

December 2019

## Anxiety Recalls

Jessica Merolla

*John Carroll University*, [jmerolla21@jcu.edu](mailto:jmerolla21@jcu.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Merolla, Jessica (2019) "Anxiety Recalls," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 74: Iss. 1, Article 53.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol74/iss1/53>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact [mchercourt@jcu.edu](mailto:mchercourt@jcu.edu).

# Anxiety Recalls

Jessica Merolla

I remember those final days,  
I seemed to simmer  
In you like  
A kettle coming to crackle,  
Bubbles bursting  
And breathing  
Just beneath the surface.

Adrenaline,  
You had called me, Excitement even.  
It was one assignment,  
Your first short story, and the talent  
Gasped and ached  
As fingertips teased  
At the keys of your new  
Keyboard.

The assignment was long,  
Your classes were longer,  
And soon  
The pacing began Step Step Step.  
When fingers would rest, I circled your thoughts and danced in your fears,  
Drinking in your doubts while you insisted on a simple mantra of  
Just  
Keep  
Going,  
So I turned the heat up further on the kettle.

The bubbles stir and I twinge in your chest and hiss in your flushed ears and the story was due and I howled for you to shrivel in your own grandeur with words reeking of rotting roses “Turn it in turn it in turn it in” running tunnel-blind away from yourself and into my bulking arms until it is 4AM and the story finished and it’s done now you are happy but I’m still here why am I still here a question we wonder but find no answer for we wait for my departure you wait with tired eyes shaking palms tears brewing behind your lids the kettle is brewing the bubbles are overflowing you want me to leave but I cannot your heart rate does not stifle your eyes do not wake you enter sleep when hands leave the keys the soul of the artist gone without a second’s notice leaving a cry for help and me transfixed where your ambition once was