

# My Mind Pounding

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Running from my mind, but I can still feel it pounding,  
Screaming and chanting, it calls out for peace.  
It's screams demanding peace only cause more distress,  
As the walls sink in and the people pile up.  
It doesn't matter if I'm alone, it doesn't matter if I'm in a crowd,  
No matter what I expect the voices still pound.  
In peace and in slumber sometimes I just feel my chest clench,  
Knowing full well what will happen, still not sure how to prevent.

Then the voices and the blood pumping finally stop  
As the world comes back in focus and I can feel myself drop.  
I got through it again, but the thought makes me want to cry  
I'm not sure when it will hit again, I'm not sure if I'll crack,  
Because out of all the things that will happen, stigma is the last.  
Because I'm tired of hearing, "just get over it", "it won't last".

I know I'm not the only one, I know I'm not alone,  
But the stigma that exists so it feels that way for sure.  
I'm not sure where to find the people with anxiety,  
Like me.  
Because of that I'm alone in my struggle since no one can understand  
What it feels like for your head to pound, when you weren't even making a sound.

It just hits you like a wave and your unprepared,  
If only I had a buoy to help me stay above in the air,  
but all the ones I grab seem to pop in my grasp,  
Because all people say is "it won't last."

Because stigma still exists, and anxiety does too.  
All of us who struggle rarely get relief, it's true.  
Because we aren't dying, we don't seem sick,  
So people assume that we don't exist.  
So help us stay a float, we could do with the relief,  
Because my world without my anxiety is a world with peace.

Explanation of poem:

I created this poem with the hopes of not only portraying the ideas of anxiety and what it feels like for someone who experiences it. The word choices I used portrayed how piercing the feeling of anxiety can be while also at times there is a sense of calming or “peace” when the recipient's anxiety calms down. The grammar use in the poem also helps portray this feeling, while the mixed matched rhyme schemes that constantly change also help show how repetitive the feeling of anxiety can be while also being brand new at the same time.