

ANXIETY

Like a leaking cistern, anxiety slowly bleeds all semblance of life from one's being. As soon as a rare detente is reached, another anguishing tempest appears atop life's mountains of volatile, tormenting emotions pressing everything below until the cavity of one's heart is breached further, causing one's will to demit faster, more excruciatingly than before.

Eventually, anxiety morphs into a depressed emptiness offering only a teasing, hollow eye in a storm that will immanently succumb to another wave of consternation more ravishing than the ever-swelling undulations experienced before. The reprieve offers only a gasp of unsympathetic, stale air that only exacerbates an already incomprehensibly cursed existence.

Mental anguish coupled with nagging frailties sharpen and intensify one's already peculiar languor by burying hope further into one's lowest realm of personal hell where even a perfunctory pursuit of one's self-worth becomes utterly worthless.

At what point, one wonders, has a man suffered enough? When will debts owed to society, family, and to God be satisfied, thus allowing one to begin a climb toward normalcy, an endeavor that will be vexatious enough, when or if that battle becomes possible? Meanwhile, anxiety, depression and accompanying despondency make even a minutiae of hope so futile 'till one eventually forgets why or if the reality of convention indeed ever existed.