

When I was in foster care,  
no one bothered  
to give me glasses.  
My lazy eye sat in its sofa,  
transfixed by the TV.  
I was five years old doing puzzles  
by touch like a blind person,  
feeling the shapes with my fingers.  
It took me a year to learn to trust  
the spectacles I had received—  
the world seemed too organized,  
too singular, much less  
crossed. My autism  
came into focus--  
I saw how people stared at me,  
how stupid they thought  
I was, how unworthy.  
Suddenly, I had depth perception—  
the past appeared in 3D:  
my birthmother drunk,  
my birthfather long gone....  
The more I could see, the harder  
it was to make out why anyone  
would adopt me.