

Pressure  
Rey Galvan

It feels tight, so tight

The air I need to exist is betraying my lungs

Chaotic thoughts in my mind, r u n n i n g as *f a s t* as a car  
engine

Tears slowly forming like droplets of pain.

Anxiety, that's what they call it.

Debilitating and weakening.

I am on the cusp of c

o  
l  
l  
a  
p  
s  
e.

Fear.

Most of all, pressure.