

Dry Ink

One...

more...

page....

but there's a phone nearby,
and music down stairs,
a bright blue screen with flashing messages,
and you sit there with an empty stare.

There are...

too...

many....

options.

Movies with friends.

A weekend at the beach under the sun. Call mom. Text sister. Eat. Sleep. Repeat.

And...study?

There are...

too....

many...

distractions.

One minute there's a free moment and the next you are drowning,
and running out of energy faster than you can close your heavy eyes.

"But if I use that paper from humanities..."

"If I borrow ideas from that blog..."

"If I just sit next to him during the exam and pretend to look past him...."

You're worth more than that.

You are worth what you can invest, not in what you scheme for.

Why lie?

Once it's there, the ink on your record is forever dry.

I'm a believer. Are you?