

OLD ELM

Our tall elm stands stately there
 In the heart of the campus.
 It must be all of a hundred years old — I guess.
 Doc says it is, and he should know.
 He knows most things like that.
 It was considered important enough
 To be circumscribed by a walk —
 Rather than being uprooted —
 When walks were deemed a necessity.
 Now students can choose to walk
 Either to right or to left of it,
 When going to lectures.
 I wonder if they ever notice it,
 If they think of all the years
 It has stood silent sentinal,
 And compare it with the little hour
 That they linger here.
 Or do they think of it
 As something in the way.
 It never provided shade for them —
 It wasn't built that way.
 It's limbs are swept heavenward.
 Maybe it's been offering supplication for us
 These past hundred years.
 Maybe that's what has kept us going.

F. L.

