



## 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?