Speaking Ges

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Mother/Son Communication

His language names objects
but if sentences combine object language
and every word has meaning
then what does it mean if single part-words stand for objectsentencequestionexclamation
all at once?
and what kind of mother doesn't
understand objectsentencequestionexclamation all at once?

His Language

Ges's infinitesimal calculus:
his letters
symbolism within semiotics
his symbols
his language
"bah bess fuh ma"
sounds
to signal and sign
his emphasis and
his emotion are
his interrobangs
to
punctuate
his speech

—

What is the meaning of the word five?
every word has
meaning
every apraxic sound has

intention
Ges's words are his
materiality
Each putter and pop within
his semantics of language patterns
his staccato notes score the keyboard of
a mother's imagination

—

Ges's stutter and spark
symbolic communication where he selects
squees squeaks squeals
eye contact
signs gestures facial expressions
fidgeting head movements
body posture physical distance
images
voice output software
vocal moans vocal folds
spoken words
What does is mean when one word any sound
extracted from neural junctions means five?

His Communication

7 percent words
38 percent tone of voice
55 percent body language

93%
conveys affinity, neutrality, dislike

nonverbal

experts label him
nonverbal
they brand his communication
why? because he can't speak

all forty-four phonemes of the English language
where every word has meaning

Between Language and Speech

A dreamer watches the sleepless mother push back the covers and rise from bed. Follows her as she pads barefoot down the hallway to the other side of the dark and quiet house where the children sleep. The dreaming spirit perceives the opening of the bedroom door, observes the mother checking on the elder child, notices the light brush of a hand on the child's cheek. The mother sits on the side of the younger child's bed, contemplates her son's prone form, then rests her palm on his back for several minutes.

This spirit inhabits the liminal space in the woman's head...nestles in the synapses between amygdala and hippocampus, and navigates the perceptive and proprioceptive systems between hazy thoughts and spoken words. Between first impulses and expressed feelings. Between possible imaginings and reality.

My hand rises and falls with his breath and wishful, unrealistic thoughts rise from the warmth of his body through the sheets, into my palm. In my imagination, Ges stirs and rolls over, looks up at me, and clearly says, "Hi Mama."

"I'm here sweetie," I say.

"Yes. I know," he responds. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Speech: if imagined words could wipe away tears then I could drift off to where I wished to be, a place of understanding his language. In my mind, I hear his expressions of love while my subconscious cartwheels with abandon through possibility and doesn't concern itself with reality constraints. Ges speaks with me in a place where dreams and imagination converge. Where apraxia fades behind my understanding his brand of cognitive praxis.

At other times, the voice isn't recognizably his, yet I'm left with certainty it is him. In my imagination, sometimes his voice isn't one I recognize: a genderless, loving, and concerned voice. Not the voice of a child. Nor mine, or an inner critic. Whose? When I try to understand, the voice moves away and words dissipate and dissolve into a moan. As if our mother-son communication has passed through me and moves on, but leaves its impression of Ges, a confident, loving, and speaking young man.

The mother rises, closes the bedroom door, and returns to her room.