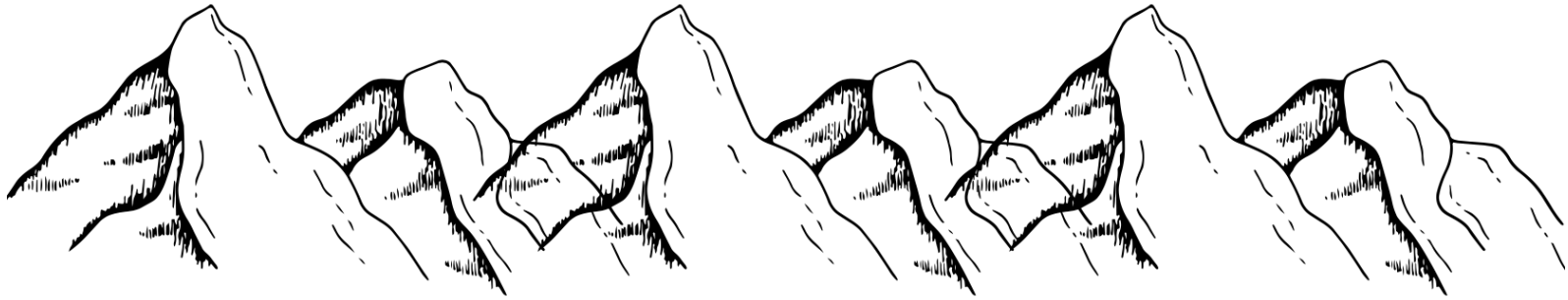


## *"Tengo Ansiedad, mom"*



I am anxious.

Anxiety grows in me and blooms in the night.

There is so much uncertainty in the dark.

My emotions are so up strong, constantly feeling everything too much and constantly over analyzing everything.

I wish I could shut down my brain sometimes, you know.

Take a mental break and just find a spot at the beach and just plop down.

At times I feel like I have the world on my chest, so much pressure and so many things to do.

I don't know where to look or where the light might be.

Maybe I don't deserve the sun,

maybe it wasn't for me?

Sometimes I don't know what is what, I don't know how to feel.

Sometimes I have no expression to what is happening.

Nothing is changing.

How can people not understand.

How can people not see what is going on.

Well maybe it's because they have inherited houses of gold and their pockets are filled with privilege, stability and opportunity.

While I have inherited a house of dreams and my pockets are filled with promises, hopefullies and maybes.

Can't you just wear a mask.

Why is it so hard for you to respect others?