

Ode to Asher

Description

People often misinterpret what ADHD is,

And those who judge such children should mind their own biz.

I have a child with ADHD, and let me be perfectly blunt,

Thereâ??s nothing Iâ??d change, no matter how strange,

So think whatever you want.

This poem is dedicated to any and all kids, parents and teachers alike,

To help explain, in the easiest way, what life for an ADHD child is like.

Every morning, around a quarter to six, my son wakes up for the day.

His brain never stops, and his head wants to pop, so of course heâ??s ready to play.

He runs into our room, yelling and screaming, asking for something to do.

My eyes are still closed, and my brain is still froze, so I havenâ??t got a clue.

He wakes his brother, not usually gently, and they both go bounding down the stairs..

Itâ??s not even 6, I havenâ??t had my caffeine fix, but trust me, my son doesnâ??t care.

His brainâ??s at full-speed, his impulse control in the weeds, and heâ??ll hit without even a thought.

Others find him aggressive, perhaps even possessive, but I can assure you that my son is not.

His energy is boundless, his impulses wreak havoc, and I want to throw him, fully-clothed, in our pool.

But alas, I am faced with the exhausting task, of getting him ready for school.

As I pull up to the school, I remind him of the rules, and tell him Iâ??m confident heâ??ll thrive.

But as I drive away, I canâ??t help but pray, that he and his classmates survive.

Heâ??s disruptive and loud, and wonâ??t settle down, and he makes it hard for his classmates to learn.

But heâ??s got a chart, a visual aid, and something he can work towards to earn.

As I wait in the line at the end of the day, I smile among the crowd,

Because regardless of how his day at school went, I want him to know that I'm proud.

In my eyes he's perfect, gentle and sweet, and his heart is made of gold,

And it is for that reason and that reason, alone, that I feel his story should be told.

Stay tuned!

Category

1. Uncategorized

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