

## **My Alfie**

My son and I reside  
In adjacent spheres  
Which often may collide  
If I don't adhere  
To rigid rituals.

It's hard to comprehend  
Why peace is shattered.  
My task is to transcend  
The debris scattered  
by his relentless rage.

Like two globes gliding by  
Closely yet remote  
Or bubbles in the sky  
Side by side we float  
In silent solitude.

His world is so lonely,  
Mine he cannot share.  
How I wish, if only  
I could place in there  
Just one fragile foothold.

I might see through his eyes,  
Glance into his mind.  
A chance to empathize  
If our thoughts combined,  
Shine through this hopeless haze.

He can hear, he can speak,  
Yet he's thought witless.  
He's even called a freak  
By those who witness  
His bizarre behaviour.

And often they complain  
About his loud shouts  
Once more I must explain  
Though they have their doubts,  
"Alfie is autistic."

**By Amy Clennell**