

1-8-2012

Panic Attack

Can't move-stuck in a rut
piles, pillows, ropes
I can't see a way out
it's happening again
past leave me alone
just leave me alone
I'm all alone
why am I alone?

Sprawling out of control
just sitting, not looking
at least not seeing
I whisper to my reflection
empty words of cheer
but I see through myself
and the fact that I'm still here.

What to—where to—why?
Am I a mistake?
When there—not there—how come?
I think I fucked up.
I know this inch of the floor
you might not think it
when you look at me
I am an actress.

You won't see that I'm hurting
and empty and angry
and lonely and happy
and horny and fat
and miserable
...and I cannot move.