

# ANXIETY DRIVEN

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When my hands touch the wheel,

It is not me who controls the car.

For the very moment I sit myself into that front seat

— More so the very moment my mind arrives at the slightest idea of myself driving —

I become the car being driven.

I may know the speed limit and to use my blinker,

And tell red from green from yellow to white,

And know when it is my right-of-way,

But my right is most's wrong.

Who is there for me to trust when my right is wrong and the road is gigantically small and careless?

— No one —

But society wills it that at 16 we gain the keys,

And at 18 we pick our car and leave the parking lot,

Looking down upon those that don't and wish the numbers were higher.

So, I try to comply

Though, I am the one who's being driven every time, haunted by the unexplainable emotion like

an illness

— I try —

But I lose my pride.

—

—

Someone I used to sit with in the passenger seat approaches 16 and my pride wilts more so —

sick with green though it smiles for family.

It sometimes seems like competent may fail but incompetent may pass,

And my vehicle stays parked as the passenger I used to know becomes the driver,  
Riding off with dust in their wake for me until I can rev my own engine.  
For at the moment, when my hands touch the wheel,  
It is not me who controls the car.  
I am anxiety-driven.