

## **THE SICKNESS WITHIN**

It's not the bleak insomnia,  
That violent tossing and turning.  
It's not the frigid, icy chills  
Or my sweaty forehead burning.  
It's not the aches or shooting pains  
That puts my sanity in doubt-  
Its the mental chaos inside my head-  
That's what takes me out.

Its not my broken faucet nose  
Or my swollen, watery eyes.  
Its not cramps and the bubble guts  
That i would say i most despise.  
It's always second-guessing myself  
And dissecting my biggest mistakes.  
Regretting that i stepped on the gas  
When i should have been pumping the  
brakes.

I can withstand getting goosebumps  
When I feel the slightest breeze  
God bless you isn't necessary  
After my fifty-seventh sneeze  
I can deal with the pacing back and forth  
And the constant urge to yawn.  
But its hard to look back on my life  
Now that another chunk of it is gone.  
Restless legs, crazy arms,  
Somehow, my blood begins to itch.  
As tough as it is to soldier thru,  
I survive it without a hitch.  
Eventually, the symptoms fade  
But my mind is still in shambles.

Obsessing over the risk I took-  
So many low percentage gambles.

When the physical torture passes  
The real fight must begin.  
The only road to recovering  
Starts by dealing with the sickness within.

Craig Laffey