



## **Writing Our Journey: Poems and Essays by Family Caregivers**

Each meeting has a suggested prompt, or idea, for people to write about. Everyone is free to interpret that prompt however they'd like. Below is one of the prompts, followed by a sampling of what was written in response.

Please remember that each piece of writing belongs to the writer and, if quoted, must be credited to that writer.

### **Something you wish your community knew**

Write about one thing you wish your community knew about your child, you, or your life together. Why don't they know? How do you think they'd respond if they did know? Feel free to define community however you'd like – family, neighbors, town, workplace, faith group, or anything else. It could even be one individual who plays an important role in your life.

- “Apparition” by Brenda Considine
- “Sometimes Always” by Lisa N.
- “Unseen” by Kathy Roberson

## Apparition

Invisible, yet apparent enough.  
Aspergers.

Even without paying attention,  
He knows you notice his  
staccato gait, tilted, tumbling, falling forward;

his eyes, darting, or  
fixed just above yours  
    focused just beyond you.

He knows you notice the  
practiced smile  
pull across his face  
a split second too late.

He knows you notice that this conversation,  
Is floating,  
    drifting,  
        sinking,  
        spinning,  
            crashing.

He knows that his supernatural wisdom  
well beyond his years  
will do him little good now.

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## Sometimes Always

It's so loud.  
It's so stressful.  
It's often unpredictable.

It's so upsetting.  
It's so exhausting.  
It's been happening all the time.

First the anxiety or the anger,  
Then the twisting of his body,  
Then the grinding of his teeth,

Then the groaning and the tears,  
Then the screaming and more twisting,  
How long will it last this time?

Sometimes I clench my teeth  
Sometimes I stomp my feet  
Sometimes I yell back

Sometimes I am sympathetic  
Sometimes I am comforting  
Sometimes I am kind

Always I wish it were different.  
Always I fight back the tears.  
Always I feel sad.

Always I hope for harmony.  
Always I hope for peace.  
Always I hope for joy.

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## Unseen

At eighteen, she can't  
count to ten, still

she senses:  
rejection, ridicule  
being left behind  
barely keeping up

subtle hints of sadness,  
like a sigh overheard  
from another room,  
the slight quiver in a  
quietly breaking voice,

the tightness of fury  
about to burst, the giddy  
delight in a surprising  
surge of love. Effortlessly

she connects to the  
essence, gives me pause  
to do the same when she  
reaches out, pats my back,  
offers freely her wordless  
reassurance.

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