

*Sincerely, your anxiety.*

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Get up at quarter to seven, you know what, make it six  
You need as much time to completely get fixed  
If you're going to look presentable, start the night before  
Dad will yell if you make him late getting out the door

Sleep deprivation is just a fault lying to you  
It isn't real, and it would hurt you more if it was true  
When you smile and raise your hand nobody will know  
My anxiety is nothing but my greatest silent foe

A hostess until 10 but a party goer by 11  
Your tightening chest is hidden, the life you live is seen as heaven  
Crying is for attention seekers and leaving class is wrong  
You pray one day they'll understand your silent song

Loungewear is comfortable but your Levi's are slimming  
Natural hair is easier but beach waves guarantee winning  
Makeup will burn your eyes but you need it to embrace  
You know you could sleep more if you did not paint your face

You walk down the halls with a spring in your step, greeting your peers  
You wish these people knew what you've have been battling all these years  
My version of success is people clapping for me  
My anxiety's version of success is the same to some degree

Now I can sleep, after completing my day  
an invisible checklist coming to my own display  
You smiled, you accomplished, you did it all right  
You can sleep now, for silence is only for night

You make us so proud  
How do you do it  
This is all you want to hear  
The internal fog can now be clear

I will be with you for life  
I will never quiet down  
The yellow pills are nothing but a mute button  
You can now wear your crown