## Class Poem - Jess Agran

THAT day is here

The one that brings streams of tears

That knots your stomach and hatches butterflies

The metaphorical sun setting, saying its final goodbyes

The feeling that only can be paralleled to that of the first day of school

Yet through this melancholy haze

There is a bittersweet feeling that can't help but remind me of this inspiring new phase

Everyone's path somehow falls perfectly into place, despite the sleepless nights And now that the dust has settled, and our futures are within our sights I'd like to sum up this feeling in one word - Serendipity

That feeling where your blood runs cold, not exactly sure if it's from excitement or fears

When you don't know what's coming in the future or been in past years
Berkeley has prepared us all for the next chapter, facing all types of adversity
I'm just sad that I can't witness every one of your successes at university
The past 12 years have shaped all of us into trailblazers and world changers

I'd like to congratulate the class of 2023 upon this stage

Those stressful days and nights that come with finishing your years in this special age Students unique and true

It's all come to fruition for me and you

The light at the end of the tunnel is finally upon us, and it is wonderful and bright [PAUSE]

I'm thankful for this community

It's safe to say that all of us had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
From the athletes to the artists
You all will succeed and go the farthest
Each one of you brings something so special to this world

It's time to let go of mom and dads hands
Let go of the stickers, markers, and crayons
We all are going to travel far and wide,
Some leaving the country completely, and yet still maintaining that Buccaneer pride

I want to thank the Class of 2023
For pushing each other, and making the best version of ourselves that we can be So pat yourselves on the back
Enjoy a warm summer breeze
And finally, relax and embrace the unease
Remember it is only serendipity.