

Your Happy Little Pill
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Hands shaking.
Palms sweating.
Your heart's pounding out of your chest.
Air barley filling your lungs.
Your drowning.
Thoughts flash one by one;
moments of failure;
voices of disappointment.
You crawl into the dark corner;
You hide.
As if the shadows of your pink
walls are the armor you need;
the shield to comfort.
But how can you hide from
your mind.

Then you remember.
You glance to your left at the orange pill
bottle full of solutions.
Your shaking hands
move before your minds despair.
Into your mouth plops 10 mg of peace.
This pill gives you your power back.

It balances the mess that is your brain.
Selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors;
a true mouthful.
This one chemical; the slight glitch
in your brain that causing all of your pain.
But once a day like clockwork, it fades away.
The shaking replaced with tired yawns.
The beating heart replaced with heartburn.
The voices well those fade like the ending
of a tragic song.
The sweating...well no that never fades.
You replace one nightmare with a never
ending fantasy of hope.
Hope.

Hope is all one can truly own when
depression and anxiety owns you.
Escitalopram you've been told it's called.
But you just call it your happy little pill.