

For the Children

The Gift

Being autistic
Often appears quite mystic
It takes stacks of grit
To be considered “misfit”

My mood, erratic
It often causes static
My intelligence
Does not translate eloquence

Super frightening
Like a huge bolt of lightning
Feelings I despise
If you look me in the eyes

Considered savage
At times, much like brain damage
Will you cut me slack?
Social skills I often lack

I may not like change
But embrace being called strange
Bullies like to fray
But I forget what they say

I will use this gift
To create a massive rift
And use honesty
To teach others just like me

Little Timmy's Plea

I cannot see my face
Locked away in this lonely place
It is cold, it is dark
I can hear my dog start to bark

This phrase I still repeat
No water, and nothing to eat
There is not enough space
Crammed away in this tiny place

Always too dark to see
Days longer than eternity
Time moves at a snail's pace
Please God, get me out of this place

I cry out one more time
How can your heart be this unkind?
Slowly, I close my eyes
The sound as little Timmy cries

Daddy, can you hear me?
I really need to potty
Can I come out mommy?
In this closet, I should not be

Please Save Me

Restrained to a bed
A blindfold over my head
Alone in this room
With a fierce notion of doom

A stab in the arm
The reason for my alarm
My eyes rotate back
I escape the vile attack

I awake to pain
The heartache begins to reign
With vast clouds of shame
I will never be the same

Alone in silence
In between the violence
One more dreadful breathe
I pray for an early death

I cry out, save me!
Anyone, can you help me?
I begin to bleed
Helping hands are all I need

Suicide Attack

As I die inside
The outside, I fight to hide
I conceal it well
The truth is, I am unwell

I sit here alone
With these feelings I condone
And then it hits me
A voice saying "just end me"

Inner voice running
No one would see it coming
Searching my way out
Desperate for a new route

I begin to cry
Wondering why I must die
It keeps coming back
One more suicide attack

Praying for an end
Or to feel alive again
I plot an escape
As the point begins to scrape

Slipping through the crack
I dodge another attack
With this change of fate
I fight to set my mind straight

These Scars

Countless battle wounds
Make me a crying buffoon
Tears descend like rain
Releasing torment and pain

These wounds have a date
Each one altering my fate
Some created hate
Others have set my path straight

These scars have made me
The creature I am lately
If these scars could talk
They would tell the miles I walk

Some scars I regret
But life is not over yet
Each has a story
All to expose God's Glory

I look to heaven
As I count number seven
Embracing these scars
Knowing they make superstars