

Not-So-Homesick

By Grace Whiting

I've stopped counting the days it's been
Since I walked those sloping hallways.
The hallway almost always
Filled with faint music.
And the small water fountain
That almost always has a puddle under it
Causing the sound of squeaky shoes
As soon as you walk past it.
Each day finding myself,
Not-so-homesick.
I miss the sight of an ocean of people
Huddled in their groups in the cafeteria
And even hearing Tony's voice echo
Through the waves of people.
Every day I feel
More and more school-sick.
I miss the thousands of stairs I had to climb
First think in the morning to reach my classes
And the walk all the way across campus.
With every hour feeling I'm feeling
Very-not-homesick.
I miss my motivation and goals to complete
Even the small ones that only last the length
Of a sixty-five minute class
Every minute, not homesick
But very sick of home.
I miss waking up with a schedule
And still not knowing what the day will become
I miss seeing diverse groups of people
In every room.
I find myself feeling not-so-homesick.