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Attention Deficit and Hyperactivity Disorder

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Attention Deficit and Hyperactivity Disorder

Anonymous

Cracked, dry, tortured skin
And blood
Not dripping

But dried and scabbed
Clinging to my skin
In a hundred tiny spots

Spilling out of pinprick fissures
Painting my hands
Emphasizing

My fingers
My misshaped, discolored fingers
Always one layer from spilling crimson pain

Stress is part of it
A hundred assignments
Not enough time

And the diagnosis I hate
The accommodations that don't help
Because you can't help me!

I don't think anyone can
When I must sit and it's tearing me apart
Focus with the restlessness spilling out

Of my hands
My hands that fidget forever
And my brain that I didn't know was weird

And why, why
I cry to the sky
Did you have to name it?

I'm like this, I know

Why must it be a handicap
A disorder

The blood spills onto my fingertips
The voice in my head screams
But why, why am I a freak?

To hate lectures
To want to be moving
Using my hands

These injured hands
I abuse as I study
As I force my bruised brain into caffeinated submission

This is what you can see
Of the struggle within me
And I don't understand why my brain has a diagnosis plastered onto it

My God
You made these hands
You made this brain

To do your work
To serve your will
They're yours, yours

Bloody and bruised and screaming
I don't understand why
You caged a wild animal here

You must've known
I'd break my wings
Batter my hooves against the walls

Ah but it's worth it
It's worth it
For you

And I think of what you did for me

Fitting your infinity
Into a body

Containing your spirit
On this earth
Using these feet, these hands, a brain like mine

I'm so thankful
I am yours:
By right, by conquest, by love