

# Reflections

BY: ALLISON WITTERS

Knock back a few drinks and  
you're back  
sloppy arms around my waist  
and a smile that could be sweet  
if not for the liquored nouns and verbs  
that slip out  
through crooked teeth.

We meet eyes and  
I've met my match.  
Your will against mine  
to be mine—  
my silence against yours  
to be heard.

And no longer will  
I assist in this masquerade ball  
of false intentions  
waltzing through bitter lies  
thick persuasions

because then  
instead of glancing past me  
on your way to escape,  
you'd see a mirror  
and stop to wonder  
how we fell this far  
when it was really  
just you.

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**Allison Witters** is a junior in marketing from the Quad Cities. She spends the majority of her time taking pointless BuzzFeed quizzes and pep talking herself into working out. Allison hopes to one day visit Ireland with her parents and finally convince them into buying her a pet sheep.