

Neurodiverging into He[art]s and Darkness

By Beau Windon

Who owns these words ?

this body ??

these thoughts ???

this mind ????

these issues ?????

this life ??????

I want to be me with no restriction [I AM NOT AN ADULT VIDEO – NO PERMISSIONS NEEDED TO RENT ME – ASK FOR CONSENT BEFORE YOU TOUCH ME – GIVE ME SPACE IF I RECOIL AT THE GRAZE OF YOUR PRESENCE AGAINST MINE]. People wander through Melbourne Central . . . laughing, smiling, holding hands, pushing each other (one another together) in jest, reminiscing over drunken nights that they can't quite remember *{I HATE THEM}*. My back hovers against the outside glass window of a shop [DOES NOT TOUCH! NEVER TOUCH PUBLIC PROPERTY THAT OTHERS HAVE TOUCHED. MY BODY IS MINE AND THE SHOP CAN'T TOUCH ME] and I watch them . . . living . . . with no restrictions. No fear. No shivers down their spine when someone gets too close to them (this body is closed for business or late to open or abandoned with no plans for renovation). No coded-thought monster crawls out of their brain stalking them, breathing anxiety into them, a hypnotic human whisperer whispering “*You are worthlessssssss*” [with the *S* elongated like it's said by a snake (Jungle Book, Jungle Boy, Book Boy, Book Me For Your Next Event – I am poor and desperate and I will give you mates rates because I know you look down on me, yes, I know you see me as less *than* . . . let me prove I am *than*, let me prove I am more

than)]. No self-grown dark thoughts clouding their hearts and vision and comprehension and existence.

The lovers that pass me

they pass with such grace

graceful and free

I want to be

FREE

like not me and lost

accepted by others with grace

I want to feel loved.

Please don't get distracted – keep following me.

A kid (*boy, girl, enby, camera, concept, time, plea*) gets a little too close as they run by me with a doll // ball in their hands and I jump backwards (through time and space), my head twitches and an itch slithers from my belly button up my chest and to my arm pits and over my back and IT IS SO GOD DAMN STRONG.

I scratch (like a cat but with purpose).

And I scratch (like Wolverine fighting Magneto)

And . . . and . . . and . . . I scratch (like me when I'm overwhelmed and about to panic). Look at me, I am aware at how I look, look at me, I look mad, I know, look at me, make it obvious I don't mind *{I HATE IT}* judge me as I know you will // are // just can't help yourself. You grab your child by the arm (not your child but the child of the concept) and you pull them away from me and I breathe in relief.

“Stay away from the crazy man,” you say without any care of me overhearing you and I question my relief [it is solid (sad) because I want them to stay away from me {is crazy my armour?} but also I know I should feel hurt (no bandaids)].

The kid is staring at me now.

“What’s he doing mummy // daddio // big parent?”

You look me up and down and now my breathing is strained and my eyes are blurry and watering and ohmygollygee I don’t want to cry because I am not sad // not bad // not mad *{I HATE IT}*. I want to rip my shirt off, the threads are threading through me like tendrils and their messing up my sensory skills (can’t do that weird one *you know what will happen* they will brand you broken and throw you away). My head is swimming and everything is so loud (louder than the heavy metal concerts I’ve been to and the Broadway musicals I sing along to when I am cleaning my apartment – FACT: It takes me four hours to accomplish a cleaning task that takes my mum five minutes . . . it’s because I keep stopping to wash my hands until they crack [and sometimes bleed] and I get caught in these loops where I clean everything multiple times because one time doesn’t feel right and I don’t trust myself and I must say that I hate cleaning *{I HATE IT}*). Everyone is so close to me – why is everyone so close to me and fuckinggoddamnitnowiamcrying.

The last time I had a meltdown was . . .

. . . a distant memory (don’t lie to them) . . .

. . . a forgotten dream (be honest, even if you’re embarrassed about it) . . .

. . . a reminder that no matter how much I have improved – I am still, and will always be, a defect (don't repeat your primary teacher's words, use your own) . . . a mess.

It was at my old job (RETRACTED FOR ELIGIBILITY, NO, PRIVACY) and we had just re-opened after the first lockdown of Melbourne. I was wearing a mask up on (RETRACTED TO REFRAIN FROM DISTRESS) and then someone (customer is always right // customer has all the rights // I have no rights), unmasked, put their hand on my shoulder to thank me for the customer service and when they left I couldn't stop shaking. I called my supervisor on the radio and I told them I needed a break right away and a co-worker . . .

