

## Lasting Impressions

Coming up from Hotlanta, She thought she knew what she was in for on the Hill,  
But the place was colder than expected,  
The night life always held a chill.  
No party drink ever saw ice melt,  
Cranking the AC was unnecessary.

She thought they'd had something special, magic,  
She put her name to his ... there was a ring to it.  
But he felt that she was moving way too fast.  
After they'd been together for the second time, she'd we'd him – too early.

Breakup by text is cold,  
Ghosting is even cooler.  
At the party, his friends turned away,  
While her frienemies flirted openly.

She'll know how it feels in six weeks, she told herself,  
Which one did, but another got engaged six months hence.  
Soon, she would have to endure the bridesmaid dress.

Even the Summer rain feels like ice,  
Even the humidity is somewhat cooler.  
She misses everything now, even the kudzu.

