

I Don't Pursue — Vicky Li '25

I don't pursue the sun anymore,
the display of the moon, the minimum light of the sunshine,
Both statuses are equivalent to exalted, forcing me to death.
No consultation, no flexibility, and no way out.
I sink like a hard stone to the bottom of the water.

They are everywhere, the monitors scattered around my feet.
The moon's rays hit me precisely in the face,
so I took it off with my own hands and tore it off
He screamed loudly,
His face finally revealed
Ugly, struggle, the same as the devil's
like the sun, in the dark liberal night sky, exploding

Now the sky is no longer the prime choice.
It's the earth, it's the ants on the ground,
The ground will accept the gentle me
because all things run out of time

The main idea of my poem is to bring up the idea of freedom and courage. We have our own control over our own lives. When we encounter difficulties and things that make us fear, instead of running away from difficulties and fear, we should try to resist those things. Even though we will be defeated or get the result we are not satisfied with, it is worth trying. We all should live our own brilliant lives. — Vicky Li