

## Winnie the Worrywart

They call me Winnie the worrywart  
And I do worry:

Do I worry too much?  
Do I worry not enough?  
I worry I don't get the worrying right

I worry I'm not strict enough with my kids  
I worry they might not like me  
I cannot make up my mind

I worry I wear too much make-up  
I worry I am just too plain  
or might break out in a rash

a flurry of worries  
scurrying through my brain  
keeps my blood pressure high

I worry I might have a heart attack  
or would that rather be a stroke?  
And would I notice it in time?

I worry my car might break down  
I worry I'm paying too much at the garage -  
and when I travel I might crash

I worry that if I'm rushed to hospital  
my underwear or my breath  
mightn't be fresh

I worry so much that I cannot sleep  
I worry this will make me under-perform  
or I might fall asleep at my desk

When I get the worry-whirlies  
I tend to get so confused  
I don't know what to worry about any more

Oh I do know the serenity prayer:  
*Give us the serenity to accept what cannot be changed  
the courage to change what can be changed  
and the wisdom to know the one from the other*

But of course this triggers more worries:  
serenity isn't the problem, nor courage  
but will I ever be wise?

And even if I were wise  
would that really help me that much  
or actually ruin my life?

I worry I might not be stupid enough  
to be able to just enjoy life -  
but oughtn't I wish to be wise?

I worry my fingernail varnish might crack  
I worry that I am too vain -  
my husband won't understand

I worry I'm too much of a pessimist  
I worry that rose-tinted glasses  
might make me fail the needy

I worry that red berry juice might spill  
causing a stain on my skirt -  
that makes my hands start shaking

I worry that the world might end  
I worry that it won't, and I'll have to  
suffer disasters, endure fall-outs

I worry that too much worrying  
over how much I am worrying  
might make me worryingly immune to worrying

Sometimes I get really *very* worried  
the varying worries  
are worryingly overwhelming

I worry I ought to worry in silence  
I worry I'm not shouting loud enough -  
what might people think of me?

I worry I should have stopped long ago  
with all those warring worries  
firmly chasing them away

I worry it might be too late for that now  
that worries have taken me over -  
are actually overtaking me

I worry: would stopping to worry mean  
stopping to live  
or is that a coward's excuse

But I do sincerely worry:

Who will do all the worrying  
that the worrying state of the world does need  
if not me -?

*(P.S.: I worry you might not like this text ...)*