

Anxiety

by Jack Cahill

Crumbling at the feet,
Voice cannot speak.
Stomach turns to void,
Knees standing weak.

No moisture on the tongue,
Tense rapid blinks.
Bitter cold sweat,
Face bright pink.

Posture standing stiff,
Mind going numb.
Eyes begin to fade,
Thoughts turning dumb.

All eyes in the room,
Peering at our souls.
Prejudging eyes,
We want to hide in a hole.

We want to steer away,
When confrontation nears.
We fear what could happen,
When judged by our peers.

We're cautious of what we say,
We worry it may cause hurt.

For then it'll never leave our mind,
Like a poisoned patch of dirt.

We're careful of what we do,
Embarrassment's a curse.
We regret even simple choices,
Our thoughts we hope to nurse.

Our confidence is like a diamond,
It's pretty hard to find.
'Cause when we're standing in front of a crowd,
This goes through our mind.

The struggle that we go through,
This corruption has a name.
A deadly hex above our soul,
Anxiety's to blame.