

Ellie Braun

Poet

Everyday it repeats, the wearies of each minute breaking down every individual act, motion, and person in the room.

Noises bouncing off the walls in my head, never letting me rest. Replaying constantly, trying to find anything of danger.

Everyday repeating and relaying new information of where people sit, stand, look.

Watching everyone watch me.

Spying for a potential threat, a new look, a new face. A voice that isn't mine whispering concepts, news, into the never ending loop. Never has it ever been silent in this locked box of echoes.

To chill out with an invader in my head, a threat to myself is myself, treason. Assuming the worst is my top priority

Protection of the 'what if's', to never experience disappointment but shocked when the suspect is guilty. Constant reminders to breathe is a necessity. Friends getting tired of my anxiety, worry, fear.

But it grows inside of me.

Self conscious of my decisions and letting them eat me alive. Eye contact from the worst of people, whom I have never met, is a suicide pact to me.

Obsessing and crawling and creeping till I get enough water to quench the thirst of my inner voice, to please it enough to let me sleep.

Journals upon journals stacked in the corner of my room, physical proof of my two thought prison. Proof of my sleepless nights.

A record on repeat, my own thoughts defeat, a broken down submission to the stranger in my head.