it’s eating me alive

from my stomach to the outside

gnawingly raw

i can’t swallow it down

crawling up my throat

making me choke

i want to cough it up

tell it enough and be done

but it won’t leave me

i’d be lost without the feeling

of being so perpetually unfound

it’s a punch in the gut

makes me sick to my stomach

this depletion of all thought

makes a poet rot to their core

and this is what i live with

once the air grows cold

and winter winds howl,

this is what i live with

this inability to live.

11.2.18