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# A NXIETY

SARAH RAMSEY

Is when I am looking inwards through a thin narrow tube,

Trying to read letters on a faraway poster through the hole.

The doctor is waiting impatiently for my answers,

His team of interns looks intently at me then scribbles back on their notebooks.

The tube is skinnier than a straw.

I don't know why I picked it up,

It seemed like the most logical instrument to help me see more clearly.

As I squint, and squint, the letters become blurrier, and blurrier.

I hear ferocious writing, tapping of feet, and the tick tock of a clock.

My eyes start watering, and a tear falls in the straw.

Blocking any chance of vision I might have had.

Suddenly, as the tear drop falls through the other end,

The room goes silent,

The lights dim,

And the tube turned out to be nothing more than a pencil.

I tuck it behind my ear,

Read the letters on the poster.

And walk out of the room.