

# Take off to Where

## By Marianne Morgan

What's the meaning of anxiety?

Everyone has their own kind of anxiety. Not just sweaty palms, legs shaking, or increased heart rate.

My kind of anxiety is like a plane with no setting time to take off.

First, I'm flying my way up to heaven then all the way down to hell.

Oh wait, no! -

I can no longer breathe nor speak.

My throat isn't dry, but I crave for water.

As I drown in my sorrows and cry for help no one will understand.

This kind of pain is unthinkable.

My hands aren't in chains, but my heart and soul have been taken from me.

In order to escape from hell, I must open the door.

But what will it lead to?

As I open the door there's a field of gardenias.

Finally, my soul and heart come back.

I'll never forget that plane but, move on to just walking.

Walking away from that unburden hole.

I feel free. –

Free enough to express myself.

