



My days can be reduced
To blood shot eyes
And coffee cup rings
Staining every surface

The sounds of the outside world
Heard only through the brief opening
of doors
I watch the seasons change
Through a sheet of often frosted glass

Welcome to the life of a student
We work and work and work
Till we can't go on anymore
So one day we have a chance to truly
live

This can't be it.
There has to be more to life
Than these endless hours
These days spent stressing over
papers and grades

The best years of our lives
Wasted on a promise of a better life
one day
But we'll always find time for day
dreams
And therapeutic doodles on all of our
notes