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Anxious, but Getting Help

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Anxious, but Getting Help

Amanda Lundergan

Stuck, dying in my own battered cage,
Counting the number of faces
That flawlessly dance around
All of their nonexistent problems.
How do they avoid this mess
We call life? Just fall onto the ground.

Slowly, the words you spoke are ground
Into my cautious head, but I cage
Each of them in an outright mess
Compiled behind the faces
Of people with extraordinary problems.
Just stay quiet and look around.

Why aren't you ever around?
I dream of you lying on frosty ground
Covered in filthy problems.
If only I could lock you in my cage,
Wrapped, tucked, making faces
To pass the time. What a trivial mess.

Waking up in the afternoon, I find you a mess--
Wasted, tossing, turning around,
Kicking all your collected friends in their faces,
Spreading your thin arms on familiar ground.
There seems to be no more room in my cage.
All of our words slowly turn into our problems.

Oh, the world embraces so many problems.
Does it almost feel like a lovely mess
Or simply a heap of bodies piled in a cage?
This is the last time we will be around,
Because we're tired of being pushed to the ground.
What once was full of light now holds our damaged faces.

Underneath, handsome faces
Wait to throw away their tiniest problems;
Not in your way, but instead pressed into the ground.
They shy away from the mess.
My naive outlook has been twisted all around,
Buried beneath this clutter of a cage.

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But today, I've broken out of my precious cage,
And I'll show my face to the audience around.
You, my new friend, have washed away my mess.