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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.

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.

