

# ECSTASY

by Sonj Zoref

*Ecstasy tries to understand the turbulent and confused feelings of a pubescent girl who suffers with severe autism*

*painting by Ray Caesar.*

I have deep red blood flowing between my thighs;  
my vagina the doorway to the flood.  
My pretty dress spoiled.  
My knickers soaked.  
It sticks to my legs and fingers,  
smells like old coins.  
Like everything else, I have no control.  
Shackled inside my head.  
My voice screams  
but the words only echo on the walls of my brain.  
I wear my embarrassment like a stinging slap  
And I want to vomit.  
Am I dying?  
Is this the end of my short, frustrated existence?

Am I never to evolve in to a woman with a voice?  
A butterfly?  
A prom queen?  
Never to taste a boys lips and feel his heart beat?  
To feel deserving glances that warrant a pretty girl?  
No.  
These things are saved for other girls; better girls.  
Normal girls.  
Lucky girls.  
(normal on the outside girls)  
Inside I am normal!  
I see.  
I hear.  
I think.  
But to the world I am a dead-weight,  
an inconvenience.  
A flail of arms and legs and stupid unrecognisable words,  
an abortion, a runt.  
Had I been a bird, I would have been kicked from the nest.

My whole purpose, it would seem  
is to understand loneliness;  
to truly learn the art of 'being alone'.  
We are born alone.  
We die alone.  
I ... am the middle bit ... just ... alone.

Only I know what I think and feel.

No one has ever taken the time to try communicate.  
I am a written off dead girl, alive.  
An avoidance.  
And now ... I bleed.

Dress me up pretty.  
Wipe my mouth after feeding. Brush my tangled locks  
And braid with pretty flowers and satin ribbons.  
No one see's me.  
No one hears me.  
I am invisible.

My Mother didn't think to explain  
that all girls bleed when they become a woman.  
(because she doesn't think I would understand  
or maybe I wasn't expected to reach puberty)  
My explanation came from sterile whispering  
amongst the doctors and nurses.

I cried in ecstasy;  
relief I wasn't dying.  
Then cried further inside my loneliness  
because I wished I was.