

What are we Doing?

Her eyes, blood shot red from
fluid falling from her tear ducts.
I try offering words of encouragement,
but my efforts penetrate with no such luck.

She just sits with pessimism
written all over her face.
I want to say, 'It'll be okay' but it is
her who's frozen like an antique vase.

Anxiety has washed away
all the knowledge she once knew.
She stares at the clock, knowing in
moments her time will be through.

I glanced to give her one last hope
before she can finally rest.
But it's negated with fear as she
stares at her high stakes test.

