

Leather Couches

BY: LAUREN LEE

Leather couches call my name
The way bacon sings to my nose
And oceans beckon my toes
The way clouds pull on my heart, I suppose,
And my fingers to the petals of a rose
I love the summer and when it snows
The earth so warm, then suddenly froze
The wind, my hair, yes, it wildly throws
Freedom screams and my anxiety grows
This is the week of the Dead
Of coldness, cruelty, darkness and dread
Books flung wide on tables spread
Smoke curleth forth, yes, from my head
Eat with purpose and consider yourself fed
Consider not thy lonely bed
Nor Finals week—the thought, the dread
Nor leather couches that call your name
Remember what you fight for—the glory, the fame
Even that to my ears now rings lame
So much for so little, O what a shame
Fight on, fight hard fair dame
And continue forth, let the world be lame
Freedom nears, but all the same
Resist those leather couches that call your name!

Lauren Lee is a junior with a double major in food science and journalism and a minor in culinary science. She enjoys adventures, writing letters, playing piano, drinking smoothies, and sailing.