## Because She Couldn't Take the Bus

by fyiagcg

A crappy free-form poem written about my autistic niece. I wrote it because I was upset, and posted it because... well, because I?m still upset.

## fun with autism

Chapter 1 of 1

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My hand is bleeding

From where she scratched it

And scratched it

And scratched it

While I tried to walk her to my car

Instead of letting her go on the bus

I try to make her look in my eyes

She won't

I make a sad face

She giggles

I say 'Ouch'

I say 'No'

I say 'Stop That'

She keeps scratching

I show her my hand

My bleeding hand and wrist

So she can see

How much it hurt

But all she wants to do

Is pick at the dead skin she's removed

Of course I forgive her

I lean in to kiss her on the cheek

She slaps me

I give her a stuffed animal

She scratches my hand

Before taking it from me

And tries to bite off its eyes

My hand is bleeding

My stuffed animal is blind

Because I wouldn't let her

Take the bus