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## High Functioning

Madness. Moments where time itself appears insane and tangible;  
Ticking by in a torturous sectioning rhythmic procedure.  
Life in quadrants,  
Life in neatly arranged segments of things that we mostly have no desire to do.

Roller Coasters usually have guard rails.  
This isn't quite the same as Six Flags, is it?

## Amygdala

3:15 AM..again and again and again..

The bedroom walls become creeping, crawling creatures of the night.

Slick with their own sweat and ooze, inching ever closer, slithering near and nearer.

Throat parched like a New Mexican mesa as we try to scream out silently.

Panicked, yearned and frantic for the relief of rescue.

“Can't anyone hear!? This is my loudest decibel!”

Cardiac palpitations concede defeat to the clean shear of relentless and terrible fear.