

Poem

I'm asked to read aloud in front of the class,
But the words swim before my eyes.
I start to sweat, I'm breathing fast;
The print I see I cannot recognize.

The students stare expectantly, they wait for me to speak.
But I can't focus, can't grasp the words;
I feel so useless, I feel so weak;
My eyes tear up, and my vision's blurred.

The giggles start as they see my trouble,
No one seems to understand what's wrong.
The letters, for me, flip around and double;
My class assumes I'm stupid because I'm taking so long.

Their laughing faces fill my head,
Mocking me, making me feel like I'm somehow less
Important than they. "Let one of us read instead!"
I shrink at their success.

I don't know why I am this way,
I've done nothing to deserve this;
Why choose one person through which to convey
The pressure that becomes paralysis?

I finally decide there's no more use;
I descend from the podium, shamefaced.
My teacher's mad, she thinks it's some ruse;
For my punishment, I am braced.

I sink in my seat, my skin a lot paler,
Through the window, a cloud covers the sun.
But I don't notice, all I see is my failure;
Once again, the dyslexia has won.

Written by **Tilly**
Grade 9
Language Arts Class ~ Fredericton High School

<http://www.dyslexiaassociation.ca/english/whatisdyslexia.shtml>