

Relentless Breakdown

One thing is all it takes to tip the scales.
My mind is fragile; it can't take much more.
Stuck in a cyclone, my mind off the rails
Hyperventilating, then on the floor.
My arms go numb, from shoulder to finger
Like carpal tunnel, my hands frozen shut
This sensation is one that will linger.
Heart rate increases, then stuck in a rut
White hot tears streak my face like liquid fire
Holding back the sobs gives me a headache.
My body never seems to want to tire.
It's shudders, that make my body quake
 I've reached new cataclysmic proportions
 My mind goes blank and creates distortions.

