

The Quarter-Life Circus



WRITTEN BY

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Oh, the late 20s, what a
chaotic delight,

Caught between “What’s
next?” and “Was I right?”

A limbo of laughs, of dreams
half-baked,

And existential crises
freshly awake.





The rent is due, the fridge is
bare,

Dinner's a mix of hope and
despair.

A salad? A smoothie? A
responsible meal?

Or instant noodles—what's
the big deal?





Your friends are split, it's a
curious sight,

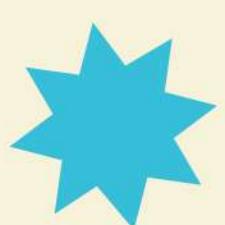


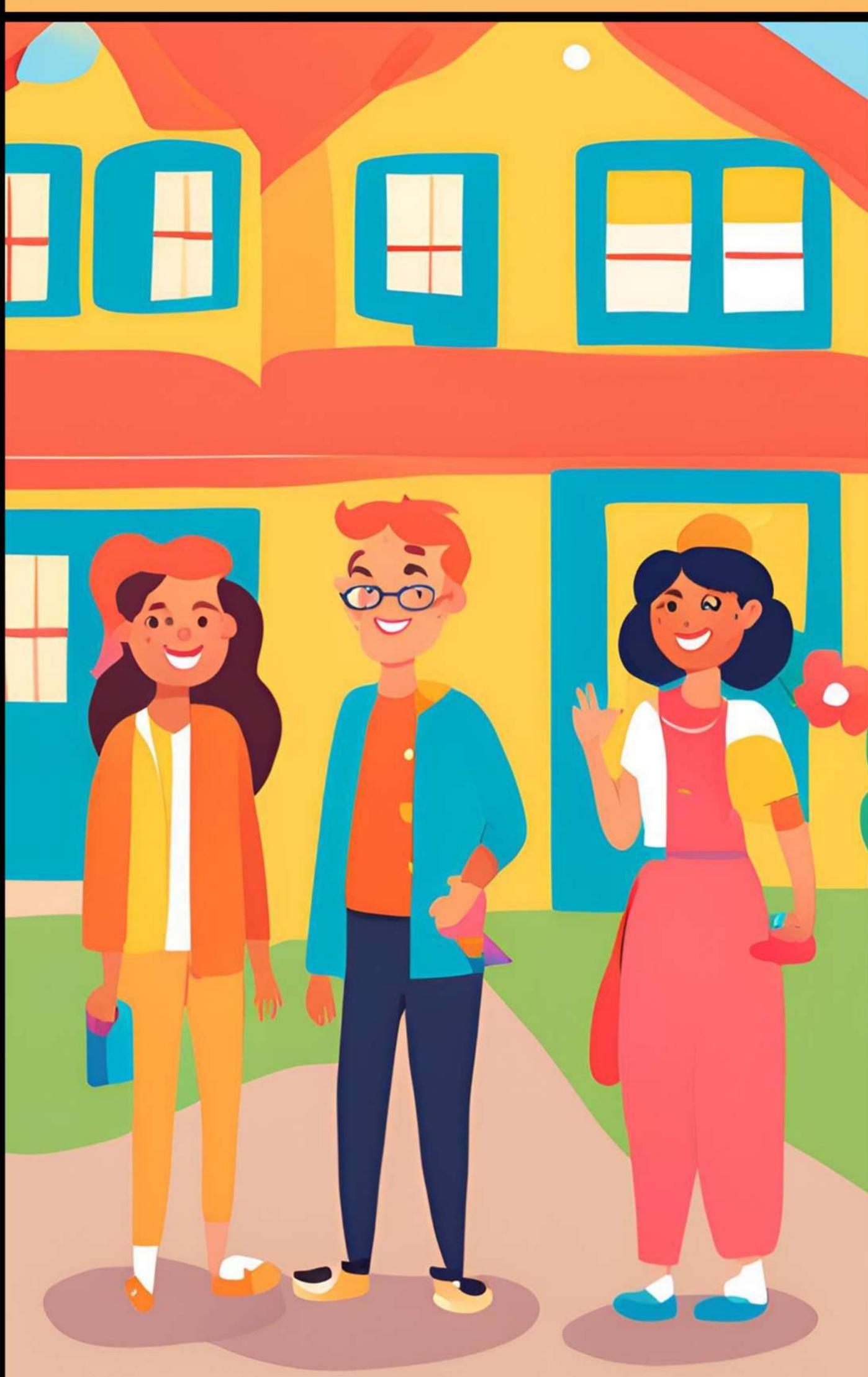
Some having babies, others
out all night.



