

Anxiety

There are dandelions in my lungs,
Blowing wishes that pitter patter against my rib cage.
There is a hole in my chest where my heart should be,
And I am dripping deep red, sticky paint all over the floorboards.
My hands shake with the force of one thousand earthquakes,

I gasp and the whole room disappears,
Swallowed into my lungs.
Shards of glass and splinters of wood lash out at me as they fall into
the cavity of my chest.
I shake and I shudder, and my mind collapses in on itself.

I forego all sense of time,
Minutes could be hours and seconds could be days.
I am bleeding all down my front and the blood pours down my chest
and my stomach.
But when I look there's nothing there.

I hold my breath and suffocate the seconds that tick by.
I drop to the floor and curl in on myself, knees to my chest.
But I'm still standing upright.
I stay on the ground and wish that the floor would crack open so I
could fall into the fissure of the Earth.

There are thousands of tiny needles branding my diaphragm.
Glass gouges at my throat and my cavernous chest as I drag in
oxygen.
And force the carbon dioxide back out.
I force myself to stand and this demon possessing my mind drags its
claws down my spine.

But I stand and I force my body forward.
One foot in front of the other, breathing in and breathing out.
Until the glass and the wood are blunt, and then gone entirely.
Left right, left right, in out, in out.
Until the demon lies dormant once again.
And I am able to breathe once more.