

The Clay Is Still There



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Abstract

As a senior at ECU, the concept of dreams has been prominent in my mind. This poem aims to remind my fellow seniors and undergraduates that the world needs our creative, wandering minds. We must continue to grow, dream, and hope, even through the hustle and bustle of everyday life. I hope that the class of 2025 will remember this as we come to the end of this chapter and begin the next.

When we were young,
they told us that dreaming was our right,
that the world was clay,
waiting for our hands, soft with hope,
to mold it into anything, everything.
But then we grew up.
They took our clay, and told us to trade it for bricks.
Solid, predictable.
Build something real, they said.
Stack your responsibilities, one on top of the other,
until they form walls around your wandering mind.

But those walls, they aren't home.
They're boxes where the light barely filters through,
and the ceilings press down on you
until you start to believe
that dreams were just illusions
you were supposed to outgrow.
That dreaming was a childhood game,
left behind with the scattered toys and torn-up paper.
But that's a lie, isn't it?
A cruel trick we play on ourselves
when we trade wonder for security,
and possibility for routine.



Because there's still magic in the monotonous,
if you can squint your eyes just right,
see the shimmer of what could be
in the cracks of what is.
There's a whisper in the wind,
a call to remember
that the clay is still there,
waiting, and patient,
in the quiet corners of your heart
where you left it.
It's never too late to pick it up,
to get your hands dirty again,
to shape the world into something
that makes your soul feel light
and your spirit feel like it's coming home.

Adulthood is not the graveyard of dreams.
It's the field where they learn to grow strong roots,
where they shed the fragile wings of fancy
and stretch into something that can withstand storms.
So keep dreaming.
Dream wide awake and in full color,
dream in broad daylight with your eyes open,
dream when it's hard,
and especially when it's dark.

Because the world needs it.
It needs your wild and wonderful visions,
your unapologetic hopes,
your belief that there is still beauty
yet to be made,
still stories yet to be told,
still wonders that no one has imagined,
but you.