One buys a house; another's
couch-bound,

“What's your five-year
plan?” Oh, the guilt
compounds!





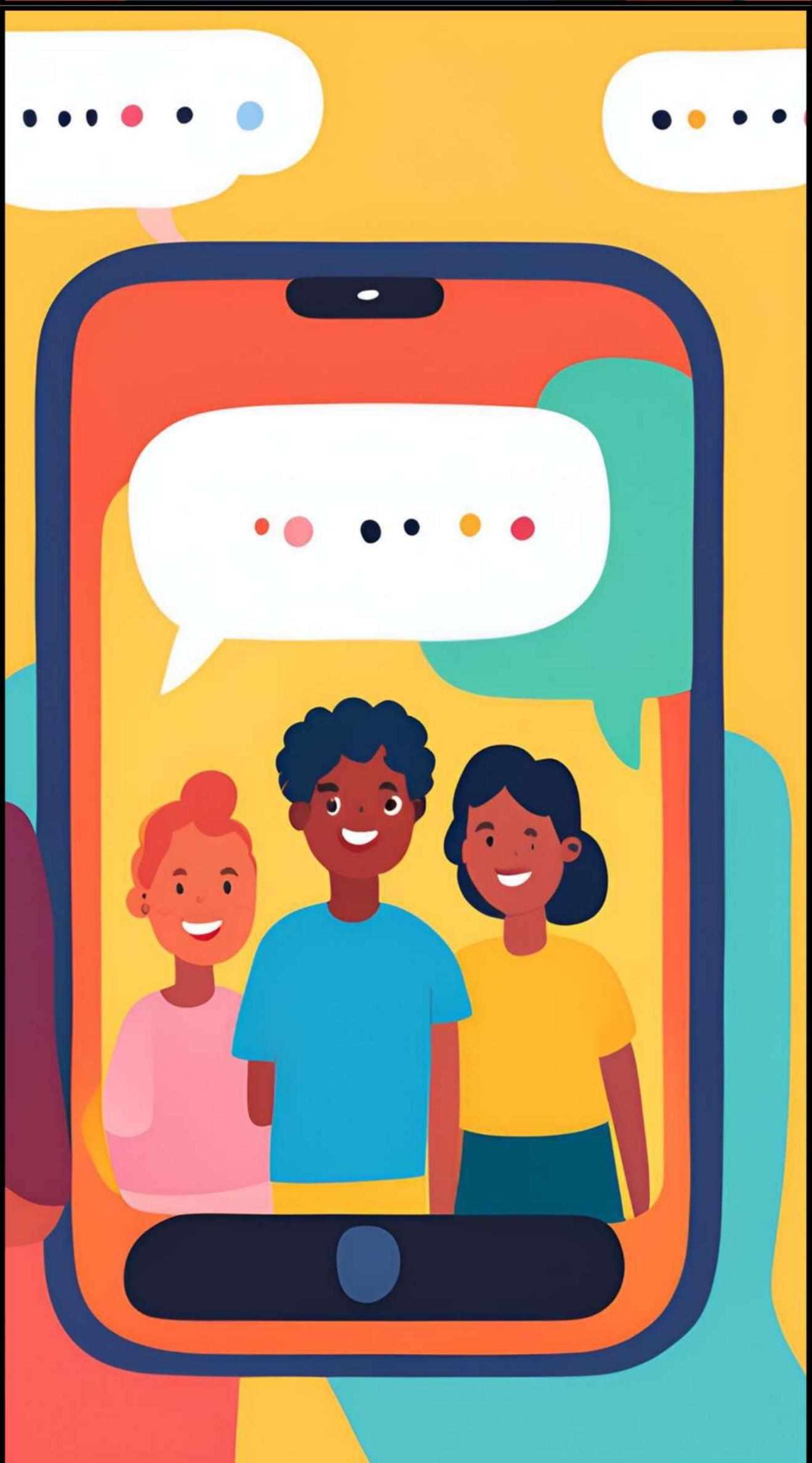
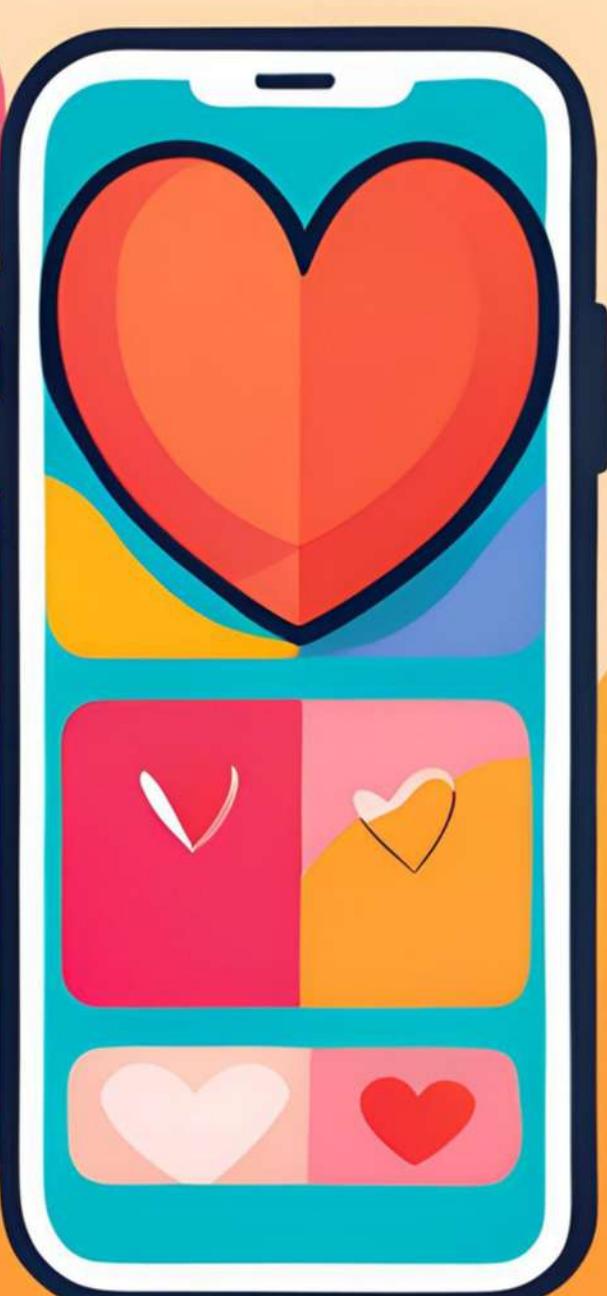


