

## Dysgraphia

You say my handwriting's bad,  
and it is. Don't you know that i know?  
I still can't write my own name well.  
I'm 18, with a 4.0, and my name still looks a mess.  
*It just takes some practice, you say.*  
*You've never practiced.*  
But don't you know,  
i've been writing the alphabet in my notes  
trying to memorize how to line them right  
how to make them look pretty  
and all swirly  
and girly  
since i was 5, 6, and 7 up to today  
a senior getting by  
with teachers yelling lectures i can't write in time.  
You see my words?  
There they are,  
their thick and bulky bodies  
awkwardly running into each other and spacing out.  
They're dark and ugly  
looking like i was trying to tear through the page  
like my hand can't control the thoughts in my mind  
with a pencil or a pen  
like i'm stupid.  
But i'm not stupid,  
and i like to write.  
Actually it's the best thing i could ever find in my life.  
See words, they're messed up in my brain,  
and when they collapse on the page,  
they don't look right or okay,  
but they're mine, and they'll stay that way  
cause it's not how it looks but what it means,  
and my words mean the sky and the ground  
and the beauty of all that's between.