

I Pursue the Night's Allure — Vivian Yang '25

But still, I pursue the night's allure, its siren call
And disregard the sun's prime, as I feel small
Monitoring the passing time, she consulted with the wisdom
A sense of neuroticism in my soul

But still, the moon whispers secrets in my ear
Guided by the moon's lunatic luster, where I truly belong
A purpose that a lark leaves its status far behind
Sound may be brief—forever the seeds.

But still, freedom and goal need to flourish,
Lark murmuring with scene,
The weave of shadowing
Makes a horrifying finality

Displayed my fears with a liberal mind and an open heart
The precise steps that people take may not lead to instant stillness
A prime moment through the empty streets, cling to sun's dream
I, the equivalent of the white birch beam

The meaning of this poem is that when I see my depression, I still want to struggle to chase the things behind in my soul deeper and deeper. A white birch beam is the metaphor that I think is really important to this feeling. It represents insistence.

— Vivian Yang