Therapy

Anxiety, forget to breathe,
Plans go to pieces;
I shock myself.
Who is this person,
Squirming in the chair,
Or laughing uncontrollably?

Words get stuck,
I don't know why.
My brain is jammed.
Tense and sweating,
Holding something in.
I need to let it out,
To scream and shout and cry,
But it is locked deep inside me.

The way you look at me,
Makes my heart break.
The intensity is almost unbearable.
There is too much kindness and understanding.
I am not used to this.

Then I unravel, bit by bit,
Start to open just a little…
And then I have to leave.
My heart feels as if it has been ripped out.
The pain is intense.
How will I cope?

It seems so cruel, brutal even.
But little by little,
It gets easier.
The feelings stay in the room.

Home and drained, exhausted, aching,
Need to sleep, but must keep going.
Writing, singing, getting by.
Therapy is HARD.

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