

Detached

The girl on the side whispering,
The boy who licks his lips too loudly.
The snaps and pops of everyday life.
The whistle of "s".
The squawking of the birds outside.
The loudness of the lights.

My brain is begging,
"Concentrate, concentrate!"
I can't.
I'm dizzy and underwater now.
Is my heartbeat always this deafening?

Someone is looking at me.
What do they expect?
"Speak! Speak!"
I look at myself, from above, to the side.
My mouth is not moving.
My eyes are glazed.

I connect back to myself with force.
A passing moment.
My body knows not to show it.
Words tumble, my ears underwater still.
I'm sorry.

The world keeps moving,
and I float.