

SPECTRUM OF SORROW

by c.e.chapple

As I try to concentrate on traffic
My passenger tugs at his hospital bands
Asks me if I have scissors
I say I will give him my penknife
When we stop but he cannot wait
Tugs tugs and tugs again
Elbows jutting
The bands crinkling
As I enter the wrong lane
Correcting as he points out the obvious
*

Later that night he talks through a movie
Drowning out the dialogue
Key points missed as he insists
That I should listen to him
That other people talk during television shows
So what if I am confused by the plot
Drowned out by his need to be
The most important voice
*

In the morning I bring him coffee in bed
Make him breakfast but then
When I attempt to do those dishes
He pushes past me to make coffee
Reaching across my hands in the sink
Asking why I am not done my coffee
Why I am not dressed and ready to go
*

Later in the day I make Margaritas
Squeezing the limes
Measuring the Tequila
Salting the rims
He reaches from behind me
Omni-present in my periphery
Distracting me again
So I forget one of the ingredients
*

The sins I commit in intimate romance are legion
When I sweep the crumbs from his bed sheets
He laughs at me
Mimics the sweeping motions
Fails to understand the crumbs are like
Boulders to my Aspie skin
And his laughter is psychic sandpaper

As I go to bed tonight
On smooth lemon-scented sheets
In the haven of my tidy apartment
I think to myself in the welcoming
Silence of the night
I am the Aspie but he cannot wait
I am the Aspie but he cannot listen
I am the Aspie but he is not the only
Ingredient necessary to my life

*

About the Author

I am both a mother and a grandmother, from southwestern Ontario and currently residing in Victoria, B.C I have two degrees, one of which is in Honours English from the University of Western Ontario. I have been writing since I was eight years old, and have had numerous pieces published in anthologies, literary journals, newsletters, newspapers, and online. Writing has kept me sane in a crazy world. I am 65 and was not diagnosed with Asperger's until I was 45, after a lifetime of never fitting in, and suffering from both depression and social anxiety. I am also a multiple survivor of abuse, much of which would not have occurred had I been identified as a child. I am also a status Metis, a member of both BC Metis and the Painted Woodland Metis Tribe of Ontario.

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