

# Anxiety

By Samantha Ramirez, PT, DPT

Anxiety is not cute. It's not fun.  
You don't say you have it to get laughs.

Anxiety is being 10 years old,  
crying yourself to sleep,  
with too many emotions,  
for your little body to handle.

Anxiety is being rushed to the ER at 3 am  
because your worries got so bad  
you made yourself sick.

Anxiety is feeling alone in your thoughts  
because in your Hispanic household,  
mental illness is not real.

Anxiety is being labeled the problem child  
even though you were feeling so many things  
at once and just wanted someone to hear  
your cries for help.

It's not cute. It's not fun.

Anxiety is being terrified  
that everyone you love is mad at you  
though you did nothing wrong.

Anxiety is learning to be a people pleaser  
before you learn how to tie your shoes.

Anxiety is keeping yourself awake at night  
replaying every conversation you had that day.  
Anxiety is avoiding talking to anyone  
so you don't have to lie awake at night.

It's not cute. It's not fun.

Anxiety is panic attacks  
in the darkness of the restroom,  
hoping and praying you'll be able  
to breathe again soon.

Anxiety is going to therapy appointments,  
worrying about everything else  
you should be doing.

Anxiety is having a breakdown  
because the day didn't go  
as you planned.

Anxiety is dissociating  
to keep yourself from feeling  
100 emotions at once.

Anxiety is being medicated  
in order to function.

It's not cute. It's not fun.

Anxiety is developing  
an unhealthy obsession  
with academic validation.

Anxiety is coming home crying  
because you got your first B  
and felt like a failure.

Anxiety is convincing yourself  
that you aren't going to get into college  
even with a 4.0 GPA.

Anxiety is believing that doing your best  
isn't enough, that your value depends  
on your grades.

It's not cute. It's not fun.

Anxiety is telling yourself that you're not  
cut out for your dream career  
because you failed your first practical exam.

Anxiety is wiping tears and snot from your face  
while driving home because you believe  
everyone else in your class has it figured out  
and you don't.

Anxiety is getting praise from mentors,  
still second guessing every decision

you make in the clinic because  
you're terrified of doing the wrong thing.

Anxiety is breaking down in the shower every night,  
your one safe space, thinking you're letting down  
everyone in your life.

It's not cute. It's not fun.

Anxiety is learning to give yourself grace  
because you're surviving while fighting  
against your own brain every single day.

Anxiety is accepting you're not alone in this fight  
and your feelings are not a burden  
on the people you love.

Anxiety is realizing that as much as you hate  
feeling things so deeply, you also feel love  
and happiness just as much.

Anxiety is learning to acknowledge  
all the amazing things you have accomplished  
instead of what you haven't.

Anxiety is recognizing that as bad as a day,  
panic attack, or emotion overload might seem,  
the sun always comes up again the next day,  
your tears always dry,  
your mind always quiets.

It's not cute. It's not fun.  
It does not define me.

## *About the Author*



Samantha Ramirez, PT, DPT is a 27-year old young woman who was born and raised in Upland, California. She graduated from San Diego State University in 2019 with a BS degree in Kinesiology and just recently received her clinical doctorate in physical therapy from the University of Southern California in May of 2024. She is currently a physical therapist at Precision Sports Physical Therapy in Sunnyvale, Texas. Her clinical interests include sports and orthopedic rehabilitation, with a special interest in overhead athletes. Professional interests include ethical and diversity issues within the healthcare system, along with a commitment towards the continued conversation surrounding mental health. Samantha enjoys being active, playing and watching sports, and reading in her free time.