

Poem: anxiety!

By: Matthew Garcia

My anxiety is so high,
I wear it loud because I can't hide it.
I was asked what drives it,
and honestly an accurate answer I couldn't provide it.
Maybe it's the inequities I seen on the news,
or the I. e. d's. I try to tip toe through in cement shoes.
My mind is strong but it's not made of steel.
Something isn't right, and it's not just CAPITAL HILL.
Matt went to jail, and Brianna got killed.
Same story yet we fight for change.
Because everyone knows sunshine comes after the rain.
Metaphor for smiles after the pain.
So I hold on, and try not to drown.
She calls me a king but heavy is the head that wears the crown.
Decades of trying to not crumble from the madness.
Tear drops like acid that burns me with sadness.
No I am not complaining,
just explaining the effects of oppression, and being caged in.
Though I can only give you bit and pieces,
there is no exaggerating about human leashes.
Or the bitter cold treatment, no matter the season.
Phone calls and emails,
I try to reserve for the good not nefarious details
about men that hate me, and tobacco chewing female's
that wish me hell, but for now it's a cell.
Time spent contemplating the meaning of death by incarceration,
will cause nervous break downs, and at the least perspiration.
But even though uneasiness is all inside of me,
love is my voice, and the aforementioned won't quiet me.
Love is a force that always inspires me,
and love is more important than all the anxiety.