant friend

a smile speaks for me...  
face with an expression  
hoping to lift a teary stranger