

Panic

by Leah Denison

Heart bulging
Beating at battle speed
Swelling, throbbing to the best of its ability
It is the heavy foot that presses down
Harder and harder
On the gas pedal
Driving the rest of my body into panic

My lungs shrivel
Yet expand
Laying dead and useless in my chest
I cannot breathe
The void that once gave me life
Has failed me
In its own flight
To escape my mind's ever-present worries
Sucking the life from my useless
Quivering limbs.

Muscles tighten
I cannot move.
They ache after the violent contractions
Of their own making.
All my body parts
Forming minds of their own

I no longer control them
As they struggle to separate from me
Desiring to be transported to another body
One with less apprehension
Yet we remain together
Trapped in the same reluctant medium

My mind flashes
Light and dark
The circuit
The powerhouse
Of my distress
My head is squeezed
By the strong hand
That is my disquiet

My stomach
Drained of all nutrition and prudence
It is hard yet pliable
But only of its own accord
Seared by the acid
Flowing steadily from my mental flood
Of despair

The somatic discord
Runs through me
A brutal wave of emotion
Crashing on the shore of my bodily indifference
I have lost control.