

Junior Division, Poetry

Parker White, Torbay

Overthinking (an excerpt)

Your body radiates frustration

While your mouth breezes reassurance

Your eyebrows push up, rippling your forehead.

Your eyelids are shelved behind your eyes.

Your mouth drops, screaming silence.

You're angry

I stand here waiting for that breeze to transform

Into a twirling tornado.

Yet

Nothing.

Still

nothing.

Your eyes...

Your eyes show,

eruption

Yet cold flames leave your lips.

I feel your skin quaking

As if an eruption is imminent.

But.

nothing.

Every breath between each second of speech

feels like a gap

Skyscrapers long.

You know what you're doing.

Meticulously manipulating me.

Putting me through mental suffocation

Making my mind fill to every end.

Trying to see through yours.

You yank my strings along,

Tossing me

Up.

Down.

Up.

Down.

Bashing my wooden splinter-infused

head to the floor