

Misty Gonzales Lamy

Anxiety

When I start to think, I get a little...

C a r r i e d a w a y .

For instance;

I didn't see this

man

behind

me,

So I didn't

Hold.

The.

Door.

It happens, but...

What if he mistook it as ignorance?

I wonder if he's talking about me...

To his beautiful wife;

hair perfectly quaffed

About how that girl with the baggy clothes

Blacker than the RI around her eyes NGS,

Or the tattoos

That disgrace her skin...

That didn't have the common curtesy

To hold a door.

I hear them talking in my head;

“She looked disgraceful.”

“Like a hooligan.”

...Do I look like a hooligan?

People will never take me seriously;

I probably look like a no good

Lazy

Hooligan.

I can't be a hooligan.

I need to be  
better.

What am I ever going to succeed at?

I can't be that successful, independent woman

That mom and dad want me to be,

If I continue to do the bare minimum;

Getting D's just to get by,

Not taking chances in fear of falling.

...Maybe I'm just too stuck on my past to

Think in the now and

Too concerned with the future to appreciate

What I have and what I've done;

Never enough,

Not at all enough.

No amount of effort I put in will take away

The time I've wasted away.

...And that is how

I go from

Not holding a door

To me

Not amounting to anything.