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My Kind of Normal

Noise hits first

Hallways fill up
Lockers slam
Voices stack
I feel it in my chest
Like pressure building

I step outside when I need to
Cold air helps
Quiet helps
I come back when I am ready

I notice small things

The way a pen clicks
The pattern in a ceiling tile
A line out of place on a page

Details stay with me
Long after others move on

Words take time

In class, ideas form slow
By the time I am ready
The moment has passed

Later, alone
The thoughts line up clear
Stronger than before

I like knowing how things work

I take them apart
In my head or in my hands
Steps, systems, patterns

When it makes sense
It feels solid

People are harder

Faces change fast
Voices shift tone
Rules are not written down

I watch, I learn
I still get it wrong sometimes

But I care more than it shows

I replay conversations
Fix what I said
Plan what I will say next time

It is work
But it matters to me

I need space

Time alone
Time to reset
Time to think without noise

It is not distance
It is how I stay steady

Autism shapes my edges

How I hear
How I think
How I move through a day

It adds weight in some places
Clarity in others

It does not shrink my world

It changes the way
I move through it

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