The Beautiful Butterfly

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I am the child who has Autism,
who can not do the things that you do,
But that does not mean I am useless,
I have feelings and emotions, just like you.

I can hear the things you are saying,
even though with words I can not yet speak,
I may not be physically-able to do things like you,
but that does not mean I am weak.

I know there are many things about me,
that you simply do not understand,
But please don't shy away from me,
I could use a friend, and a warm helping hand.

I may have a mind that works differently,
Pages in a book - I may flap instead of turn,
But that does not mean you can't teach me,
you might be surprised at just what I can learn.

If you think when I don't cooperate, I'm misbehaving,
And conclude that I'm not disciplined enough,
Please take a moment to consider,
that the road I must travel can be rough.

When you stare at me, point, or start to whisper,
it makes me sad, and I so want to cry......
Why do you think of me as some crippled caterpillar?
Why can't you see that I'm God's beautiful butterfly?

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