. . . they saw me and they said “. . . are you alright?”

They could see the tears in my eyes that I was trying to banish away (maybe I drank too much water that day) and they could see the steady tremble of my body (roll me along a xylophone and you would get the most beautiful music) and they could see me biting my lip so hard that I was bleeding (RAWR).

My supervisor took their time to get to me to relieve me (relief) so I could take a break (Kit Kat patty wack or is there an H in there – WHACK). When they finally got there, I couldn't hold it in any longer, I broke as I walked away and I let them hear the whimper as I ran to the staff room (FUCK).

Alone.

I was . . .

blissfully alone

I was . . .

breathing // DISTRAUGHT // calmed.

Two of the managers came to me in the staff room (no please, don't know this, you don't know me, NO ME). They saw me, a tearing mess, struggling to breathe, my shirt pulled off, my body rashed up from scratching, my lip bleeding (RAWR).

They saw a mess (me).

I got sent home early.

Casual. I was a casual. I've never not been a casual. People like me can't be trusted with a full time job (not capable of a full time job is what the big boss people say) and can't be given the flexibility of a part time job ("If we did that for you, we'd have to do it for everybody"). All of my jobs, I have been a casual.

I got sent home early.

I had only worked for thirty minutes.

I got sent home early.

My managers they . . .

. . . they were sly . . .

I was paid for the entire shift.

Seven hours.

That should be the default but . . . I was a casual.

Let me take you back to Melbourne Central . . .

Halfway between panic attack and autistic meltdown.

I am being judged for my existence.

I am being judged as the worst of society.

I am being judged because I am not like the rest of the people in the centre.

I am being judged for living in a world that doesn't know why I am me.

“He's probably on drugs.”

“—having a bad trip—”

“Should we help?”

“Noooooo, he might be dangerous.”

“Looks violent.” {Why can't I just look violet?}

I push through the crowd, looking drunk when I haven't had alcohol in weeks.

I push through the crowd, looking drugged when I've never used an illicit drug.

I push through the crowd, looking dangerous when I'm more scared of you than you are of me (like a puppy, a growling puppy, if you pet me I would feel soft but do not pet me – that is what the cute little growl is, please take it seriously).

When I get outside [on the grass of the State Library . . . not grass as in weed as in marijuana but grass as in the little green blades that ensure your feet (or shoes) do not get as muddied up as they would do if the little green blades were not there. I think that is why grass is over dirt but please don't Google it because I don't know if I can bare the embarrassment of being wrong right now – I am fragile (like a baby's fingernail, easily broken and easy to scratch their own eyeballs out and then have to go to the hospital for a stupid accidental act of self-harm)], I collapse-ish. Are you following? Can you swim through this sea of distraction = *irrelevant*.

Collapse-ish . . . because I don't trust the grass that the mobs of seagulls loiter on, pissing and shitting where they please. None of the other birds judge (judy) them. If I were to do that – I would be arrested.

But I don't want to do that.

I just want to find calm.

I'm squatting on the grass, remembering what my therapist told me.

What my therapist told me . . .

What did my therapist tell me . . .

It's pretty basic and I hate how something basic works but he told me to . . .

B R E A T H E

B R E A T H E

B R E A T H E

B

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.....

An ex-partner of mine once asked me what it was like inside of my head.

I told them that they wouldn't like in there . . .

“All I do is wrestle monsters. In spandex. Both me and the monsters. I'll cut a promo on them and I'm meant to be the babyface. Everyone is meant to cheer for me. But they don't, they reject me and they boo. The monster, who is meant to be a monster heel, gets cheered which should be reserved for the babyface. The crowd chants along as the monster

kicks my ass. No matter what I do, I can't get the crowd to cheer for me. *GO A—WAY! GO A—WAY! GO A—WAY! GO A—WAY! GO A—WAY! GO A—WAY!*”

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*“Go away! You're embarrassing me! I'll text you later . . .”*

And when she texted me later, I wanted to not answer (KNOT YOUR ANSWER)[Turn it in pieces]{Make her work to figure it out}(DISAPPOINT HER)[Like she disappointed you]{Leave . . . like you left the party . . . but leave more than the party . . . leave the relationship – it's too loud in there anyway}.

I answered her: *I'm so sorry for embarrassing you.*

And she replied: *Yeah. If you're going to freak out again like that, just leave. I'll cover for you. It's easier to make up an excuse when they don't see you being re%\$#@ed.*

That was what the kids at school used to call me (grade two to four and grade eight to twelve)[wait](yeah?)[what about grades five to seven](oh, my best friend was one of the school bullies . . . we were both wrestling fans so he befriended me and he would kick anyone's ass if they insulted me)[whoa, what a good friend](are you being sarcastic?)[what do you think?]( . . . ).

