Solitude

Don Boland*
Here I lie, lonely,
My spirit downcast,
Hearing my partner
Go whistling past,

Missing the dance
And the whirl so gay;
Till a snow-star falls
One winter day.

Now my play-partner,
(Once Harlequin),
Tucks a star blanket
Under my chin,

And blends his song
To a lullaby
That softly ends
With a sigh—"Goodbye."

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SOLITUDE
By Don Boland, '39

A "DEserted village"—no, the college campus be-
tween August twenty-seventh and September twentieth.

Central, the green-domed administration building, looms
majestically over its dominion, defied by none, for the halls
and rooms remain deserted. Long, shimmering, bare walks,
weeping between buildings, divide the campus into plots of
smoldering grass, burned brown by the unmerciful sun.
Striped ground squirrels dart quickly here and there between
their holes during their summer sessions. Pairs of pigeons
"coo" peacefully from the roof of Morrill Hall, interrupting
the deathly stillness. Every fifteen minutes the mellow bells
of the campanile ring out, trying to end this unaccustomed
inactivity by rousing imaginary students to their classes.

December, 1396