A New Friend

You flick the Yo-Yo back to your hand, so she can try. You slide the string off your middle finger. You are shocked your fingers are so thick. (You need to go on that diet.) You hold hers for a moment. You loop the string tight. She is about to throw with her palm down. You stop her and say no, no, like this. You flip her palm so it’s facing up. She gazes at you, throwing the Yo-Yo. You begin to cry. 

Dating with Autism

Confused by indirect texts & the way you bite your bottom lip, I disrobe my intentions, one text message at a time. I want your head resting on my stomach—voice harmonizing with consistency of breath.

If you and I exchanged how our neurons fire, you’d understand why I shake my leg through two-hour movies. Why girls puzzle me. Why there’s never been mutual affection in my life. Why when asking me to look you in the eyes, I’m compelled to stare at the rotation of a ceiling fan.

Sensory Overload on the Overnight Field Trip

The water sizzles down my bare flesh. I can’t figure out how to stop being pelted by hot needles, so I cry—so harsh I scrape vocal cords and retreat into a corner where the shower-head can’t hurt me.

My school aide bolts into the bathroom assuming the worst, that I’ve fallen, broken something. Gagging the words It’s too hot, I think—

Why am I built like this?
Why was I born like this?