

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Kirsten Song: “A Hypocrite Poet”

Kirsten Song · Wednesday, February 8th, 2017

Participation points puncture my soul as if it's trying to get something out of it
Notecards and name sticks hold knives up to my throat telling me to speak when I obviously can't
Head down, avoid eye contact, and pray for the best that your name is not the one that escapes their
lips

I never want to speak in TOK again

Where I am forced to sit and wait for lunch to come

So I don't have to speak or discuss or present

But everything slows down in that room

Where the clock ticks by like snails climbing up the window glass

Like me in passing unfortunately inching my way towards her class

I am unable to stop my mind continuing to harass

Saying slow and steady is the first to pass

But alas

I wish I could bypass

These things that prevent me from lying on the grass

Taking in that fresh airy breath

Where I'm not hyperventilating

With my hands held clasp

When breaking down is just within grasp

And you can see my tears drip down my face

Like it's so relieved to part from my cheek because it's being polluted from my anxiety and fear

My heart pounds

Ba-dump, Ba-dump, Ba-dump, Ba-dump, Ba-dump

Echoing so fast off of every molecule of my body that it sounds like I got the guys from Best Buy
to install surround sound speakers in every nook and cranny of my soul

Actually it's more like my being because my soul has already ran out of the emergency exit from
being scared half to death

It can't take the thought of having to pick teams: God bless for working with our partners, but even
then my hands still shake, my heart still aches, it feels like my eyes are going to pop out of their
sockets and my arms will soon twist around my neck in a desperate attempt to calm my anxious
mind

But I am not designed

To be able to control my tendencies of worrying about the responses of others, only being able to
see the bleakness of life's colours, I prick and panic until there's nothing left to do than to hide
under my desolate covers

My words try to escape my lips but instead pile up in my mouth where there's no other option but to swallow it, but my body, my body is not used to not talking and attempts to regurgitate them back up and I see.

The words in the greenish clumpy goop of disappointment:

I'm sorry

I have anxiety

Please don't make me talk because if I do I cannot guarantee you that I will still my sanity

This is inhumanity

That my profanity

Is the only thing keeping my urbanity

as high as christianity

Where what was went unsaid is the only thing keeping me from ending up on my death bed

Dead in the depths of my seat watching, waiting for the ring of the bell

TOK will be the death of me

Where socratic seminars are my heart attacks

Class discussions make me a nervous wreck

Where I can't breathe or yell for help

I have been called a hypocrite poet

but my mind has not given acceptance to the idea of speaking without rehearsal

I somehow wish how I felt was known universal

That I cannot patch my unpieced words together

To create as silky sentences as in my poems but I remind myself that

No one's judging you

But still my arms still shake with my hands held so tight that my nails pierce blood from my skin and I cry

I cry because I disappoint myself

because I fear failure

because I think of myself as an annoyance

I cry because I'm scared

Scared of being told my anxiety's an excuse

The words that abuse

Forcing my mind to choose

Their opinions that confuse

Being told it's a ruse

When in fact it's my muse

My S.A.D. fuels my despondency

Where my mind attains imagination

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