

Stress

A poem by Kirsty Anderson

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What does it look like? It manifests in many ways.

Broken sleep, followed by many tired days.

A spoon to fill a canyon with soil,

Days and nights of constant toil.

Traffic chaos in my head, with no one to direct, or stem the
flow.

Feeling all dressed up, and no place to go.

It's time to stop, and heed the signs,

Read what is written, between the lines.

Take rest and help, make your voice heard.

Speak loud and clear, make them hear every word.

You're important, your value is real, you need to feel well,
reflect, take time to heal.

Tomorrow will come, you need to be there, look around
you, there are people who care.

Stress, it is a party invite you want to decline,

Avoid the words, when asked that "I am fine".

Heed these thoughts and feelings, be well and take care,

Take stock, rewind, it's ok to share .

