

Msitua—the World, the Prison, the Question—the Answer

**January 2019
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I ask myself every conscious day, hour, minute, moment--a simple question, not many questions, but only a single, unanswerable one—"Who I am?"
I don't know who I am, but everyone—the world tells me again and again.

That person that I "am" and that person that is "me" are totally different.
Could it be madness this—or could it be the world is mad lunatic asylum?
Yet again I ask myself for the umpteenth time the question: "I am whom?"

The world has an answer for me—a label, a bias, a prejudice...all a word.
I lost my humanity at the utterance of that word and became something less,
but all along in my life I was always less than human and beyond humankind.

Now I'm in trapped in the saddest prison of them all—no bars, locks, chains,
an imprisonment by birth, chosen without choice, until in the living death I die,
a prisoner in my own self, no reprieve from living, no escape from this jail.

A world of confusion, with a eternal storm of sights, sounds, textures, smells,
so many things hitting me all at once—a shower of impulses endlessly without end,
my mind is overwhelmed and drowns at the cacophony of stimulation and stimulus.

People who aren't carrying this millstone around the neck simply can never know,
is it no wonder in this torment, label by the world—I have no time to be normal?
Because the sentence is life, and whom I am, the word of condemnation—autism.