

The Woman Who Fell to Earth in 2021

By Heidi Kure

This morning, I watched a documentary on the making of the movie "The Man Who Fell to Earth". After reflection, I am the woman who fell to earth. Forever feeling that I have been visiting another planet.

Like all humanity, I have been in the lockdown of the Covid apocalypse. British born, then living years in the United States and returning home, I feel even more alienated than before. Never fitting the mould of either country. I have always thought differently, acted differently, dressed differently. Working 40 years in entertainment will do that to you. Living as a happy square peg in world of round holes, while travelling through time and space. Only now I have lost my co-pilot and muse.

My only crew member was my Autistic son, who I have raised to be all that he can be and more. Always allowing him the freedom to reach for his own galaxy. "Yes, you can dance in the supermarket. Especially if they are playing Coldplay". And so, we danced.

Like the Bowie movie, my son was removed and locked away in seclusion. We had only been living in England for over a year when our worlds fell apart. Since then, he has been poked, prodded, diagnosed, analysed and experimented on with N.H.S. drugs. It was their authoritarian attempts to cure Autism. I tried to tell them, there is no cure.

Why couldn't they accept him for the amazing variety that he is. Because he doesn't fit in, he was assigned to a new planet? That called a "living facility". He will never be able to return to his Mother ship. This was concluded as a failed experiment. He will forever live in a unit where no one understands him and his daily needs of housing, food and water are just met.

I may not be the woman that fell to earth? But I am the woman that fell into reality. We will never return to where our life was. I cannot fly without my co-pilot. My son, who will forever be Autistic, will never understand what has happened to him and why. My accent may waver from British to American and hard to understand at times. My son has only limited speech. No one understand his language except me. As outspoken as I am, it seems no one listens to me either. They do understand him when he asks them to "Phone home". But they don't. He may have learned those words from watching multiple television screens at one time. Or maybe it comes from the multiple confused thoughts in his head.

At the few times when I am allowed to visit him, (only if I get a negative Covid test) he tells me "I love you Mom". Those words are clear to understand in any language and no matter what planet you are from. Even if you just fell to earth in 2021.