

It Isn't For Everyone

Finally on his own in an unfamiliar dimension,
He's nervous, everyone's nervous.
Nails bitten down to a bloody pulp
He's the new kid among countless new kids.
There's solace in knowing he's not the only one.

Time passes, strangers become family;
Blurry nights turn into hung-over mornings—
No slowing down, keep trudging forward.
From immigrant to native in ten weeks,
This foreign universe becomes home.

Sardine packed dorm room:
Empty beer cans, cigarette butts, a soggy pizza box,
An abandoned flip-flop lodged behind the dresser,
He's never in his room anyways...
Sleeps on different couches every night.

Just barely sliding through,
To pass is to succeed.
The struggle for mediocrity—
His hierarchy of priorities is influx:
Why am I here?

He falls in and out of love
Like the needle and thread of an incessant scarf
People become the crutch
Aiding his treacherous hike.
Each minor achievement feels like a glorious milestone.

Four years, and what does he have to show for it?
A bullshit degree

A lifetime sentence of debt,
And the reality of his future.