

Randoms—*First Place in Poetry*

Taylor Grzybinski

When will you stop with the randoms?

The ones that you don't know

The ones who you don't care for

The ones who only want a show

When will you stop with the randoms?

The ones that you don't even like

“Wait, what's your name again?”

“Taylor...right?”

When will you stop with the randoms?

They only make you feel dead inside

Strip you of your sense of pride

Make you sit in your room and hide from the idea of feeling alive

When will you stop with the randoms?

Yeah sure, it feels good for a second

Although inside you know you're just a beck and call

But in the moment it feels like you have it all

When will you stop with the randoms?

You know what I say is true

After all, look at you

The tears that stain your pillow

The mascara streaks that turned into tattoos

When will you stop with randoms?

The ones who you don't know



The ones that you don't care for

The ones who only want a show

