

An essay on autism



Disabled. The name created couldn't possibly be more incorrect in my mind.

The many people who have been placed on the Autistic or Asperger's *spectrum* – so called because of the wide variety of differences within the conditions - you could find two cases with similar attributes but none the same.

They may not always understand exactly what you're saying or where you are coming from when you explain things to them, as they themselves are in a different reality completely, only connected to yours when the waves are crossed and you can look through their eyes with both understanding and patient communication, the thing many struggle with. Screaming in silence can be one of the most painful things imaginable.

If anything, they are 'over able,' which can have both good and bad side effects within itself. There is a beautiful and painful side to everything, even natural human experiences. They can see things in places any other would overlook every day.



Every stunning detail, even to a microscopic scale, so many colours that come when leaves fall in autumn, the gentle rhythmic patterns as they almost begin dancing with each other as if they were joyful tree sprites. A story would in tow unfold as they then glided along roads, swirling and spiralling whenever they had the chance.

Sounds everywhere and in everything. They can be so deafening and frightening, even if they are almost inaudible to you.

An office. The calming smell radiating from the carpets and chairs, imitating the experience of safety.

The enjoyment of the audible clunking from coasters, shoes shuffling, cups tapping and rapping against wooden surfaces.



Rain can be both wonderful and startling to them as can most forms of water. Many would adore to gaze at it on stormy days as it lands, exploding into tiny crystals that scatter.

But it can also to their misfortune make exploding or burning sensations on their skin when in direct contact with them. It's all over them and it's just too much. Someone known to me once called it sensory overload. Struggles surfaced from not being able to filter everything that's coming their way at once, whether it be sights, sounds, sensations or emotions.

They are often overloaded with so many strong feelings to the point where they begin matching a child in their outbursts, being in constant need of release.

I have noticed irritation within the voices and faces of those conversing with people possessing these conditions and that it just something that I myself cannot understand.

Repeated sequences are often needed by both themselves and others around them as it can help with counteracting their sensory overload.

They will ask you to repeat your speech continuously, enjoying the sound of your voice. The perfect way you blend their favourite words and sentences together.

They may ask of you not to touch them so suddenly for it can feel like small needles invading them. To not place your hands on their space or possessions, merely because that is who they are to them.

Everything they adore is part of their very being, the fabric of their existence. It keeps them grounded so to speak.

Crossing that barrier can make them feel very violated and lost.

It allows them to remain calm and instils a feeling that their centre and emotional balance remain untouched.

Being so unconditionally loving can even be dangerous in certain situations, as most humans usually come with 'off' switches as often as they are packaged with manuals.

At times, even if another were to harm them in a mental or physical way, their first instinct after that affair would be to automatically forget it ever happened, expressing both their friendship and love towards their aggressor, not understanding the meaning or reason for unsolicited hatred, continuing their trusting innocence, having a burning, loving passion for both everything and everyone around them.

Have you ever had someone run up to you and embrace you in a hug upon first meeting you? I can tell you it's a surprising and heart-warming experience after seeing so many souls walking around blindly, closed off from the universe.

Where is he?

An autistic boy ran from the chatter and blinding rooms and escaped into the sky light. He slipped away again, untraced.



Nature has always been such an extraordinarily strange thing to me, you too? A complete rarity within itself. Take three steps under gathered trees in the summer and darkness falls all around you, covering you in unforeseen serenity.

I had been searching for an entrance to a secret garden of some sort ever since I was small. How unfair it would be for him to triumph in falling across its portal before me.

The sun filtered by the highest of branches, casting luminous patterns that sway back and forth, adding twinkling highlights to every surface reachable. Even darkened fragments known to no one begin parading themselves as lost diamonds.

With the trees breathing so softly, the light can become hypnotising, brushing over both you and its landscape can give you a certain sense of belonging.

Rustling behind me, branches snapping in a gentle way. Shadows passing me by. Closing my eyes I consider.

Is someone else here to learn how to breathe?

I will be soft too, perhaps then this place will take me as its own and I will no longer have to deal with conversation.

I step deeper.

Small hovering insects are darting in and out of the pools of light, their backs glinted gold.

Smiling, I realise we are foolish to think that we are the only ones who dance in the sun.

Butterflies of mahogany, it is not merely their colours that brighten our days. Whether they be a picture of a nearby flower or even a reminder of scenes you've seen through your many dreams. They mimic the sensation of happiness. The fluttering feelings we experience. We connected to them as children when we were learning of our emotion and where to place them, oh how often they were both misplaced and mislaid. We were taught to never lose hope, to never let them go.

To never end up a pinned butterfly.

All should be able to express who they are and how they feel, even if at first the idea appears both frightening and undo-able.

When did – I love this beautiful creativity I'm experiencing turn to – I have to fix this. I have to fix this.



I found you.

He was lying down in a foetal position, nestled in leaves, enveloped in light.

Are you hiding as I am? Then I agree with your choice. It's so silent here. I will stay with you.

Our world is much better than theirs.

Reader, can I ask this of you?

Every once in a while, look inside of yourself and imagine.

Imagine what it would be like to feel so afraid and miniscule to the awe-inspiring, puzzling, loud, bright and anxiety-stirring world around you.

The somewhat horrifying piece of art we live in.

Can you feel it now?

Can you feel what it is like to be me?

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