

2000

## (Resistance)

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## (Resistance)

### **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It's blue today, an October blue. The wind is howling behind me, chasing me, pushing me away. It doesn't want me or need me anymore; it's ready to become itself. One, not two together, separate—single. The October wind has harvested itself deep within me and over the lost summer nights that we shared together. We shared our senses, memories, tastes, time, laughter, and pleasures."

### **Cover Page Footnote**

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BRIANNA LIPOVSKY

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It's blue today, an October blue. The wind is howling behind me, chasing me, pushing me away. It doesn't want me or need me anymore; it's ready to become itself. One, not two together, separate — single. The October wind has harvested itself deep within me and over the lost summer nights that we shared together. We shared our senses, memories, tastes, time, laughter, and pleasures.

The October wind is something communal. Neither the wind nor I want to part, but we must. We must, to ensure life long survival and happiness. The October wind will not be able to withstand the harsh winter. It has to move on, go other places to make use of itself. I also need to let go of the wind for life to continue, seasons to change, growth to occur, and maturity to develop. In order to be the person I should be I need to let go of the wind, and it has to release me. Blow me away to where I should be. We are free. I'm released, yet I'm blue.