



7-17-2023

Friday Night Lights

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Recommended Citation

DiCicco, Nina (2023) "Friday Night Lights," *The Mall*: Vol. 7 , Article 27.

Retrieved from: <https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/the-mall/vol7/iss1/27>

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Friday Night Lights

Nina DiCicco

I step into those aluminum,
packed high school
football stands
that have become
a Friday night tradition
for the last four years.
Everyone
squishes and
squeezes
together as if
we're white Jet-Puffed marshmallows,
sealed in a bag
waiting to be swallowed
by those lying
outside this bubble
called high school.
Neon sweat beads drip down
each senior girl's face,
little pink, yellow,
and orange dots
outlining our multicolored eyes.
Laughter and smiles
glitter each face as we
say we love each other
and that we'll miss each other
in 365 days
when this is all
another Snapchat memory.
But a small part of us knows
that in one year,
we'll be happy we made it out
alive and we, in fact,
won't miss each other
more than that KitKat
candy wrapper
sitting over there in the trash.