

Prelude to Brighton

Here in my desolate room,
Where turning the key has become a whole entity,
Surpassing boredom and loneliness.
Another alien act feeding on me,
A necessity which I feed upon.

Whoever hails Walden
Has not lived here.
Thoreau must've drawn some kind of parallel
Between simplicity,
And living like a hermit within the walls of Reid Hall.

Brighton serves as a place,
Where I can truly be alone,
Where my needs do not include solely turning the key to my room,
Where the ringing of the ears is the only inhabitant.
In essence,
I will turn the key to another dimension.

Being alone,
Smiling at everybody instead of someone,
Or no one.
Laughing at myself.

No one will know who I am.
I will be everyone.

--Gil Hizon '00