

Under Pressure

Under pressure, squeezed dry,
somehow no longer fully myself,
unspeakably tired.

Under pressure, squeezed dry,
somehow no longer reaching the *you*,
so far from *us*.

It bursts out of me,
again and again, more often each time.
I feel myself dissolving,
nothing inside to guard or support me.

Under pressure, squeezed dry,
somehow no longer fully myself,
unspeakably tired.

Under pressure, squeezed dry,
somehow no longer reaching the *you*,
so far from *us*.

It drags me toward the ground,
deeper and deeper,
all I feel is this weight,
bottomless, settled deep within me.

I'm searching for a window,
I'm searching for a door.
I see only the gray wall,
so high before me.

Show me, God, a window,
show me a door!

I'm looking for a path that moves onward,
onward despite me, onward with me.

I want to find myself again.