

4-14-2021

Drowning Through the Beat of the Drum

Breanna R. Brady
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Brady, Breanna R. (2021) "Drowning Through the Beat of the Drum," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 18 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol18/iss1/18>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Drowning Through the Beat of the Drum

Author Bio

Breanna is a sophomore Biology major at Nova Southeastern University with minors in Medical Humanities, Psychology for the Health Sciences, and Mathematics. She is a Resident Assistant (RA) in Leo Goodwin Residence Hall, an Honors Advocate for the Farquhar Honors College, and a new member of the President's 64.

DROWNING THROUGH THE BEAT OF THE DRUM BREANNA BRADY

"I'm overwhelmed"

(The clock's ticking booms throughout the room.)

"We are sitting alone in this room."

"There is too much going on I can't think -

(The fan echoes a consistent whoosh.)

I can't hear my own thoughts"

"There is no noise, just us talking."

(My leg bounces quicker and quicker, my shoe tapping the floor.)

"I feel the heat in my face -

There is too much going on"

the wave of chaos inside of my head comes crashing without warning and I can't slow it down even when the waters stop I feel the impact of each drop trickling into my mind overpowering my thoughts and flooding my senses

My feelings of anguish are met with invalidation, and with each trigger I feel my heartbeat strengthen and my support system weaken. The internal battle of my logic against my anxiety pound like a drum in my head, drowning out all of my thoughts.

I am dramatic.

I am faking it.

I am irrelevant.

I am worthless.

I am judged.

Judged.

Constantly judged.

I am only of any significance when I am being watched.

I am constantly being watched.

I am watched to be judged.

the stares from the world as panic overtakes my body and the spotlight of their stares burn my eyes as I am simultaneously the center of attention and irrelevant to myself and the world around me

“Everyone stares at me”

“The spotlight effect is quite common, you have to remind yourself that everyone feels this way sometimes.”

“Everyone?”

“Everyone”

Somehow I am everyone and no one at the same time. Doctors sent to heal internal wounds cover my self-loathing with a Band-Aid and pray nothing will seep out.

(My foot taps at a pace mirroring my heartbeat.)

“Do you feel any better?”

(Silence.)

the floods of chaos in my mind drip like a leaking faucet into cotton sleeves and satin pillowcases with each bead of sweat and falling tear connected by

stress

pain

fear

tension

pressure

revulsion

the experience of strong men and young girls and conflicted teenagers isolated by their own

façade of denial and separated by the sharp division
of acceptance

internal and external acceptance

of these tangible emotions

The pounding of the drum crescendos with each pair of
eyes that look beyond this superficial front of normalcy.
The heat in my face rises. I am not sure how much more
of this pressure I can take. Pressure. Pressure that does
not exist. Pressure that I personify. Pressure that is felt by
everyone.

Everyone. The spotlight is back. I feel the eyes burning.

(Clearing throat.)

“Well? How are you feeling?”

I force the waters back.

I am drowning.

I am drowning.

I see myself through the surface as I sink.

I watch the life preserver float past me.

I cling to my façade and am pulled back to reality. My reality.

Reality of

fake

dramatic

worthless

irrelevant

weak

Chaos

overwhelming

stupid

judgement

fear

“Well? How do you feel?”

“Fine.”