

## **Assumptions of Faith**

In a coal-black blanket of sleep  
I am consumed by half-dim visions  
of an auditorium,  
of people caged by their own fears.  
I am speaking to the lost, of the loss,  
but no one hears.

A young boy  
—twisted, paralyzed—  
reaches out to me with his eyes—  
and as I hold him close,  
with hand cupped to his head,  
he trembles  
and weeps.

And I realize  
that some who cannot hear  
can see quite clearly.

*—Michael Pracht*