

Say What

The medical model says there is something wrong with me.
The social model says there's something wrong with society.
I say, what are we having for lunch?

The medical model says I'm lacking.
The social model says they're lacking.
I say, shackalackaboombom.
But seriously — where's the food, lads?

The medical model says, "Fit in."
The social model says, "Fit out."
I say there are days I struggle with my deafness, and there are days I revel in it.
There's nuance and complexity in all things, and my autonomy does not depend on a model.

I define me.

Now, let's eat.

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