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## Entitled

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# Entitled

by Michelle Ben-Hur

Beside the willow tree  
She stood.  
She turned to me:  
"So, call life off.  
Forget their words -  
Soar beyond the castles  
Some unknown architect  
Built for you.  
It is not your life.  
They proffer."  
And beside the willow tree  
I stood.  
River stumbling by  
In the clumsy grace of  
All waterways  
I knelt and drank --  
Crystal drops of quicksilver  
Rushing through my blood --  
And turned to her.

Wings so sprouted from  
The ribcage  
Adam had so viciously  
Bestowed upon me.  
I soared,  
Following Icarus.  
But my wings did not  
Wane like his.  
Higher, beyond the sun  
To stars of greater brightness.  
And life slipped away,  
Leaving instead experience  
And potential wisdom.

I, as only I,  
Flew to reach  
The castles to be built  
By myself, for myself.  
To shape the world,  
The river drank of me  
And led me to  
A new, but familiar willow tree.  
I turned to her  
And knew I say myself.

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I am a person who, through the quirks of my nature, found myself in the Hastings Class of 1990. Although I hope to be best known for my literary endeavors, I intend to practice law as a Public Defender. I choose this field because it serves the people I understand best: the unwanted, the outlaws.

