

Sailing on a Semaphore

by Jason Chen

I look out on our campus

I feel tension, I see risk

As I scan the hall,

I am searching

to help,

to heal,

to hurry.

There are so many places to go

yet so few you can see.

Often, I don't even know where they need to go but I feel that I should try and say something.

Perhaps all I can do is share

an understanding shrug

and point roughly in the right direction.

The stories lingering in these halls echo

a daily, frenetic energy

Maybe we know where we are going

but are blinded by this unseen tapestry

shrouding our eyes.

We walk in the steps of thousands,

ponder decisions pondered many times more.

Even though the halls have regularity,

each turn brings possibility.

So I scan the hall.