

# It's Anxiety

Oishi Bhattacharya

Wrap around my spine, lock and snap me,  
take my breath in its captivating eyes  
to break me down to screaming cries.

Soundless the being has met me  
to take the words locked in my throat  
and tear me down to wit's end.

From behind it traps me in a vacuum of sightless chaos  
wherein a breathless being falls prey to the chokehold of an invisible predator.

I am held upon the thin line between impossible and possible,  
and this beast, this creature, this hand of claws rips me from the clutches of possibility to  
tear my heart and mind down to nothingness.