

# Sonnet 12

*by* Lars Townsend

What do you do when the only safe space  
to crawl is under your desk, a dark womb  
or a cave, you clutch at your knees in case  
that sinking in your gut tries to consume.

What do you do when you wake up into  
the day only wanting to curl inside  
a little ball and disappear from view,  
and from this whole shitty world that lied.

What do you do when you have the rope  
and noose, your note and pills, ready in your  
mind, for that one day it's too bad to cope  
and life is a chemistry to abhor.

I don't know. When that feeling comes, it comes  
and I get past it. Somehow when it comes.

