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## Kenya

Adelina Giannini  
*College of DuPage*

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# *Kenya*

I opened my first door to a bank of knowledge  
I believed it was my way out so to the institution I paid homage  
But before I knew it I was drowning  
Gasping for air, my heart was pounding  
For nights my diet consisted of stress and sleep  
I knew before long I'd be in too deep  
My desperation had me out on a limb  
So behind the next door I went out with him  
In love, we were a modern day Bonnie and Clyde  
Until he had to pick, his freedom or his bride  
My next room was a border of bars  
Where my mind drifted up to the stars  
But there I stayed  
No hope, no love, just the mess I made  
I didn't have to beg or plead  
Because inmate 248 had made me bleed  
A quiet corner in a concrete tomb  
I bled, I laughed, this is my last room.

ADELINA GIANNINI