

Panic Room
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A standard math class
With a slight buzz weaving through the mass.
Nothing is out of place,
But something about today makes my chest tight-
Activates my fight or flight.

The teacher is talking up front,
But I feel a sinking in my gut.
My foot taps the floor in an anxious effort to calm.
I am terribly nauseous,
Words around me turn into unintelligible gibberish.

My hand trembles as I try to scratch something onto the paper-
Now it feels as if my trachea has tapered,
No air is reaching my lungs.
My breathing is heavy,
In my sweating arms, my head is buried.

In and out, in and out,
Like the spider in its spout.
My head is not perfect,
But now it's steady.
Though my knees are still jelly.

Minutes pass,
It's the end of class.
Deep breaths.
Just as quick as it came,
It all went away.