

“The End of the Yellow Brick Road” By: Amara Grajewski
Inspired By: Still She Dreams

“When your head’s in the clouds, keep your feet on the ground” They say.
But, what if she just wants to float away?

Soar,
Up, up, up,
Slowly rise hot air balloon in the sky
Not quite knowing where she’s going or why.
But feeling an unmistakable,
Unfakeable ache.
Fearing she might just split, crack, and break; Ground rocking and rolling.
A woman will turn earthquake If she doesn’t.
Just.
Go.

She knows that place is out of reach,
with too many hurdles and walls to breach. Emerald City’s fence is too high to climb, Too many
doubts cross her mind.

But still, she dreams

Dreams, of where she wants to be.
Dreams, of where she knows she’ll be happy.
Before the clock strikes, the alarm sounds, time to fall once again back to the ground.

An epiphany strikes.
Isn’t it funny how when we are ye high, They tell us to set our sights way high?

Somewhere over the rainbow,
Magic words you hear in lullabies.
But when we’re finally tall enough
to see eye to eye with our mom and pops,
They tell us it’s time to stop thinking these thoughts?

That it’s time to see through this childish fog
Before it’s raining cats and dogs
And you’re caught in the storm without an umbrella.

When you’re grown
You can’t click your heels three times for wishes.
Taking risks on stolen prayers to higher powers you have no proof actually exist,

Relying on wizards that turn out to be fakes.
Maybe you're better off if you let go of that hope and let it break?

A safe stable career is all your parents wanna see you pursuing,
So don't waste borrowed time gluing together the shattered pieces of your childhood fantasies.
Sweep it under the rug.
Walk away without a shrug.
Good riddance - goodbye
If you repeat a lie, you can almost convince yourself it's true -
Almost.

Gone are the days of "Be whatever you want to be". Because, what you wanna be,
doesn't fit into our society.
And honestly, it was a long shot anyway.
If you repeat a lie, you can almost convince yourself it's true -
Almost.

No time for precious naptimes in the poppy field, Sky-high off of yellow pollen,
Head resting on red velvet petals.
Because it's time to put the pedal to the metal and floor the gas,
Take the next exit out of Oz and don't look back.

Face the facts that you're growing up,
And achieving your dreams can be harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

It may sound pessimistic,
But to me it's straight up sick how those around us spoon feed us false hope,
When in their eyes our dreams are really just a joke.

They shoot them down like clay pigeons
The wicked witch zooming by on her broom, cackling,
Trailed by flying monkeys howling with rage.
But my heart is not a shooting range
So why is it being treated like one?

They plan to pave over the canary stones,
Tell me the good witch was destined to fall.
They say the wizard's palace is crumbling,
And the poppies...
They mowed over them all.
So, take off your emerald colored glasses and drink it in
The world's wicked place Dorothy, where have you been?

I never thought I would live to see,
The end of the yellow brick road.