I Rise
By Aren Zakarian

You may think I belong with animals,
With your filthy, prejudicial lies,
You may push me out and smear me,
But still, like dust
I'll rise.

Does my stimming bug you,
Why do you look at me like that,
Whether the noise deafens you
Or worse yet drives you crazy,
Whether you wish to silence me,
Just watch,
Still, I'll rise.

Does my constant moving,
Put your rest in jeopardy?
Does conforming in society,
Surpass my need to be me?
You may want to tame me.
And follow your ridicule rule,
Regardless where you bury me,
Just watch,
I'll fight,
I'll rise.

Do these words upset you,
Does it come as a surprise,
That a messed up soul like me,
Can express thoughts this wise?

Out of society's rejection,
I rise,
Up from a past of abuse,
I rise,
I am a warrior and a survivor,
Defying all the odds,
I rise.

Leaving behind a somber past,
I rise,
Looking forward to a bright future at last,
I rise,
Advocating for the many like me,
I rise.
I am the voice for those with autism,
I rise,
I rise,
I rise.