

## Poem about *The Great Gatsby*

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back  
ceaselessly into the past.  
Like he who believed in the green light, the orgastic  
future, we dream that this will last.  
Fool ourselves to believe  
That if we believe we will achieve  
If we run faster  
If we stretch out arms further  
That tomorrow will be just like the days that have been  
years before  
If we just believe some more  
Terrified of the size  
Of the truth that comes with the sunrise  
And that you might one morning wake up to find  
That the past is lived, done and left behind  
That we might have to beat on  
Like leaves, helplessly floating along with the current

(Written by Emilie Caroline Lindhardsen, 2c, 2013)