

The Way My Brain Moves

Every brain has a rhythm, a beat of its own,
A pattern, a wonder, a world to be known.
Some minds drift softly like feathers in air,
Some burst into colours not everyone shares.

*"It's how my brain works...
There's nothing wrong with me."*

My thoughts don't walk neatly in one tidy line —
They zigzag and sparkle, they rush and they shine.
Sometimes they're stormy, sometimes they're
bright,
Sometimes they travel faster than light.

*"In my mind it's noisy and bright,
but outside I look calm and quiet."*

Autistic, ADHD, or both combined —
Each brings its own rhythm,
its own brilliant mind.

*"Don't say I 'have' autism like it's stuck on me —
I am autistic.*

That's who I'm meant to be."

*"ADHD makes me quick and fast —
ideas appear but they sometimes don't last."*

These parts of me aren't wrong or flawed —
They're the wiring of my brain,
uniquely carved.

Some days I feel pressure to hide who I am,
To seem calm, to seem quiet, to follow the plan.
That hiding is called masking — it's heavy to hold,
It's comes with a cost I don't choose
And a story untold.

*"I mask every day — it takes so much energy."
"My brain makes tornadoes no one else can see."*

Masking isn't strength —
it's survival, it's strain,
It's pretending I'm fine
when it feels like thunder and rain.

And ADHD thoughts may scatter wide —
but when they connect,
they're a constellation inside.

For some, the classroom is silent and still.
For me, it can rumble
and shimmer until...
my senses feel stretched,
but there's beauty there too —

the colours, the details
that most people don't view.

*"Sometimes autistic minds have bigger
imaginations."*

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.

*"If I have a meltdown...
I don't want to have it —
I just can't control it."*

A meltdown's not naughty —
it's overload, it's pain,
A body and brain
trying hard to stay sane.

At times, people judge me
before they know why,
They misunderstand
or they roll their eyes.

*“People think autism means I’m stupid — it doesn’t
at all.”*

The truth is:
minds like ours stand strong and tall —
creative, determined,
resilient through it all.

A teacher who listens,
who slows down the pace,
Can help me feel safe
in a loud, busy place.

A TA who says “take your time, it’s okay”
Can brighten the grey
on a difficult day.

“She understood my autistic brain.”

When someone believes in me,
my strengths appear —
my focus, my passion,

my courage,
my gear.

"We aren't all the same."

"There's more than one way a brain can be."

"Our minds are complicated, bright and free."

Each difference is a doorway
to possibility.

So if one thought remains
after hearing this rhyme,
Let it carry you forward
through space and through time:

Different isn't wrong.
Different's design
can open new colours,
new stories,
new lines.

Different is human.

Different is strong.

Different is us

And different belongs.