

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.