

The Box

Sitting in a corner watching the world around me.
Chatter, laughter, confidence. Why can't I do that I wonder.

I look around and catch someone's eye, they smile but I look away
just as quick.

I can feel the box hovering above me, oh how I hate it.
Someone comes up and greets me,
I feel my tongue twist, my body tensing: every sense on high alert.

The locks of the box snap together and the bubble of dread starts to
fill.

This person starts talking but I can not hear.
"Sorry could you say that again please" I ask fiddling with my hearing
aid.

Their smile fades a bit but they do as I ask.

The background noise is like a fast flowing flood, drawing everything
in its path so the collide.

"sorry I'm hard of hearing I explain instinctively shrinking back into a
place I want to break free.

They depart, eventually

The box releases its iron grip allowing me to breathe but unfulfilled.
Why am I like this!