

ELIZABETH BREESE

Anxiety

Blurry madam foreman, have you reached a verdict?

We have your honor. It's somewhere in this room.

You're getting warm. Warmer. Momentarily,

intermediary air connects us with ourselves as bored children.

We tore out tender grass by the fistful.

And when we cease to be reminded,

we remember how plain hard this part is turning out to be.

The turning part a symptom called vertigo during which

it is only true to say aloud *you look how I feel*.

If they push, fall back on semantics. People love that.

Getting up is another question—called fatigue

for want of a poem called the body as quarry.

Red granite of Wisconsin. Of soft mica. Of feldspar.

Of *may it please the quartz*, the thinking is that it goes unnoticed

but would be missed. A formality.

Did anyone else not hear that

everything is going to be ok. Did anyone hear that.