

## A Poem From a Recently Diagnosed Autistic Quine, aged 39.

Black affrontit.

A clap roon the lug and a skelp o the erse.

Badly behaved – so they thoucht.

Bulliet at the school, bones broken, names called, skin brunt -

She's a weirdo, sticks out as different. She's nae ene o us.

Mam says "it must be you, there's ayewiz a dispute  
just try tae fit in, it'll pass".

It did nae.

It does nae.

Jist stick tae the music, focus on that.

As the years went by, the drink seemed tae help.

Calmed the nerves, made her gallous,

allowed her tae block oot.

Hid the awkwardness, hid abruptness.

Yer allowed to be straight tae the point wi a dram...

Or did it jist mak her mair vulnerable?

She did find a pal,

He seemed to accept her;

A life they were tae mak the gither.

"Will you be my bridesmaid?" she speired, with delight,

een shining, a smile on her face – a guid day!....

"No.

You dinnae want a bridesmaid".

And that was that.

But I thoucht I did – Did I nae jist ask?

Mair years gang by. Numerous times:

“Hey – we’re getting mairrit!”

She panics fit tae say - “Congratulations! Fit time does it start?” seemed fine?

“oh, you’re just invitit tae the evenin”

“Okay cool” (but you came tae mine?)

Still, it’s nice to be included... she thinks?

Folk say “you’ll nae be abody’s cup o tea”,

But, fit happens if yer nae body’s cup o tea?

An undesirable acquaintance –

Never gets it richt, says the wrang thing, with the wrang tone, at the wrang time.

Nae reading the signals – UNABLE tae read the signals.

She’s a wierdo, she’s negative, she’s inappropriate. Stay clear.

Do. Not. Invite.

So, age 39, she went tae the doctors.

They were in nae doobt she hid Aspergers

Even the name is undesirable and loathsome,

associated wi Nazi’s,

Selecting the elite, most desirable.

Autism Spectrum Disorder, level one, as per DSM 5.

Quite the mou’fae

There’s nae cure, it’s jist the way ye are.

Neurodiverse. Or a pain in the erse?

But -

At least it explains the desire for solitude,  
juxtaposed with desperation tae nae be alone

But -

not knowing how tae behave aroon folk

leaves a life of isolation.

There's guid things in aa – the rough wi the smooth

Honesty, enthusiasm , she can follow the rules.

Sees a pattern a mile aff, persistence tae succeed,

talented, intelligent, and a logical thinker.

Determined, creative, a dry sense of humour,

Each has their ain version o the Autism Spectrum Disorder.

But at least she kens noo - it WAS jist her.

But it's nae jist her – there's thoosans o folk

Diagnosed, nae diagnosed.

Lived a life wi nae support.

Please do some research and din nae dismiss

Coz someday, that person might jist be so close tae the edge...

And then it's o'wer late.

Autism Spectrum Disorder – you and her are makin yer peace.

By Claire Gullan July 2021