

Autism: Psycho Terror and No So Special

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Autism: Psycho Terror

As a single mother of an Autistic big black male

You cannot comprehend my experiences when I dip in and out of it. It may sound dramatic and stage managed but it is real

I am torn between the professional system, the culture and the spirituality of the experiences.

System that suddenly turns your child to something else

System that shields their gifts and positives

Enhancing and exaggerating the negatives

Breaching the trust and confidence you have in the system

The more I think of it the more I see myself lost in the system

Questions asked and concerns raised

but no answer but blame and pointing fingers nonstop

You are forced not to challenge the system

For fear of the outcome

You are forced to go mute

As your audience are non-existent

You develop autistic tendency to support your child

Joining to create reality and assure him he is not being judged

That all his isms are normal.

To me he is neurotypical

As my world is his

And he granted free access

And can contain all his triggers and sensory needs

Sometimes we are both like theatre trailer with no full version
People are watching, waiting, curiously and judgmentally
No one is interrogating
They go their ways with preconceived ideas
Of who we are
And what we are going through
Sadly people see violence
Than the suffering within
Which was created by the system
People see rebellion
Than the state of imprisonment
When he is forced to conform to the mood as detected
Professionals who learn by the book generalised his needs
Being a mum I used person centred and focused on his needs
My gentle loving child was broken by the system
People who are meant to support him
Turned him into what he is not
Uninterested in his well being
But focused on his being sectioned
And silenced as minus one
Male from the black community
It is all about silence
But there is more to it
Because when the child goes home
I am left to tidy up their mess
And mop up their wickedness
Which was like a giant
But now a speck of dust which i have blown away
You will not understand the impact unless you have been in it, witnessing is not enough;
It tells less than half the story.
Autism is not an ailment or disorder but a psychopath.
It is a disembodied assailant whose vicious mission is to destabilise and rob families of their peace.

The autistic person is not the attacker but an instrument used to accomplish a mission. If the corporate force is the mind, then it has gained access to its victims and has been able to deploy its members to successfully carry out the missions.

It is quick, sudden, disempowering, and vicious and renders the observer mind blind. It lacks empathy and puts the victim in an awkward position to accept responsibility for lacking empathy. Sometimes it comes in a ghastly fashion accompanied by a feeling of anxiety. Assuming the victim had an insecure attachment it must have built a relationship with the victim from the mother's womb. Then it is almost impossible to cut the bond and the tie, already developed. Most times the mother is in a daydreaming moment and the terror is left to babysit the baby.

As she cannot contain her emotions but creates a fragile fragment in the envelope which shields the baby from the womb from intruders, giving room for the baby's mind to be reprogrammed as directed by the insecure attachment.

I am a mother to a victim and have witnessed most vicious attacks. He looks helpless, stoned and bamboozled as though experiencing a moment of absence seizure, but that's not it. Sometimes he steers in one direction as if observing something from a distance. Then he lashes out in a terrifying painful shrill, that one would think he had just seen a ghost. But not me, being a Christian I believe my house is fortified by angels and the hedge of protection is all around it.

Sometimes I see the image of the Incredible Hulk, a gentle giant suddenly transformed into a monster, hitting walls and causing damage, then a few minutes later quiet and sober. It is rather confusing to jump from one extreme emotion to the other. As a parent you are left to assimilate such intense uproar taking place in the comfort of your home. It is difficult to deal with a continuous state of uncertainty and emotional turbulence.

As a mother I look out for ways to improve and support

Not how to weaken and turn him into a vegetable

Which sectioning could have done, with chemicals pumped in his brain

Moreso, being a black male makes it worse

He is already a Terror himself

I studied his moods and triggers

Joining and positioning myself as his therapist and hand holding figure

Helped me to figure it out

The system gave him an edge

As they labelled him as violent and feared him

I had removed all the edges built around him

And let him know i am the boss

And i have his best interest

I showered him with love and care

And he learnt to trust again
I respected him and treated him age appropriately
And he danced to the tune of my music
We are both enjoying living in peace
Something that was forgone experiences
Triggered by ignorance from people who call themselves experts.
I wish I was rich and can afford private school and private care
I bet my son would have reached
The self esteem or even self actualisation in the hierarchy of needs
The white privilege
The power in possessing wealth which speaks to authorities and rewrites scripts
The privilege of being female
Prescribed as feeble, vulnerable and free spirited
Engulfed in this gender war as a male
He has no privilege and is emotionally constrained as having none.

Not So Special

Covid has a way of segregating us
And making it obvious that we are but a minority
An insignificant part of the human race
They made it clear
Do not resuscitate
That means deny them
Human right to exist
Then they vaccinate
They did not think about us
A vaccination that is autistic friendly
That means we don't have to be alive
They have made the choice for us

They say wear mask
Some of us are struggling to understand
The breathing mechanism
It is just about them
Nothing about us
We are sidelined
Left as debris
Waiting to be discarded
Some of us are struggling with getting the test done
Inserting an object in the most sensitive part of our body
Is too close for comfort
Personal space not considered
Sensory needs ignored

They talk about Human Rights Act
Maybe we are not human enough to have right
Right to exist and have a say
As to our existence or quality of life
They talk about Deprivation of Liberty Act
We do not even have liberty
or one to be deprived of
We are zombified and left to pretend
that we are part of the human race
Just a statistics
They call us first world
A people with less problem and more civilization and development
Yet we crawl under the umbrella of segregation
Pretending to be diverse
We are terrified of the truth
That euthanasia is part of the blueprint of health care system
I thought by now
We have matured and grown into a people who are human enough

To see beyond disability and vulnerability
Focusing more on humanity
Than the perfection that never existed in life
We have managed to conjure
Life ideology
In a place of ability
Constrained by our shortsightedness
That ability is not determined by anyone
But life circumstances
depending on how it steers us
The happenstances of life are but
Rigid in nature
And makes no room for preferential treatment
It is inevitable and unexpected
It is like throwing a dice
You cannot say where it will fall
Until it rests in a place of its choice
not the gambler or the player's choice
They call us people with special needs
This puts us on a pedestal of importance
But that is not the true meaning
It just means that we are different from the norm
Abnormal and inadequate
with no privileges accorded to humanity in its full faculty.

Author

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