

SILENT SCREAMS

By Marissa Hall

Standing in the middle of the room,
Feeling the walls close in on me
The pain in my chest gets tighter and tighter
Needing to speak, yet I cannot form words.

My mind buzzes, yet a simple help
Cannot escape my chapped lips.
I flick the rubber band around my wrist
To try and bring me back to reality.

Throat tightens, constricts the flow of air
Unable to breath, I am drowning
My lungs are a coal fire.
My limbs, anvils with balloons attached to them.
Weightless, yet paralyzing with each movement.

My mind buzzes with the day-to-day tasks I must do
Depression lures me to sleep, skip class, and eat to find comfort.
Anxiety screams, “Do it all and then some”.
Both make me feel like a failure

Unable to say no to people
For the fear of disappointment outweighs the need for sleep.
Plus, I learned the hard way that it is better to be busy
Then to be alone with nothing but time and *them*
Instinctively I scratch my arm, trying to ease the internal war
Trying to find some way to ease this burden
To try is never good enough though,
At least to *them* I am not

Eyelids feel weighed down, just wanting to sleep this pain away
Craving the glass bottle to touch my lips, filling me with liquid bliss
A friend looks over and asks if I am okay
As a single tear forms in my eye, maintaining a steady voice
I say,

Yeah,
I'm fine.
Just tired.