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The Weight is Heavy Today: A Poem Describing the Effects of Stress

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The Weight is Heavy Today

A poem describing the effects of stress

The weight is heavy today and my shoulders droop low
Under pressure amplified by continuous blows
Of jilts, texts, and notifications. They push down,
But I will not let it show or make a sound.

Perfection is the all-encompassing goal
That no one may achieve. The branch looms too high above the sole.
For my soul is tired and is begging to dream
Of rest, of joy, of how it might feel to beam.

I may not rest or tire because I have too much to do.
The lists. The plans. The aspirations. Don't they matter too?
For rest takes the time I need to achieve my many goals,
But we forget that there is nothing if there are too many holes.

The gaps. The faults. The weight presses on as I think of what I must complete.
I must fulfill my purpose of bringing others joy and collect the benefits I have yet to reap.
Nothing is gained if all is lost and the lost struggles to be found
Hidden beneath the endless lists. We drown beneath the sound.

For this sound is loud, louder than others, for it is inside my head,
And is inhabited by none other than me. It is the place I most dread.
The pressure is too much and the time too little. I must find time

By pausing the ticking from their winding circles. I must pause before the ongoing climb.

I must pause, listen for silence, and bask in the glorious quiet.

Drop the pen that haunts me and cease the autopilot.

A moment to listen. Leaves rustle. The breeze whistles through the streets.

A moment. A time for quiet. That is my entreat.

Written By:
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