

On Anxiety

Anxiety is patient. It creeps and stalks from the shadowy corners of conscious thought. It's presence starts small, undetectable. As it waits it festers and ferments, a sinewy mass growing fouler and more realized by the minute. It grows and grows until finally, it stands as the only thing conceivable. It stomps out the potential for abstract thought, filling every crevice and curve available. It is an unstoppable and inevitable void that consumes everything within reach.

Anxiety is calculating. Despite its hegemony it pinpoints my greatest fears and exposes them. It unravels an infinite web of regret, embarrassment, indecision, and remorse. With utmost caution and cruelty it unveils my deepest worries. It grows exponentially and consumes endlessly. It filters every waking thought so that all things resplendent and serene appear malignant and wasted. It is suffocating. I search for a breath of fresh air only to inhale something stale and musty. It's rapacity to dominate is overwhelming. As it gains momentum it's avidity to rule becomes irreversible; as it seizes the mind it pillages and devastates, ravaging in an unrelenting and ardent fury.

Anxiety is deft. It mocks and provokes rationalizing it's guileful and deceitful agenda. It is agile and ever evolving, manipulating trick after trick and ultimately hypnotizing the being of free thought. It is lanky but limber, a sprawling lissome form that bends, twitches, contorts, deforming itself further and further into an unrecognizable scrawl of murk.

Anxiety is turmoil. It is a confounding web of self-substantiated irrationality. It is an ear worm of never ending dread. It is second-guessing and self-doubting and it is heavily burdensome. It is a perpetual and steady buzz emanating from somewhere as deep as my soul.

But perhaps worst of all, anxiety is a cycle. It is worrying about being worried about being worried about nothing to worry about and still being worried about something you may be worrying about while in reality there is nothing to worry about. It is purgatory on Earth.