

Anxiety

I say I don't like her.

I hate her.

She's always here, every second, never once leaving me alone.

She is here in the good times and the bad times, gripping so tightly, making me feel weak from the inside out.

She gives me butterflies that rise up and cause me wanting to let them all go.

She makes every situation feel like it's the end of the world, and I need to know what's gonna happen next.

She wont let me sleep, or even let me function.

But at least she's there through it all.

And in the rare moments when she's gone, I find myself trying to find her but that's the only familiar feeling I'm used to.

I hate her, but she's all I've ever known and she's the one who's made me stronger but weaker at the same time and I've learned to live life with her.

~H.v.S