

## Poem Excerpt

When noises grow too loud  
or the world feels too fast,  
I reach for the strategies  
that help calm things at last.

“I grab a fidget to settle my hands...”  
“ ...or sit in a corner when I need to land.”  
“Sometimes I watch calming videos instead,  
or drink water,  
or think of nice thoughts in my head.”

These aren't escapes — they're tools that I use  
To steady the storm  
and help me regroup.