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My Insanity

Focus. FOCUS!  
My impossible task.  
Thoughts fly around my head,  
But my net is broken, so I can't catch them.  
I crave to get all of my ideas in order--  
If only the funnel cloud in my brain would settle.  
Nothing is together and the chaos is only growing.  
My brain is in a frenzy. And I am its slave.  
They want me to be more put together. *Framed better. Whipped into shape.*  
How can I possibly be organized on the outside when inwardly,  
I can't even hang onto a thought long enough to see it through--

My room.  
It's been called a fire hazard.

Driving is its own challenge.  
So many things to remember:  
*Speed limits, rules of intersections*, so many quick decisions.  
There's no time to  
Process what's happening--  
They dart around me.  
Sometimes I can't keep my thoughts in order  
And it leads to dangerous situations.

Clothes lay in a heap on the extra bed,  
Stacks of books on the floor, there's no rhyme or reason to the madness.  
I don't know how to set it up in a way that works,

Don't get me started on school.  
No matter how many binders, tabs, folders, or books,

I use, nothing works. The chaos of keeping track of classes is inevitable.  
Miscellaneous pages fill my locker.  
How did they get there?  
I try to put everything in it's spot, keeping a tidy work are--**DING**-- the one minute bell.  
There is no time. *Get to class.*  
Books and papers crash to the bottom,  
Landing in a heap of turmoil. My attempt at methodization ends in defeat.

A way that keeps things organized.  
It's insane, it's chaotic, it's out of hand, it's  
my room.

Speaking is the most harsh.  
I can't put what I want to say together--  
An idea will come to mind along with dozens more connected to it.  
Sometimes I'll stare blankly at a person for a solid minute until  
The right words are formulated.  
Other times I'll say exactly what's on my mind,  
Without thinking through what I want to say;  
This is the most frustrating--  
when I can't express a complete thought because it's not put together properly in my mind.  
I am often viewed as "abnormal" because of my conversation skills.  
Such brutality.  
This is the reason for  
My insanity.