

Dyslexic I am

I'm dyslexic, I'm not sceptic,  
My words are mumbled, jumbled up,  
they walk on their own page,  
I have no rage,  
There're simply letters moving, round the wrong way,  
My brain is focused in a different way,

I say park car, when I meant car park, like mr spooner,  
Whose, language was not the norm,  
That's why we dyslexics are born, as when we write and speak  
We are totally unique,

I often write with a b when I meant p,  
I sometimes say things upside down,  
But know what I meant to say,

My spelling is well below par,  
As for numbers they do confuse, it's their muse,  
I hear people whispering, silent mutterings, I'm stuttering,

My brain doesn't react to letters and numbers,  
I used to want to yell, because I struggle to pronounce,  
And spell, as grammar is alien to me,  
A vowel, consonant,  
My mind is in turmoil,  
The letters stutter, in a break dance sequence, of jitter,

My school days, were a certain situation,  
Streamed into the bottom class  
I knew I wasn't going to last,

I was in my own bubble,  
Running through fields of greens and gold,  
Hiding in the tall reeds, and wild broken flowers,  
Sheltered by the brown eyes of a beaming sunflower,

I'd hear voices, I'd be yanked back, I was under attack,  
Shouting, yelling, but how could this be, I'm in a field, with crops and yield,  
The sun is running down my back,  
I feel the sweat on my skin, from the warmth,  
I see birds on horses, and an owl on a fence,

I can see wires on windows and hear the train,  
Hitting the tracks,  
Maths, fractions,  
False class mates, no grace,  
I see lines on their face, like trees  
Fallen in a storm  
I am the norm,  
Not a worded mess,

I am creative, not less,  
Enhance your spelling and you can get a job like me,  
I am dyslexic  
Dyslexic I am you see,

You need to get better,  
I don't have an addiction,  
I don't have an affliction,  
I have a disability,  
But I have so much ability,

Can you write faster,  
Can you read at a pace,  
I could but my writing will look like lace,  
I am a writer,  
I am an artist,  
I am a musician,  
I am a teacher,  
I am a vegan,  
I am a leader  
I am an engineer  
I can walk on the moon,

I can walk bare foot in the hills,  
I have no ills,  
I have felt the cold moss between my toes and on my heels,  
As I sink into nature's land,  
I feel the wind pass me by  
And hear the waves roar  
The whale bleeding as the harpoon,  
Strikes, as the ice blue, is red  
You can hear her faint, cry,  
Her plea is like me,

We are strong and creative,  
We are not on the scrap heap of junk,  
We are not useless just because we struggle to spell,  
We are not invisible, as we are visible,

Like the man said in the one man show,  
Be anything you want to be,

We dyslexics can do anything you see  
Because we are simply unique,  
Dyslexic I am, and proud to be.