Dating apps feel like a
romantic bazaar,

Swipe left, swipe right—oh,
there goes your star!

“Looking for something
casual, but with depth,”

Yeah, sure, Chad, whatever
you said.





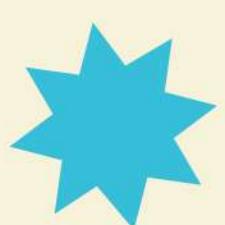
**Weekends are weird, no
more carefree thrill,**



**It's Ikea runs and a Netflix
chill.**



**Or you rage till dawn like
your youth demands,**



**And spend all Sunday
unable to stand.**







You're wiser, it's true, but
no one prepared,



For the aches and pains that
came unshared.

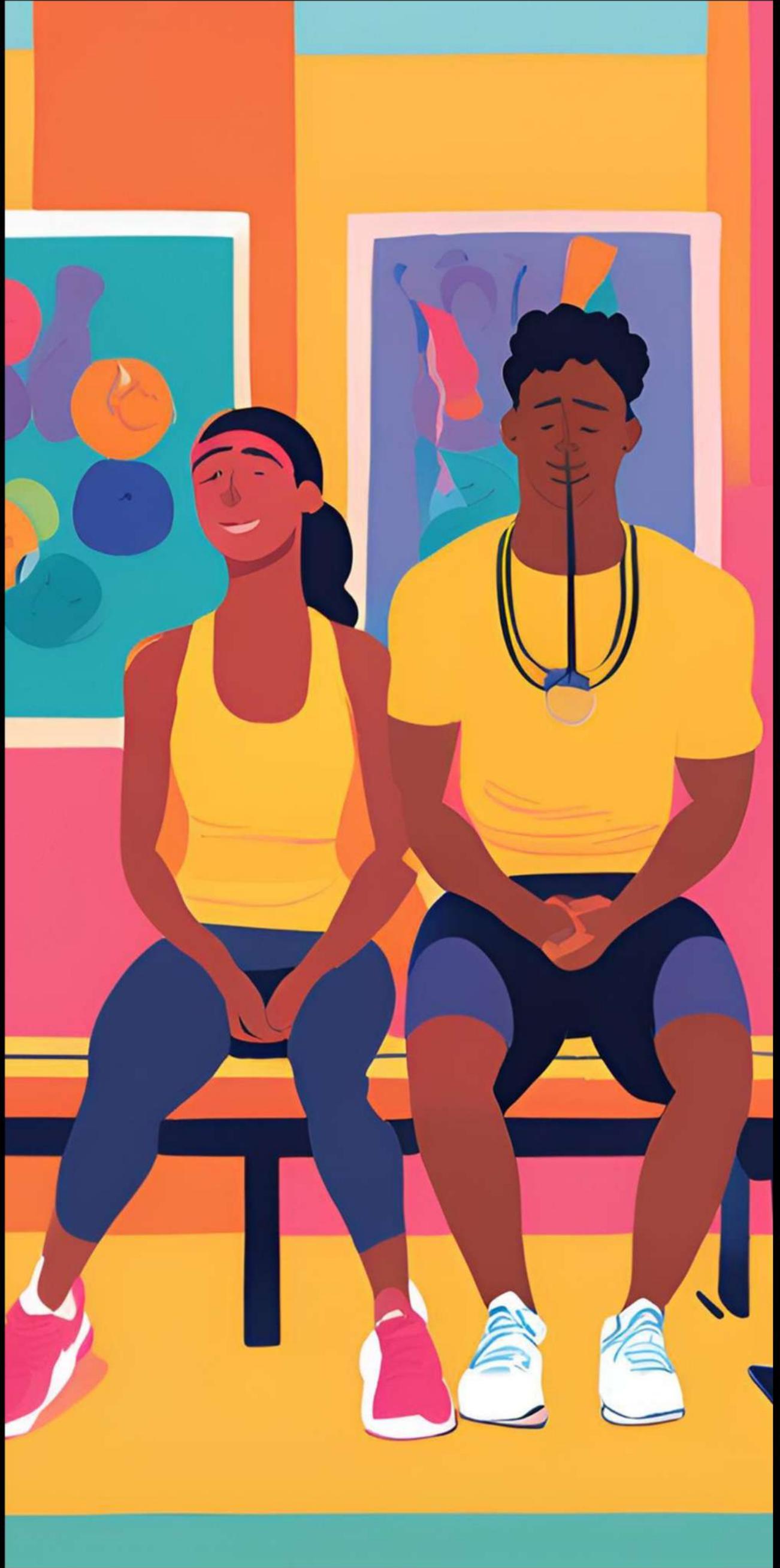


“Was it the gym? Did I sleep
too rough?”



Nope—it's aging. You're
officially tough.







So here's to the late 20s,
this awkward stage,

A comical, messy,
transitional age.

Keep laughing, keep going,
keep being absurd,

Because honestly, no one
else has it all figured.

