

GRAND VISIONS OF TTU: SUMMER MORNING REFLECTIONS

Writer's Corner

By Janet Coonce

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“As I sit under this mighty oak tree, I wonder,
How many lives have been touched by this place?
Were they touched by this place,
or the people who make this place what it is today?

I see the library, full of books.
How many lives have been touched by those books?
Were they touched by those books,
or the lives of those who inspired those books?

I see Foster Hall, full of mysterious odors.
How many lives have been touched by those odors?
Were they touched by the odors
or the scientist who unveil the mystery of those odors?

I see Lewis Hall, full of technical instruments and machines.
How many lives have been touched by those machines?
Were they touched by the machines
or the simplification of the past required
to make future ideas a reality?

I hear the Boys' State chants of young men
coming from the dorm rooms.
How many lives have been touched by those chants?
Were they touched by those chants
or the people who have inspired those chants?

I see the young men marching through the columns
of Derryberry Hall, and I wonder,
How many lives have been touched by that hall?
Were they touched by that hall,
or were they touched by the grand visions of this place?

*See more of Writer's Corner at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>