On This, the First Day of Class

Laurie MacDonald

Grand Valley State University

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administration will be re-
ourselves. No personal
ance can spare one or an-
which we are about to
in honor or dishonor to
... even we here ...
for the responsibility."

Before us: move into the
Keller Engineering
new core curriculum,
begin a master plan, make
students than ever before, in-
minorities, academic super-
sts, bring a salary equity
what new programs to
buildings. All this we
ially, students must be
systems managed, snow
er, and our personal lives
need for happiness to
it all and do it well. I am
“Sweet hope, ethereal
wave thy silver pinions
ning up. You never know
pinion or get doused

On This, the First Day of Class

Our sun rises
reluctant, tingeing the trees
a blood red
before draining down
around us.
But by noon, clouds glisten,
separate,
in an aquamarine sky, and sunlight
pinouettes
from the hoods of a thousand
emptied cars.

In Blake’s “Song,” a winged woman
chirps her rage
from Love’s gilded cage,
while young men
and women flash their teeth
at each other—
sunbeams, death-rays—
sitting cross-legged
on Nature’s silken lap.

I walk over
a shaded bridge, watching,
far below,
the water’s patient trickle.
My feet shiver
on steel and concrete,
bound to
a familiar world
by force
of habit—strange alchemy,
gravity.

Laurie MacDiarmid is a visiting Assistant
Professor and a composition fellow in the
English Department.