**The Misunderstood Child [A poem about children with hidden disabilities] by Kathy Winters**

by [Sensory Planet](https://www.facebook.com/pages/Sensory-Planet/138430906357) on Monday, April 11, 2011 at 10:19pm

I am the child that looks healthy and fine.

I was born with ten fingers and toes.

But something is different, somewhere in my mind,

And what it is, nobody knows.

I am the child that struggles in school,

Though they say that I'm perfectly smart.

They tell me I'm lazy -- can learn if I try --

But I don't seem to know where to start.

I am the child that won't wear the clothes

Which hurt me or bother my feet.

I dread sudden noises, can't handle most smells,

And tastes -- there are few foods I'll eat.

I am the child that can't catch the ball

And runs with an awkward gait.

I am the one chosen last on the team

And I cringe as I stand there and wait.

I am the child with whom no one will play --

The one that gets bullied and teased.

I try to fit in and I want to be liked,

But nothing I do seems to please.

I am the child that tantrums and freaks

Over things that seem petty and trite.

You'll never know how I panic inside,

When I'm lost in my anger and fright.

 I am the child that fidgets and squirms

Though I'm told to sit still and be good.

Do you think that I choose to be out of control?

Don't you know that I would if I could?

I am the child with the broken heart

Though I act like I don't really care.

Perhaps there's a reason God made me this way --

Some message he sent me to share.

For I am the child that needs to be loved

And accepted and valued too.

I am the child that is misunderstood.

I am different - but look just like you.