



I wrote these poems originally for Jeff Thomson's Advanced Poetry course. I was particularly inspired by my own personal experiences with anxiety and intimacy.

Trying to Explain My Anxiety Emalyn Remington to My Doctor

My breath catches in my throat, I will myself to breathe.
My whole body feels as if I have missed the bus,
exhausted from chasing some unreachable thing.

My mind is constantly asking whether I left the oven on,
or the lights or the iron or forgot to lock the door.
My whole body feels as if I have missed the bus.

If I try really hard, I try to pinpoint when this all began
Fingers clammy and cold and shaking, legs bobbing like buoys in the sea,
My whole body feels as if I have missed the bus.

Try to think of good things. Think of laughter and lollipops and ice skating with my dad, but
deep down I know the lollipops are all sour apple and my skates gave me blisters. And again,
My whole body feels as if I have missed the bus,

Knees hit shag carpet, hands beside them on the floor. I try to count each piece of thread
Count the tears falling in between the fibers. 1, 2, 3, 4. Tears. Start again. The sweating on
my forehead ceases, the breathing slows. Physical exhaustion takes over and
My whole body feels as if I have missed the bus.

Inside of a bar with graffitied walls, below where God placed the moon, above the corner of Bleeker and Elm Streets, my baby dances. The constellations, gather in anticipation just to watch her shake off the day. My baby even captivates the sky.

On the earth below, she is dancing. I Watch, transfixed, and if I wasn't rooted to the ground I'd probably float away. My love, shimmying and shimmering, gold dusted in her minidress. The rain outside can only hope to be as melodic as her laugh as she twirls and drops to the dirty dance floor, gracefully falling like a star who the heavens gave the night off. She's a light turned on,

my baby, who sings along to the music, the lyrics escape out onto the roof-top. She belongs here in this rowdy bar, with the sticky floor and half full vodka cranberries, the bodies entangled together like weeds in this room bathed in artificial night.

I love this dancing girl, with candied sour apple eyes and cheeks flushed, the boys tripping over their mold colored shoes just to be near her frame, so soft, so strong like the wind's longful sighing.

I will take her home before the night gives way to dawn's fuzzy slippers, silky pink bathrobe and morning breath, full of sighing. Grey and tattooed with sleep. Gently snoring in our bed, as the dark gives way to light.