

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