

# The A Word

*by fyiagcg*

The A Word (was: An Untitled Poem) ... A mother thinks about her Autistic Daughter. I'm in terrible need of feedback on this, please take the time to give it a look and review it! \*\*edit - 3/23/06\*\* -- I have just gotten a response from the school literary journal, and The A Word has been ACCEPTED and will be published!!

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I don't know about types of poetry... This is a poem inspired by my best friend, who is 22 and has a daughter named Ginny, Ginny is almost four, and Autistic... This poem is about Lizzy's feelings on that... I hope to submit it to a school journal and really want feedback *please?*

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ACCEPTED and will be published!! I'm thrilled, even if it isn't that big a deal. This will be the first time I've ever had something published and I really have everyone in the Fandom to thank, because all the fabulous feedback I get around here is what gave me the guts to submit this. So thanks!!

The **A** Word, by fyiagcg

It breaks my heart when I see a cute kid

A talkative, inquisitive, 'normal' little girl

But my baby's cuter, she's the light of my life

The thing I love most in my heart, in the world

I think of the symptoms and the signs and the warnings

I've read articles and books on the so-called disease

I've tried to find another explanation for this

But the more the mind knows, the more the eye sees

I can accuse the doctors, the food, the air

Although I couldn't stop it, it's myself I blame  
I should have noticed sooner, asked others questions  
Found out that not everybody's the same  
I've loved her since before she was born  
I saw her first steps, I watched her turn two  
But she still didn't speak, wave bye-bye or point  
And then the doctors confirmed, our suspicions were true  
She bites hits or scratches when she can't have her way  
Bangs her head on the wall, throws herself to the floor  
Screams high-pitched or just babbles, but still has no words  
All four year olds throw tantrums, but we go through so much *more*  
More therapy meetings at school, more spills and more mess  
More special toys for the senses, more socks hats and gloves  
More contemptuous glares from people who don't understand  
Every time that I see her, I fall more in love  
I'd give anything for her to talk to me  
To be more like 'normal' kids, oh how I hate that word  
But she's perfect just as she is, no substitution would do  
To abandon her or wish she weren't there... just the concept's absurd  
Some days are better than others, I could forget the word Autism  
The worst days, I'll admit, have reduced me to tears  
But unconditional love always beats out self-pity or spite  
And the touch of her hand fights away any fears