

THE HIDDEN FACE

Asperger's Syndrome
What does this mean?
So few have heard
Fewer understand
How can I define it?
What is it like?
Once words are applied
Meaning seems so lost

Behaviours kept secret
For the world that he shares
With wife and child only?
How can this be?
Real, yet intangible
Unseen by others
How we seem like liars
Bitter, neurotic

Uncertain, incredible
Blamed, demoralised
Yet I am the backbone
Why would anyone believe me?
I look for your assent
You must tell me it is true
But you can't see it happening
To you it is not real

He seems so clear,
So certain, so adamant
No need for compromise
His way is best
His opinions correct
They have to be
Or why would he possess them?
Somehow I believe him

But I know ...
Something's not right
How can I be sure?
How can I find help?
When those who do listen
Only pity and placate
Look after yourself
All men are like that

Intellectual, gifted,
So verbal and self-assured
A guide, we thought
For a life of purpose and drive
Clear cut values
Strong morals too
Admirable principles
Interesting views
Activities and interests
Show competence and skill
Loyal, faithful
Committed to a cause

Yet it seems like a façade
So perfectly worn
For when we go home
He's nowhere to be seen
Just somebody there
Who looks quite the same
But sounding so different
He looks at me strange
Misunderstanding, getting angry
Taking tangents when we talk
Where did it start?
Will it ever be resolved?

Where is the truth?
His logic is not mine
My words carefully chosen
Don't mean what they do
He resists my requests
He questions my needs
He loses touch
A disconnected world

Things seemingly trivial
Matter so much to him
His children are afraid
Not sure what he'll do
Yet he misses the point
That we need him so much
We need him to love us
To be gentle but strong

To care and show empathy
Mutual understanding, support
But it all goes wrong

We do what we can
But to him it means something else
His competence under fire
Every comment I make
Is a personal attack

Some friends find him brash
Intrusive, tactless, cold
I try to explain
Smooth it over
Mend the rift
I feel ashamed
Though his rudeness disconcerts
Belief in my tale still isn't won

His words cut like glass
Shattering in my wounds
My motives misunderstood
My love misconstrued
My spirit is broken
My strength nearly gone
Like a strangler fig vine
Asperger's Syndrome consumes my being
Till I wither . . .

Carol, 2004