

## My Asperger Marriage

*"The experience of marriage in an Asperger context escapes description. This poem was written during a free-fall of thought and emotion, a moment of inspiration. The cry for understanding and validation comes from the deepest part of the soul and the yearning to connect with others of like-experience became, for me, a passion out of which was born the idea of a Spouse/Partner support group. GRASP commenced in Sydney in June 2003 and at present has an average attendance of 12-15, with 60 names on the contact list. The letters in GRASP stand for "Growth, Recovery, Advocacy and Support for Partners (& ex-partners)". Strong, empathic bonds are forming solidly between members, information and contacts are shared and several inspiring professionals have provided much needed insight and strategies to assist us on our journeys."*

### MY ASPERGER MARRIAGE

From the beginning an awareness that something is wrong  
A relationship that's fundamentally flawed and limited  
Intimacy eludes every effort  
Subconscious grief  
Cold reality slowly settles in my heart  
A loneliness that shouldn't be  
A relationship that consumes every facet of my being  
Yet abandons my basic human need to belong  
Controlled, yet abandoned  
Dominated, yet neglected  
Needed, yet no-one  
Promised, yet nothing

Diagnosis acknowledges what I already know  
It is everything I thought, yet more  
Blackness engulfs my soul like a shadow with form  
Crushing out every whisper of hope  
Or anticipation of something better  
At first a relief  
A book of answers for decades of questions  
Reassurance of my own sound state of mind  
Acknowledgement of all the hard work and pain  
Just keeping it all on track

No healing, no solution, no remedy  
A new way to live  
A new way to love  
New rules for ordinary things  
Strategies for daily functioning  
Mechanical methods  
Altered responses  
For better or for worse, in sickness and in health  
All of these, all at once  
A different state of being  
A different definition of marriage  
Bound, but alone  
Alongside, but solitary

The sense of loss is engulfing  
Loss of hope  
Loss of dreams  
Grief for what will never be  
No union of two free minds and souls  
Bound in love, care & respect  
It's not like that and never will be  
One free mind  
One with sharp corners  
One soul that lives & breathes with love and spontaneity  
One that calculates & orders, hides, fears and rages  
No effort on my part can change his state of mind  
My love doesn't warm him  
My care doesn't reach him  
My personality doesn't win him  
My feelings and opinions don't sway him

A different life

*14 December 2002*

*By Carol*