

Freshman Year

By Andrea Becker

Take me back to freshman year.
I need those unconditional friends
And that nonthreatening atmosphere.
I miss those close groups that tend
To circle around who lives on your floor
Or who sits next to you on the first day of class.
I miss coming home to notes on my door
And heading to the Cellar in a huge mass
For Monday Munchies and heaps of procrastination.
Take me back to dance parties in the hallway
When we never thought about graduation
Or where we'd all end up some day.
 Take me back to my freshman days
 When I lived my life in happy cliches.