

The Panic Becomes Me

By [REDACTED]

It sets in slowly
Then faster until
It lives in my heart
Refusing to be still

My throat pushes high
It's hard to breathe out
My fingers, they tremble
Don't know what it's about

Nothing has happened
Nothing has changed
Yet I sit here all choked up
My mind rearranged

I wish I understood
I wish I knew why
Where does it come from
When will it die

I have to sit lightly
I cannot bear to speak
I might run away now
It's cold brushes my cheek

I try to ignore it
Think of something good
I try to get through it
Act as I should

Sometime I succeed
And it just walks away
Sometime it wins
And I cannot stay

P-B

Panic is darkness
When really there's light
Panic is blindness
When there should be sight

It attacks the most
Near mid-afternoon
It squeezes within me
And I know it comes soon

It sets in slowly
Then faster until
It lives in my heart
Refusing to be still

