

ANXIETY LANE

It is as if
We have stopped living
Existing only in a
Vacuum of hell
Our breaths uneven
And shallow
Stomachs on fire

We can't think
Moving in jerky strides
To nowhere
We push
Our enervated bodies
Forward
While yanking ourselves
In reverse

Text messages
Accumulate
Cell phones ring
Dead voices
On the other end
Never provide answers

Lost so lost
In the darkest dark
We've ever experienced
So scared
We cling
To one another
Asking ... will it ever end

We reside now
On Anxiety Lane
It has become
Our permanent home

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