

Anxiety or You're Not Alone

It feels like a constant need to get stuff out,
But others don't believe,
Or maybe don't listen,
Or have their own problems,
So you bottle things up.
A constant worry,
A messy tightness of stress you can't untangle.
A web you don't even want to happen.
You say you're fine,
But you're anything but.

You're always on survival mode,
Sleeping and eating just become something you forget about.
You constantly challenge yourself,
Always putting others first,
But then you can't anymore,
And where's the point in that,
When you do it to yourself?

You want to curl up in a tight ball and never let up,
Scream until it hurts,
Hold onto someone with all your might,
Cleanse yourself of everything wrong,
But you don't have the time,
And you can't stop.

Breathe, they say.
But even that —
There's no time.
Ease up they say,
And all you can do is laugh sardonically.

And that's okay.
It's okay to be a hot mess,
When the world turns you about,
And still expects you to be okay.

But between you and me,
There's something special about you,
That the world needs to know.
They say you're amazing,
And they're so right.

So look around you,
And look at those struggling just like you,
Who also know you're amazing.
Vent what's needed to be vent,
Hug like there's nothing else in the world,
And cry like you can't cry anymore.
Smile, because honestly you need it,

Because love, you're not alone,
And you're capable of so much,
Even when you don't think you are.

You're not alone,
I repeat,
Because I want it to stick.
Others can help you fight the pain,
And dance in the rain.
So, sunshine, get ready for the rain.