

# 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*

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.

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