

LUMPY, GRUMPY

Lumpy, Grumpy, knotted in the tummy.
Hair hackled. Spaghetti knees. Ankles wobbling.
Throat clenching. Voice missing.
All over trembling.
Generally just a mess,
Unable to act or speak or even think.



And it's all caused by your imagination releasing enzymes. (No Joke!)

We call it “fear,” blame it on something outside of us,
And pronounce it healthy.

If you're going to fear anything,
Fear the enzymes turning your brain to mush.

Enzyme floods prepare us for instinctive action.
Usually though, since we don't have claws or fangs,
We are rendered helpless by our own defenseless vehicle,
So that any action at all—let alone thinking—is impossible.

And it's all unnecessary. Being phased out.
No longer supportive. Ancient history.

“Fight or flight” is the old animal way.

“Figure it out” is the new human way.

Time to tame the animal.

Good luck with that,
If you don't have the keys to your own possibilities.

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