

Fall 12-1-2018

Sammy

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Recommended Citation

Giannini, Adelina (2018) "Sammy," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 41 : No. 1 , Article 44.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol41/iss1/44>

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Giannini: Sammy

Sammy

I enter with a guitar on my back and not even two nickels in my pocket
I open the first door, I feel like sticking my hand in a socket
 So many ways to escape the pain
I stayed there until I managed to escape my brain's chain
 I pick my next door with care
Next thing I know, I can't go into public without a stare!
 My guitar is my business
 So busy I never made it home for Christmas
Between the next few doors I fly internationally
 Until I started to think irrationally
 I wanted to go on another kind of trip
So in the next room I put a piece of paper under my lip
 The walls disappeared and time was gone
I had finally experienced the beauty of dawn
 One last time
 I saw the world so sublime
 Before I open the last door
And fell into a hole below the floor.

ADELINA GIANNINI

