

Circa 2000-2020

Z. Shelafoe

Anger is *scary*.

It's loud and mean. It's the slamming of cupboards and the squealing of car tires.

Anger is feeling spit on your face and the sting on your skin.

Anger is *fear*.

The crushing weight and lack of space. It's bite marks in the fight to get free. It's the shortness of breath and wide eyes. Standing toe to toe, nose touching nose, creating a blockade. It's the warmth that spreads from chest to fingertips. Hours later it's numb static flowing through your veins.

Anger is *wet*.

It's the tears streaming down the face of someone who finally gets to speak. The salty taste on your tongue. It's the rough, scratchy throat of silent screams. Puffy eyes and stuffy nose.

Anger is *appalling, horrifying, alarming*.

The blinding rage, the vibration of every cell. Smothering it till your head hurts. Dousing the fire, too scared to let it catch. What if the all consuming wild-fire can't be tamed?