
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Brianna James: Three Poems

Brianna James · Saturday, July 16th, 2022

Anxiety feels like

Saying you're okay after having an attack you can't describe
The doctor says that happy pills are the only thing they can prescribe
A rushing wave that keeps pulling you in
When you try to come up from the air your keep sinking in
The pressure of rushing water makes it unbearable to breathe
Hearing whispers, staring faces, and rushing heartbeats
That blood-rushing feeling when everyone is staring at you take deep breathes
Gasping for air when there is none left

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Sometimes

Sometimes I wish I had a mom
Someone Who I can call on my bad days
And laugh with on my good days.
I get blue every so often wondering why
I was never so lucky to be like the other kids.
Occasionally I have dreams of what a mom is supposed to be.
I think to myself about what it is like to have a mother.
Is she someone you can call on whenever you need her?

Or is she someone who you when you're just having a bad day
Maybe she's someone special who you can come home to just give you a hug.
Late at night, I found myself thinking, O how I wish I had a mom.

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Grief

I miss you; I wish I got to see you one last time
I dream about you sometimes
Wondering how you're doing up there
Hoping that you miss me too
I know before you left you told me I will be ok
But the truth is I'm here wishing it was me up there and not you
I ask myself why he needed you up there so soon
I think the only thing keeping me going is that I know you're not hurting
I just can't shake the feeling of how I was left out of getting to know you
I miss you; I wonder do you miss me too

(Brianna James is a student in Professor Indigo's class at Northern Virginia Community Colleges in Woodbridge, VA.)

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