

Olivia Crawford

[Untitled]

There is something
Crawling at the back of your mind.
You feel it growing, growing
Until the worm is a serpent
And whispers things.
And the voice grows louder and louder
And it's shouting and you can't hear anything else
And nothing can drown out this voice and its words.
But then you look around
And no one can hear it
And no one has seen your struggle.
It's a roar in your head and it keeps getting louder and louder
And you can't stand it and you can feel pounding, pounding
But it's only your head
Hitting the wall, then the floor
As it consumes you
And it's not a serpent
But a great big black wave
That crashes over you
And you try to gasp for breath, but you can't
And it feels like your head will explode
And the watery sounds take control of your body
But no one can hear them
And no one has seen your struggle.
So you curl up inside your head,
Feeling much too small,
And yet,
Much too large to fit inside your head.
You want to escape
But you can't,
But you won't
Because the wave is a chain,
Keeping you from moving,
Clanking, as you try to disappear.
Now the chain is a thousand daggers,
Piercing you, making you scream.

But the daggers are not daggers,
No one can hear your screams
And no one has seen your struggle.
It's only a little voice in the back of your mind,
Telling you about things you don't want to hear.