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ASD

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ASD

MOLLY MOBLEY

Alexithymia.

Before I had the language I felt like an alien among men.
Can't conceptualize what exactly friendship is,
Don't even know if I want to.
Empathetic to the point of exhaustion,
Following, fidgeting, fixating focus.
God only knows why my
Hands turn, twist and crack—or why
I make off-putting faces in the mirror at night & talk too loud.
Just maintaining eye contact to make you feel heard,
Knowing that it makes me hear you less.
Loving intensely things others find trivial,
My passions should be noteworthy.
Neurons interconnected, brain can't filter out a thing
Oh how I wish you could spend a day in my mind.
Pathological Demand Avoidance, Father calls me
“Quitter”.
Running from lashes at my skin that run soul-deep
Subdue the pain of stimulation with
THC &
Unprotected sex.
Virtually everything I do is wrong.
Where's this unwritten rule book everyone has access to but me?
Xeroxing the behaviors of others only does so much,
You can't change what you are—The
Zillionth reason to just accept it.