

An Aspie's Lament

By Marc Ceccarossi

Communication is a pain,
through tangled tongue and twisted brain.
There's so much that I want to say,
But Asperger's gets in the way.

I feel so empty and alone,
in more than merely flesh and bone.
Do I dare to risk a fall,
from those terrifying walls?

The walls are clear and cold and high,
I look through them and I sigh.
I might fear the world outside,
But I've picked a crappy place to hide.

Sometimes frustration turns to rage,
although I loathe my anger's wage.
The gasps of fear from children small,
and looks as I pass down the hall.

My burdened senses hurt like hell,
more than I could ever tell,
My balance sucks, my heart as well,
Why am I trapped in this shell?

I seek refuge in my mind,
But sometimes I just can't unwind.
I write, I paint, I game, I read,
I really just want to be freed.

I sometimes curse my traitor brain,
my source of joy as well as pain.
Health denied, I hone my mind,
although a quandary I find.

Is my Asperger's all I am?
If so, I'm truly in a jam.
If this cross I didn't bear,
would I simply disappear?

Sometimes I plainly cannot see,
am I Asperger's or just me?