

Cayman Chen

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AP Lit

Sonnet IVY

Yes, I have known your names for my whole life,
Taught to worship you by my mom and dad.
My thoughts pierced by your overbearing knife,
But still, they insist that I should be glad.
For there are those who never had the chance
To pursue such a fortunate future.
Despite bright minds, they won't gain acceptance
But just wish things were not the way they were.
Though I do realize how lucky I am,
The pressure still threatens to break me down.
Stress and anxiety constantly slam
Down on my shoulders, I try not to drown.
But no matter how much I wish to quit,
You're still the goal that I strive for with grit.