

**THE PLACE THAT BECAME THE PLACE TO BECOME**

***with imagination***

*We look down upon this stone  
and ask what is this College  
which from it has grown?  
It is grey bricks and mortar  
settled low by Sullivan's water.  
Deep-set sombre in each wall  
are long, long window lines  
which perpendicular poplars tall  
cross pointing to the skies.  
But more, much more it is  
than just what meets our eyes*

*It's a pad for launching lives  
to futures but faintly seen.  
It's where much questioning thrives  
of what and why and what's been  
and too, what might come yet.  
It's a place of essay toiling  
perhaps in late night fret  
long after the last song's note  
from the Chat Noir might float.*

*It's a place of wild imaginings,  
of how the world could be  
of how the world should be.  
And strong the song of community  
within its walls loud rings.  
And if we listen with great care*

*there are older songs which we can hear  
songs of the first people of this ancient land  
on which respectfully now we stand.*

*Now this is a place of privilege great.  
And some might sad be bent  
to not so noble a pursuit,  
but to better humanity's fate  
much more is soundly spent  
and bears abundant fruit.*

*And so it is well named  
after that earnest man  
who is quite justly famed  
for the life-long race he ran.*

*In whose imagination  
was a world of dignity  
in every single nation  
and true equality.*