
A TLAS

ANDREW DAVIS

Pardon the interruption- I have something to say
I'd like to put in words how I felt the other day
20 pounds of textbooks, notebooks, a Mac
But that's not all that I carried upon my back.

I move through these halls, sidewalks, and days
How I dress, how I walk, in attempt to look cool
But looking around in this hurried haze,
Am I a human or a fish, swimming round this school?

The need to stand out, to be something more
Both drives me on! and drags me down.
Because as time goes on, I become more sure
That never! Will I be sheriff, of my emotional town

Oh, pressure creates diamonds?
Well it cracks a lot of eggs.
And it weighs me down far more
Then my body upon my legs.

The solution, some say, is psychiatric help
And for some, I'm sure this is true
But something so drastic? I haven't cried in a week!
I go regardless. It's the bold thing to do

So I meander into her office
For my first time, hopefully not hers.
"Judy? How do you do!"

I carelessly say, through thunderous nerves

The plaque on her desk
To remind me of her MD
But by now I've begun to think
It'll take more than a degree in psychiatry

To understand this. Where I went wrong.

When the record fell off. My head's absent of song.

Am I a train off the tracks?
A puzzle missing a piece?
Is it my fault, is it yours?
I don't know. I don't know. And I probably won't, not anytime soon.

I think those days are behind me.
Or could just be taking a break.
But onwards I move. Another smile to be faked