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An Ode to Finals Week

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Oh, how I hateth thee
I see the feeling is mutual, as you too hateth me.

Sleepless nights and endless days
As you induce an insanity driven, comatose daze

You rob me of money through Red Bull and coffee
You leave me in a dichotomous state of screaming inside yet crying softly

How can you alone induce stress to this degree?
Who gave you this authority to make this decree?

Hopes and dreams rest in the palm of your hands
How is it that you have such control over my future plans?

Please, I beg, restore just an ounce of my peace
For the force of your weight is too much for me.

I miss my blissful slumber, filled with hopeful ambitions
Yet you serve as a roadblock, with no way of avoiding collision

Butterflies in my stomach should represent a joyous anxiety
Instead you find a way to evoke in me a mental fatality

Jokes of quitting become semi-serious contemplations
Where anatomical sales and street side pharmaceuticals become potential occupations

Oh, finals week
How I hateth thee!
Please leave and return to me my sanity!