

There seems to be this odd duality in honors culture where much more is expected of students in a similar or shorter amount of time. While we have proven that we are capable of doing this, it often means that we devote so much time and energy towards these higher expectations that we lose the chance to enjoy life. There have been a number of events that I have had to miss because of my scholarly obligations.

However, I have gained invaluable connections, both professional and platonic, through my experience as an honors student. Without the honors college, I likely would not have met my genuinely awesome roommate. I probably wouldn't have learned about Peter McDonough's seminars that are now on my map.

Being in the honors college brings this sense of superiority that I do not like. Even disregarding some specific individuals who I feel ooze superiority, there seems to be an expected ego boost simply from being in the honors college. I have fought hard to prevent it from rubbing off on me.

I made this poem — no, auditory experience — to reflect the duality of the honors experience. Many perks with many sacrifices. So many people who are willing and able to help with anything imaginable, but a feeling of superiority that I do not like. Each audio channel represents each side of honors culture; the left channel has the gains, and the right channel has the losses.