



CANADA 150
EXPLORING OUR NATURE

“Never-ending Anxiety”
by Alex Waite

The never-ending cycle of
Thought chasing thought,
Worry chasing worry,
Stress chasing stress.
A never-ending pattern of
Anxiety and depression,
Anxiety and depression,
Anxiety, depression.
The never-ending race that goes in circles all day,
That plays with my mind,
Until I'm left,
Out of breath,
Out of time.
Around and around my thoughts chase each other,
Like children at play,
Sisters and brothers.
The never-ending worries.
The never-ending thoughts.
The never-ending feeling that the world is about to cave in on me.
I'm tossed back and forth like a sailor at sea.
No control.
No control over my own mind,
And the waves pull me under.
Around and around my thoughts chase each other,
Like dogs chasing their tails,
In circles they cover,
A vast variety of topics,
That float through my mind.
I want to stay positive,
With trouble I try.
The never-ending fight,
That's always won by my stress.
As it rips apart my
Every move,
Every word,
Every plan.
Until I'm left as a mess.
Because panic has told me,
That with every big smile,
There's a million tears shed.
Around and around my thoughts chase each other
Like cops chasing robbers,
That continue to suffer.
The never-ending plan that my mind has for me
To make me crazy,
Until I cant leave my house,
Cant leave my room,
Cant leave my bed.
What's come over me?
Why cant you see
That Sigmund Freud examined me
And according to psychiatry
Oh I belong in therapy.
I'm suffocating.
I'm suffocating in a wide open space.
In come to walls,
The ceiling,
The floors,
To crush my confidence once more.

And darling you can try and save me
But I cant breathe.
I'm a piece of furniture.
I'm always here.
I see everything.
I feel everything.
But I stay frozen in place.
Stuck in a mindset that tells me,
Not to move,
Not to speak,
Not to plan.

**Around and around my thoughts chase each other,
Chasing dreams
And approval
And Love.**

It all makes me wonder.
The never-ending fear that haunts in my head.
Like ghouls in the night,
And ghosts in my bed.
The fear of the possibility,
Is this the way it's supposed to be?
And all of my anxiety,
Will it be the death of me?