

Sensory Processing Disorder

By Minna Dubin

1. You are always forging a cave, a chrysalis. You hide beneath the train table at school, under your bed at home, inside the couch. You need that surrounding pressure. I wish I could stuff you back in my body, return you to the tight squeeze of my womb. You were so happy there.
2. The pull you feel to crash, push, and bump is so strong. I dread when the teachers say, “Everyone line up!” and the mass of kids have no other direction than to just merge.
3. I imagine telling you to run, leap chest-first into the air. I would lie down, brace myself and let you land on me. I wish I could withstand your body’s needs.
4. I wish I could scuttle around you like a troop of roly-poly bugs carrying a sea of pillows on their backs, ready to catch you when you trip and fall all day long because you’re not quite sure where your body is in space.
5. If I could weave boxing gloves from daisies, I would. I’d cover your hands in kisses, whisper the words you need so you don’t use your hands when you’re upset.
6. Slow down. Listen. Think. I want to strap weights around your ankles but not around your joy.
7. It must be frightening to be in your body, to not be able to do things the other kids can do: the monkey bars, writing your name, engaging in group play. Luckily you inherited your daddy’s twinkly-eyed charm, and most of the kids who are afraid of you still really like you. Also, you are very smart and you know the sun is a star, just like you.

Minna Dubin is a writer, public artist, and performer in the Bay Area. She writes essays, monologues, and lists about growing up, identity, and motherhood. Minna's writing has been published in The New York Times, Parents Magazine, MUTHA Magazine, the Forward, Akashic Books' Terrible Tuesdays, and various literary magazines and anthologies. Her literary public art has been on exhibition at the San Francisco Public Library, The Museum of Motherhood, and The Mom Egg Review. She is the recipient of an artist enrichment grant from the Kentucky Foundation for Women, and has received writing residencies at InCahoots, the Kentucky Foundation for Women's Hopscotch House, and Lacawac Sanctuary and Biological Field Station in the Pocono Mountains.

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