

So, Asperger's,  
 know that I'm coming for you.  
 Know that I won't let you steal my girl's joy  
 or her spirit or her potential  
 or her gifts and talents.  
 She is fearfully and wonderfully made for a  
 unique purpose and you cannot take that  
 from her.  
 And one day very, very soon, my teeth will  
 not clench instinctively.  
 I will rediscover and reclaim the peace God  
 promises.  
 We will thrive.  
 We've survived for long enough.  
 It's time for us to thrive.

And I know it won't always be like this.  
 We will rediscover our rhythm  
 and our normal.  
 We will overcome the things that work  
 to choke the life from our days.  
 We will thrive.  
 Because I will pray  
 and I will seek God's guidance  
 and I will wait expectantly for Him to show up  
 and meet us where we are.  
 I will seek the abundant life for each of us.  
 I will claim the promises of God.  
 I will refuse to let these days define my girl  
 or our family.  
 I will refuse to let my fear define my parenting.

Asperger's becomes a mirror  
 that shows me my deepest flaws  
 and my deepest potential.  
 But also reminds me who I am,  
 who I saw myself as,  
 when I woke up this morning.  
 How I wish that any of my words  
 could capture the essence of these days  
 and this experience.  
 They can't.  
 But I write them nonetheless  
 because to hold them in too often  
 causes emotions to storm,  
 until I drown in uncertainty  
 and fear and doubt.

She craves a normal life, a regular life.  
 The life she reads about in the stories  
 she soaks up every day.  
 Like how she wants to go trick or treating  
 tomorrow night even though every attempt  
 at trick or treating has resulted in tears  
 and frustration.  
 "But that's in the past, mama," she tells me.  
 And she's right.

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

**A Random Acts of Poetry  
 Collection**

It's TIME TO THRIVE  
 Judy HEANEY-McKee  
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 with a friend.

It's TIME TO THRIVE

A MOTHER SPEAKS OUT



Judy HEANEY-McKee

Life has been ratcheted up  
 in the overwhelm realm for so long,  
 I'm not sure how I'll respond  
 when the pressure lets up.

My teeth aren't always clenched,  
 but tend to be on that edge  
 even when they aren't.

I am preoccupied with the plight,  
 the struggle,  
 of my 8 year old Aspie.

Her anxiety and her overwhelm infiltrate  
 the moments of our days.

It's not her fault.  
 It's nobody's fault.  
 But it's hard to navigate those moments.  
 It can feel like walking through a minefield,  
 the anticipation of an explosion  
 or fallout too often palpable.  
 The unpredictability becomes a thick fog  
 that causes you to squint  
 even though you know  
 you won't see any clearer.