I know what it’s like to not even know how to start your question, or which door to knock on.

I know that these big buildings and their winding cement sidewalks can seem endless, like a maze.

I know what it’s like to wonder if you even belong here to feel alone in a crowd of thousands, like you are an imposter.

I know that self-doubt has a voice that can be so loud in your head you can’t hear anyone else.

I know what it means to be the first in your family.

I promise you the voice of doubt will grow small. That if you open up and know your vulnerability, you will no longer feel alone.

I promise you that there are doors that will stand open for you on this campus and in the world, there are people waiting who won’t send you anywhere else, who will say “I can help.”

I promise you that you will stumble and fall and it will be hard, and that you will figure it out and get back up, through this you will grow into someone new.

I promise you that you belong here, and this journey will be worth it.

I promise you that I am here, to ensure you are the first to go and the first to know.

— By Mariah Hicks, Alice Vermillion and the Wick Poetry Staff