

t he

Apha sia

P oe ms



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**the
Aphasia
Poems**

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**Desire does not
speak; it does
violence to the
order of the
utterance.**

—Lyotard

I'm going to go away
there's no place for me
I can't anymore
but they know me
back from long years
I don't have anything to do
I have enough where I can look at that
and understand it

all my problems with all mostly, and not only that, the one I have been doing this for I don't even know how long, so I, here's what I know, they've been there for years, oh God I couldn't even tell you, so many years, they do it, and I work. I do very stuff, it's very, and they have to go and make sure, make things very, and they give me this and that, and then if it isn't right it isn't good, and we do it again, the blood, the blood



I there is a do you know there is a up
around in the there is a it's a long I know
he didn't know what I could do



this thing is narrow a lot of people okay let's

they're very they have to be very don't fool
around or anything you have to go in

you know what we could do it's very popular

there are people it was
this side and this side
and then on both sides people
go on in the night

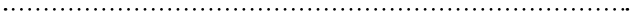
and that's when it was
done too and all of a sudden
I see there's two people
and there's a summit higher

here is what I never
never was to do this
I just did I didn't
have any real

this you should see what
tell me what you see
I'll say it this way but not quickly, that'll kill

not ever heaven could be and not
it begins not for me

there won't be one that is
I've got to use you because
I'm trying to tell you something



not to go back into
this is big
I'm made of
made of



that's the way god
is not there
we'll be window
100 dollars or more

when we went out there I
was so much was I hold
it so wrong, we went
with all that to fend
you could taste that like
and they're so you would
want to an old song
for us a machinist and
they would be for a sigh
something more that would

and up there in their
group they didn't know
anything going on I didn't
see them but at least I was there

Afterword

The preceding poems were adapted with permission from my work as an advocate and mentor to those with linguistic disabilities.

I find the connections between the fragmentation induced by poetics and the fragmentation in modern life to be striking; I know I am not unique. The parameters of language ignore anyone unable to communicate through traditional means, and those considered “normal” also write/speak/scream along a vast continuum. In employing the rhetorical theorist Thomas Rickert’s concept of a postpedagogy, *something is always out of place, sticking out, slipping, in error*. Therefore, let us listen more carefully. We are all in this house, and we are all in pain.

