

Twisted Up Inside

- Literature

Would you ever know the feeling,
Of being twisted, over and over.
Much like a string of high-tension cord;
Ready to snap at any moment.

You are barely controlling this swell of emotion.
Keeping it taut, lest it burst from the surface.
A plastic smile serves as your only defense;
Witty banter, to stave off a deeper inquiry.

You hide the signs of your sickness;
Quickly easing the pressure.
Whilst appearing to adjust the suit,
You move through the crowd like a fading wisp.

Rushed, sweating and just barely contained.
You duck into the shadows, so you might breathe again.

-Chen Yuan Wen, Broken World Series, 13th November 2013