

943-1000
Hi, anxiety

Hi anxiety
My old friend
Seems you've come
For a visit again
Light of head
Short of breath
Make me think
I'm close to death
But i know you
And all your tricks
My conscious self
A house of bricks
But underneath
another flaw
I guess that's just
My house of straw
The thing you see
Your powers gone
For awareness builds
The lightbulb's on
And so i greet you
With open arms
For you cannot
Cause any harms
a messenger
That i'm alive
Despite your poking
I still thrive
And joyous thus
You fade away
to come again
Another day
So keep on coming
The more you try
To convince me that
So soon i'll die
I scoff and laugh
I carry on
Anxiety
I say begone!