

When I was 3, my mom always knew I had ADHD,
Was it from my attention span,
Maybe from the different piles of unfinished PlayDoh projects on the table?
Or maybe it was from the trail of books that always seemed to follow me around,
Or how I always jumped from one topic to the next in the blink of an eye.

And so as I wandered through my childhood,
Going from kindergarten to third grade,
My mom's suspicions were confirmed.
The day came when I was 8 years old,
I was officially diagnosed with ADHD.

The thing with ADHD is that it's not completely detrimental,
But it's certainly not beneficial and it definitely has its fair share of problems.
Take for example, my wonderful filing systems,
Consisting of the floor, the sofa, and my three homework tables.
I have to tell you about how I lug around three massive black holes known as my bags everyday.

And of course we can't forget my attention span,
How it always seems to mysteriously disappear,
Especially when I needed it the most,
Like during math class when I start daydreaming,
Or homework time when I find something else "more important" to do.

I could go on and on about growing up,
Giving my mother grey hairs every day since I have a gazillion pairs of slippers at home,
But never being able to find a single pair of them when it matters most.
Probably contributing to my mother's wrinkles when she finds all of my small projects,
Except they're strewn around the house instead of neatly organized.

Come to my house one day,
And you'll find my never-ending drawer of unfinished projects and designs, started years ago,
But never completed and definitely not organized.
If you do somehow find a project that has come to fruition however, it might be a painting,
Or a blob of clay, or a knitted square, none of which benefit me in the slightest, but who cares?

Growing up, I was (and still am) the type to ramble on and on about facts,
But never facts that were useful to schoolwork, or that might help me learn and grow,
No, they were facts about banana DNA, how chocolate is made, and cyanide in apple seeds.
I retain so much information, yet it never seems to be the information that matters most,
Instead it's the information that makes me curious about the world and makes me passionate.

All of those factors growing up led to me,
A sophomore, growing, but never blooming,
For lack of a better phrasing, cursed with limited capabilities, but never lacking in creativity.
But please understand that students with ADHD aren't dumb, or lazy,
We just learn and grow on a more winding and twisty road than people without it.

