

# STRANGE

The first step was thrilling.

It's like being hit by lightning from above.

It's like that giddy feeling when you're in love.

The first step was confusing.

It's like being in a marathon but you hide.

It's like trying to hear but everything's amplified.

The first step was daring.

It's like David defeating Goliath by stone.

It's like facing the darkness alone.

And that first step is leaving your old home.

It was pain, joy, doubt, rage, and pleasure like a palette of chrome.

And so you continue to your second step,

To your third, to your fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh step.

Every step sounded like a water drop.

Eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, step.

It feels like nothing can make you stop.

And as you reach your last step,

You look around and everything seemed different.

You're like a child, so pure, so innocent.

But as soon as realizations struck,

This really is your luck.

By Hannah Jen Otila