

## **Madam Anxiety**

she creeps up on me like a black widow and tries to kill me in my sleep

she tries to destroy myself and my dreams

there is no such thing as goals with this lady

she shuts down my thoughts of success love and tranquility

she hates the fact that i'm happy

and tries to kill my sanity

breaking me down like wet single ply tissue paper

and just let me sink into my sorrows like loose change in between a couch

she drinks my blood like a vampire and perverts my thought as if she thought that i was afraid of the taste

she envies my beauty

she despises my ambitions

she tries to bring me down to hear level of nothingness

she see me as nothing less

than worthless

she speaks to me like i'm her child with range and hurtful words to intimidate me

trying to make me feel lower than the ground

she adds worries and take away my peace

she added troubles and takes away my rest

she adds work and takes away my sleep

nothing is good enough

nothing will ever be good enough

nothing shall ever be good enough

for this lady called madame anxiety

Zenna Lewis

Three Acres

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