

**Normal**

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On the planet of the anxious, ground is still; people orbit. Citizens jostle through a crowd with adrenaline-driven angst to reach the front of the line and stare at an empty stage.

Trading prescription drugs, a personal exchange of information, It's nice to meet you would you like to try these? An array of colors- heat melts the candies- an imprint of henna onto one's palm. Like a responsible drunk's tally method, a way to keep track, "Taste the rainbow." Pop 'em back.

On the planet of the anxious, schizophrenic voices keep you company until your navigation system says, "Turn right...left." And so you do just that. Sharp turn into another's head, both collapse cackling, wondering if they can plan happenstance again. John Nash understands.

On this planet danger is the only thing certain; eyes roll in the backs of heads, spontaneous laughter and no one to share it with. Sometimes people walk with eyes closed and their arms out, reaching for the material of air.

The sun never sets.

On the planet of the anxious, there are no problems. "Abilify!" someone will scream at four in the morning, a vocal reminder to take their pill; everyone feels cursed.

On this particular planet, there exists an inner turmoil that everyone understands, yet no one can figure out. Like setting gasoline on fire to one's kidney, a discomfort resides right in the gut; some walk around holding their sides, males babbling in certainty that a baby is coming.

People often pace here. Left to right, in circles, sometimes hopping up and down. Where are you going? Is a dumb question. The answer is obviously "home." I'm going home, aren't you? They say.

On the planet of the anxious, people often make lists for every minute of the day: 1. Go to bathroom from 12:00-12:02PM. 2. Eat a chip 12:02:07PM – 12:02:15 PM. 3.

Don't get behind. It's 12:03. They will often crumple them and start over, forcing themselves to go to the bathroom again.

On the planet of the anxious, a soft fog hovers over its hallucinating residents, the remnants of Albuterol and Flovent puffs for those who cannot breathe from the fog. Poorly ventilated rooms of insanity, it's a surprise one does not feed off the other carnivorously.

On the planet of the anxious, most are rehabilitating from their fugue states that led them here.

On this particular planet, cell phones do not exist, for the last dumb person to use a smart phone wound up playing with the glass shards of last night's temper tantrum.

On the planet of the anxious, an assignment like this is no easy task.

On the planet of the anxious, most lose their appetites and no one is alone for more than twenty-seven seconds.

God taunts people.

Some have restless leg syndrome, swimming in air, kicking aggressively at night until they are too tired to live come morning.

Time is never told.

On the planet of the anxious, lullabies are often sung backwards, “Why, oh why can’t I?/Beyond the rainbow/  
If happy little bluebirds fly...” Making them ‘seiballul’, a child’s pronunciation of ‘syllable’, a lull.

On the planet of the anxious, there is no bedtime; one by one, throughout the day, people just slowly collapse onto the cold floor, compressing their anxiety into the cracks. The minute their shivers resign, is the minute that they are free.

This world is exclusive.

And you’re welcome for that.