

# Gedicht Nathalie

## Dyslexia and Me

To my Mum and Dad who knew I wasn't stupid all along

Hello I am Dyslexic  
Sorry...What's my name?  
It doesn't really matter,  
you all treat me the same

I'm really trying my hardest,  
I'm not lazy or work-shy.  
It's just I really don't understand it,  
no point shouting and asking why?

You may have explained it one thousand times  
and it may take one thousand more,  
but really I am trying!  
You don't believe me though I'm sure.

The letters and numbers mingle,  
in a place within my mind.  
No I can't see where the full stop should be,  
so stop acting so unkind.

Yes I struggle reading and writing,  
yes my grammar is extremely poor.  
Yes I know this should be easy!  
I've heard alle these things before.

If you really want to help me,  
why not stop and ask me why?  
Why I can not read that word?  
Why I spelt that with an I?

Why when I write a word down,  
it looks just how it's said.  
Why when I calculate numbers,  
I cant just do it in my head.

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### Colofon

Dit gedicht maakt deel uit van de professionaliseringsmodule Dyslexie en moderne vreemde talen die is ontwikkeld in het kader van het Stimuleringsprogramma Aanpak Dyslexie door de MVT-werkgroep.

So there really is a reason,  
this is not how I wish to be.  
Then one day someone looked down,  
and really looked at me.

Yes I find that way much easier,  
Yes I understand now I can see!  
Yes I can read much better now,  
Yes the I comes before the E!

See it only takes one person!  
One person to understand.  
The reason I wasn't doing well,  
was your need to understand!

I really love reading now!  
Just watch my vocabulary grow!  
My spellings better every day!  
My grammar less so-so!

Hello my name is Nathalie,  
It just took one person to see.  
That dyslexia is not everything,  
and it doesn't define me!

By Nathalie J. Davies, 2013

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