

A Paradise?
 Oh, no,
 Not quite.
 In fact
 There have been many times
 I desired to be away—
 Not anywhere in particular...
 Just away.
 Mostly on rainy days
 When the sidewalks seemed to
 float away from my destination.
 Of course,
 Clear days weren't so bad
 Especially if I had time to
 walk around,
 Deciding whether to sit on a
 shady bench or a sunny bench.



Then there were the lonesome
 nights,
 Wandering around,
 Tired of my room,
 Escaping the chill of the even-
 ing air
 At the steaming library steps—
 Until the "Pinkerton" gave me
 A funny look...
 I still have it.
 But usually
 My day overflowed
 With busy hours.
 And when I did find time for
 a break
 I wondered,
 "Is it worth it?"



Games,
 Plays,
 The Lettermen,
 And other things...
 Three well spent chapel cuts,
 Term papers,
 Yawns,
 Too tired to study—
 Too desperate not to.
 Holding hands sometimes—
 Twiddling thumbs others.



We come,
 We go.
 We affect,
 We are affected.
 We watch,
 We are watched.
 We eat,
 We throw up.

Scroll-carpeted CID every
 Tuesday,
 The product of otherwise em-
 pty mailboxes,
 I had to decide:
 "Will I return?"
 I bent my last IBM,
 GW was fun...
 Even when I hated it.
 To some it was a prison...
 To others
 An open door.

I went home one week-end,
 When I returned
 The campus seemed smaller...
 Or maybe I was bigger.

Reg Alexander

Memories Are Made Of This

