Panic Attack
Michelle Green

In through the nostrils  out through the mouth
Breathe  breathe  breathe

Shake your hands  you can beat this
Pounding pounding pounding

in your chest

Don’t keep looking out the window  it’s too tempting and besides—
you are on the fourth floor.

Okay, if you have to leave the room
only for a moment. Go out the door.

down the hall

splash your face
Look at yourself in the mirror the water
dripping  dripping  dripping

mingling with the sweat from your hot flashes

the drops hit the floor

You can beat this  you can beat this—

Run, quickly, to the nearest stall before
you puke on the floor

no one ever died from retching (right?)
feel the cool porcelain on your cheek