

## Idol

Flynn McCullough

I once looked an object in the eye  
and told it of my adoration,  
My only idol  
To my lamentation,  
The feeling was not received  
Revert not, defect not,  
Dissolved in the breaths that carried it,  
Loss Reinstated  
Longing Exacerbated  
The idol vanquishes.  
Stagnation, therein lies atrocity,  
Vacuum of such life

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**Flynn McCullough** is a senior in psychology who likes to write short fiction and poetry. She also likes to read anything from scientific journals to novels.