

Quiet Snake

When I peer into a room,
When I lay down anxious,
When I drive sitting with thoughts.
There is a serpent that follows me,
Hissing with no fangs protruding.
Still, I stare waiting for a bite,
Acts playful due to spite.
When I least expect it,
When I get patted on the back,
When I start to accept I'm fine.

Lunging for my windpipe.
Forgetting how to breathe,
I panic reaching for air.

It doesn't matter how far I've come.
On the ground again,
Starting from almost being done.