



Elise Siegmund | *pen & watercolor* | senior

## DECAMPED

# RUNAWAY

Lydia Rowell | *free-verse poem* | sophomore

I couldn't shoulder the weight of these expectations  
Your disappointment in my selfish ways  
Ways I fell into while blind  
Without a thought of what I'd leave behind  
My pile of work and responsibilities rises  
If not for my procrastination  
I could have completed them without deprivation  
Deprivation of my own dormancy

Refusal to let my walls down  
One foot is through the door and the other is in the hall  
There is no in-between, I can't hang in suspended time  
At some point or another, the situation demands it  
Full force or nothing at all  
I'd rather not subject my heart to your harm  
So you'll have to settle for none of me  
The way I'll have it is like you never met me at all

I'm sorry.