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# First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First- Generation College Experience

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## The Lookout

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*inspired by the bluff at LMU*

Stand, stand at the edge of earth, breathing  
In disintegrated particles of  
Salt and sand, carried over by dreams and  
Music from the next generation's car  
Stereos

Let grit wash your wounds as the ocean plays  
Afar and sit, thinking/praying with the  
Vastness of backlit cobalt sky merging  
With marine horizon tapering your  
Presence

Never lament sunlight when the sun sets  
Glowing floral hues across the tepid  
Sky, tinted and shadowed clouds until the  
Sea stretches up past the mountains and makes  
Darkness

I told you to stand, the myriad of  
Homes, they remind you that you're not alone  
In this City of Lost Angels, the light  
From their panes like the Main Street Parade,  
Magic

The altitude wind chills through to your bloodstream –  
Embrace it! – and be charged by its challenge,  
See each burning light and car passing by  
As a sign of life, drink in the salty  
Mist