So I said—I said—I—sa—I said: *It won't happen again.*

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*“What do you think about when you're having one of those episodes?”*

(BAD FUCKING TV IT IS)

What do I think about?

Hmmm . . .

I . . .

Well . . . (wishing well)

[Drop some coins and you'll get luck]



WHY ME?

I

DON'T

BELONG

HERE.

I wish I had some support.

A partner to help me calm down.

*No, you don't because if you had a partner, you'd embarrass them!*

Someone to talk about these things with.

*They'd laugh . . . they'd call you a loser . . . they'd see you're a loser in a mask.* [The covid mask?](KNOW)[A lucha libre mask?]{NOOOOOO the kind of mask that disguises who you // I// we are[and am]}

Someone to give me the drive and determination (deter the nation) to hold back the worst parts of me (deter the worst parts of you).

*Good idea, they'll like you more that way. Tell him that, that's what the doctor wants to hear. He wants to hear you have healthy thoughts when having an **EPISODE**.*

.....

He did not like that answer. He looked at me with drooping eyes.

Sad eyes [woof meow cute as a fur baby]

*You threw me under the bus!*

{HA! You shouldn't have trusted me . . .}

But you are me . . .

. . . you should want the best for me . . .

**{I HATE YOU}**

.....

Am I in a good place right now? (The Good Place was a fantastic television series because it had nuance and made a lot of references to professional wrestling which is what the world needs right now . . . more wrestling references)

That is a good question?

[VAGUE! IT IS VAGUE!]

{Why was that a question?}

(Everything feels like a question to me)

My stomach issues have been under better (remote) control.

I'm drinking more water (high drapes then?).

Eating more bananas (cheap fruit for a cheap person)[also delicious].

I'm . . . still a bit lonely // isolated // destructive // KRUNCHEDED

But . . .

I have a community

*(TROY AND ABED . . . IN THE MOURNING)*

Maybe I'm more comfortable talking about my issues.

. . . asking for help . . .

. . . explaining myself . . .

. . . not fearing being made fun of when I tell them about my conditions . . .

Is that growing up?

Is that character growth?

Is this a more mature me?

A new character arc?

Still in darkness . . . but better at telling people about the lack of light . . .

Not ashamed for being me . . . but rather, ashamed at other people's shame for me

being me . . . is that a good thing? I don't know. Maybe.

I'd like an answer . . . but I know that isn't always possible.

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Who owns this life ?

these issues ??

this mind ???

these thoughts ????

this body ?????

these words ??????

It happens on a train this time (i never catch the train)[you did](i did)[why?](growth?). More and more people board and soon I get that (DREAD) feeling. The nervous tingle wiggling up my spine and transforming to an itch (don't scratch, don't start the avalanche). Everything is so loud. A man in a business suit (so important) absentmindedly brushes against my own jacket, it shocks me like a taser. I want to [PUKETHROWUPCRYSCREAMDIE] . . . get off the train. A girl (grrrrrrl) is staring at me and as I flinch from a guy's jacket touching me again, she says "Sorry, sir, your jacket keeps hitting that guy beside you." She nods at me and he says "*Sorry mate.*" (We're not mates, I've never seen him before in my life. The only thing I know about him is that he feels entitled to invade my personal space)

I get off (keep it in your pants) at the next stop even though it is four stops early. I'd rather walk home than risk him touching me more. As I'm exiting the train, I look at the girl (gurl) and mouth "*Thank you.*" It's cold outside (I really can't stay). Six degrees [of inner turbulence]. But I still take off my jacket. That guy's jacket touched my jacket (it jacked it) and now it feels . . . *contaminated*. I walk home, cold and shivering in just a t-shirt and when I pass strangers I see them notice me shivering and glancing at the jacket that I am holding out in one hand as if it is covered in dogshit (why are you like this my dude?).

I should feel miserable . . .

But I don't.

I don't.

I feel . . . seen.

Noticed.

Cared for.

Over something so small and insignificant (you are not a baby ant).

It feels silly for this to feel so nice.

It was such a small moment.

But that girl . . .

SAW ME

STOOD UP FOR ME

HELPED ME

And I didn't have to ask // plead // cry

I think that . . .

I'm okay . . .

I'm okay.

I'm o-frickin'-kay.

Mmmmmm.

***{ I DON'T HATE THIS }***