

IDIOSYNCRASIES

By c.e.chapple

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Snacking in bed
Is lovely for you but I am
Like the princess and the pea
The crumbs are like sandpaper
Upon my ultra-sensitive skin
I cannot sleep if even one crumb remains
I spend endless hours of my life
Sweeping away the smallest morsels

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The sheets need to be clean
Smooth and unwrinkled
Or I am sleepless
Tossing and turning
Wanting to banish smells
Wishing the sheets did not
Have furrows and hills
Poking into my hips
Tormenting my back and bell
Until I pat and tug and smooth
Again and again

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A whisk broom and dustpan
Or rechargeable dustbuster
Are boon companions when I camp
With no one is more expert than I
At tidying my tent

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Sometimes I shower or bathe
Both morning and night
Even when I was homeless
I snuck into sorority and frat houses
Bathing like a sneak thief
In the still of the night
Washing the stench of depression
From my nubile flesh

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My kitchen cupboards are pristine
With no blasphemous confusion
To be found in my cans or packages
I find comfort in the order of my fridge
In the absence of stale-dated items
The order of veggies in my crisper or
The beautifully labelled containers
Beckoning from my freezer

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Each changing season brings
A flurry of new activity
A careful packing away

Of woollen winter clothes
A joyous rediscovery
Of warm weather wear
A careful culling of ill-fitting clothes
Or any that have gone unworn
For more than two years
Clearly needed far more by others
Impelling me to share with others
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I cannot bear cheap perfumes
Or noxious aerosol room deodorizers
But adore the scent of live flowers
Deeply inhale forest smells
The aroma of my Aspie life
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