Come Anytime

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Cover Page Footnote

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three papers due in one week, I can’t choose a major, I’m trying to find a job and my social life is one colossal ball of confusion.

There seems to be a common myth shared by this society about college students, and that is that they have quite an easy life, with all fun and no responsibilities. This is an acutely unjust assumption, and for the majority of students I have ever seen, completely untrue. College students of this day and age are faced with numerous worries, such as maintaining an acceptable grade point average, keeping their scholarships, and making it through financial hardships.

The cost of a higher education is phenomenal, and equally so is the demand for one. Staying in school is difficult, and for those students who have plans for graduate school, it is a tough and competitive four years. The college classroom can be just as big a rat race as the working world.

Looking back on high school and recalling my college selection process, I see that I was extremely naive. I remember looking forward to college, but for reasons which are now so obviously foolish to me. Living away from home was immensely appealing. I figured I could stay out as late as I wanted, and sleep in whenever I felt like it.

It also seemed that the social setting would be ideal. Parties, dorm life, new people. It never occurred to me that I would someday feel the undesirable symptoms of homesickness, study burn out, and even some occasional peer pressure. These are ailments that I think every college student suffers from, whether they like to admit it or not. And the outside world probably has no clue as to what extent these problems exist in the life of the quintessential college student.

I have certain goals as a college student, and I assume that they are common goals among my peers. To me, the total college experience at its zenith would be to learn, to achieve, and to be completely exposed to life. Learning is a process; even when I go to class unprepared or with an incomplete assignment, I learn. I learn that simply reading my textbook will help me to pass the surprise quiz! And I learn that just because all my friends are going out, I can be a non-conformist and stay in and study, even if I am missing a good time.

Disappointment has become a part of life for me as a college student. I see it all the time. I get disappointed in my classes, in my friends, in my grades, and most unfortunately, in myself. Sometimes I wonder why I let myself do so poorly on a test, or how could I have overslept for English 251? Then I remember the pressure that I have been under. I remember that I had two exams last week, caught a nasty cold, worked at my workstudy job for twenty hours, and had a few problems in my social life. No one was around to help me out. In fact, I couldn’t even get in touch with my parents.

The misconception that college students have the easy life really angers me. Last week, I finally went to see a doctor about the migraine headaches I’ve been getting off and on since freshman year. After evaluating my case, he concluded that they were severe tension headaches caused by stress. “But Doctor, I don’t really have any major stress factors in my life,” I said. His response was “What do you mean? You’re a college student.

You’re under more stress than any other patient I’ve had all week.”

The doctor’s attitude was refreshing to me, after I realized that my parents and other adults I know seem to think I go to school and strictly have a great time. They seem to think my life is one big party, and can’t understand why all I want to do on my visits home is sleep in my own bed, and take hot baths.

The quintessential college student is not by any means a freewheeler. Life can be very difficult at times. The horizon can sometimes look bleak, and the road ahead very long and bumpy. For the student, life can be competitive, depressing, and confusing. I am just one example in millions.

Come Anytime
by susan montague

I found circus animals in my tub.
Just bathing.
Just giving refreshing sugar kisses to those who asked.
The lions, the bears and the midget horses were all laughing were all splashing in my tub. They invited me to join the fun, but I only stood and watched and felt.

My knowing friends made the crying hours dissolve down the drain. And down the drain they too were gone.