

# UNTITLED

Raya Shields

An unexpected body, collides with terribly precise grammar.

[Vocal tic]

Stumbling into strange classrooms. A dizzy mind tries to make sense of a bewildering world.

[Vocal tic]

My out of control body, surges with emotion. Empathy is an electrical storm.

[Thunder crashes]

Wracking a frame that is always in motion.

[Vocal tic]

Wrenching, spinning, jumping.

The narrative of an independent self-regulating body, clamps down on my autistic self.

[Vocal tic]

The classroom is no place for idiosyncrasy.

Amazing linguistic patterns make me rock and flap. You see my body search for connection as challenging behaviour.

Instead of education, I get intervention. Because, you see, real people cry into Rorschach blots.

[Vocal tic]

# Re·Vision

The Centre for Art and Social Justice

ANd I-I, am outside looking in, tolerated because there's no choice, but accepted by the bookshelves and the dustbins. You want to normalize, fix. I want to unlock doors.

Yes, me. With her gym pants on backwards and her shoes untied.

[Vocal tic]

Loneliness alters the brain, but scholars reject this narrative showing the limits of access.

[Vocal tic]

[Heartbeat]

My eyes taken a lot, but your eyes fence me in. Their steely curiosity makes my head spin. And how rawl feel, my being compromised by voracious eyes, that threaten to swallow me whole, or worse, to crack my spine and suck out the marrow, to split me down the middle, like an anatomy model kept under glass, left vulnerable to environmental assault.

[Hearbeat stops]

And so I look away and cover my ears. You're not from around here, are you?

Hell no, but I try.