

g
n
i
r
a
o
s

the butterflies are
jumping from my large
to the cracks in between my rib cage
and they will not rest
as they flutter back and forth
and everything is screaming

intestine

I can feel my heart pumping
and hear my blood pulsing
coursing through my veins
and my heart beats
onetwothreefourfivesixseveneight
seveneight
seveneight
what comes after seveneight?

and then it slows
until I don't think I have a heart at all
and the butterflies dance
my skin crawls

looking for a voice that I don't seem to have
and everything keeps screaming
and I'm looking for a mute button
I'm looking and looking and
I'll never find it
but I can't keep still

failure is looming overhead
the clock is ticking, tocking
mocking me
as time crawls on
and I should be doing something better
but the walls are closing in
made up of people surrounding me
and

I

shrink

with my eyes squeezed shut
and shrivels of who I am escaping
through my tear ducts
revealing myself to those whom
I have shut myself away from
and the butterflies
are crawling up my throat
and escaping in the form of a scream
and the people close in
and there is no air
I have no air
but my heart is still beating
onetwothreefourfivesixseveneight

nine

nine comes after seveneight

the fact that I know this
should mean I'm getting better but
the butterflies silence me
and new caterpillars are slinking
through my body
crawling around my small intestine
and building cocoons
where my lungs should be

my hands are shaking
I figure I should be waking
up but this nightmare is merely
reality
and still, the people surround me
sympathetic hands reaching out
to steady my shaking shoulders
as the world is collapsing
and they don't seem to realize
how could they possibly be so

calm

while everything is scattering
these words

are merely floating

across the
and i'm trying to steady myself
counting my frantic heartbeats
onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnine
and their hands poke at prod at me
their eyes searching for a meaning
to my rapid breathing
and their voices are soft
asking me
and asking me

"are you okay?"

my mind is screaming no
but a whisper escapes
along with a butterfly
very very quietly
telling them

yes
i'm fine.

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