



1996

louise

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Rob Swanson will graduate this spring as an English education major who enjoys stargazing and agricultural pursuits. He will be teaching at the Anglican International School in Jersusalem, Israel, for three months in 1996 .

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louise

It's another one of those nights,
The kind where the wind plays with everything:
Spinning leaves, twirling hair and opening doors
With its silent loudness.

As I drive under the Medusa tree,
Its white skin reflecting in the deadness,
I think about your eyes
And the crescent moon hanging in the balance.

A banjo plays in the distance;
I can hear it, though your voice looms near,
And all around is blackness,
Save the white within your eyes.

The mountains call us back
To caress their stony passes;
A smattering of trees is all I need
To forget what lies ahead.

Through rich brown eyes
I peer into a soul
That remains a treasure found,
With city lights as its backdrop.

The punctuated shot
From hanging bright orange flourescents
Prohibits my slumber all the more;
There's burning in my senses.

-- Rob Swanson