For Those That Suffer

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Inhale; exhale.
A surge of electricity engulfs my brain and I am floating; levitation.

Inhale; exhale.

Numbness falls upon my tongue, my arm is a wet noodle laid upon a bed of pins and needles. I try with all my might to curl my toes, but the end result is frustrating and fruitless; paralysis.

Inhale; exhale,
like I am blowing on hot soup. Tears pour from my sockets and drown my face; I beg my body for relief, only to have it mock me in return.

Inhale; exhale.

I am a prisoner trapped within the walls of my beating heart, I am a prisoner trapped between numb lips and incoherent speech.

Inhale; exhale.

I tell myself my adrenal system is overloaded. I tell myself no one has ever died from a panic attack. Looking up at these hospital walls while a needle pierces my skin...

Inhale; exhale.

Anxiety: a monster I have created and sustained for way too long.

Inhale; exhale.

I must not let it consume me, I must not let it control me. I must not let it hinder me.

Inhale, exhale.