

“Autism”

by
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I have a little sister,
Who rarely looked at me.
She flapped her hands and played with lights,
For these she loved to see.

I remember her first babbles,
And the single words of speech,
But at 18 months of age,
They were gone and out of reach.

Her words ever so slowly,
Came back one by one,
She needed help along the way,
We're glad she is not mum.

I have a little sister,
But it's so sad to me,
That her social self-expressions,
Are behind for all to see.

My heart broke when I saw her,
Spinning a simple toy,
When she should have been out playing,
With another girl or boy.

Her enjoyment in relationships,
Was never there or weak,
Her emotional responses,
We worked on week to week.

Starting conversations,
Is not something she can do,
I sometimes lose my patience
As I help her work it through.

She lacked creative play,
And simple make believe,
But she will repeat a simple song -
Some things we could achieve.

Her repeated movements
A hundred times each day,
Her rituals and her routines,
Have mostly gone away.

It takes all kinds of people,
To help her move along.
Her teachers and her family,
Keep her going strong.

We look towards the future,
With a sureness in our gaze,
That my little autistic sister,
Will continue to amaze.