



## The Pond

James Hill looked out across the pond  
And grieved to see its worthlessness.  
With the wind hard-pressed against his restlessness  
He turned to one a little way beyond  
And called aloud his bitterness,  
"I have no use for this desolate space."  
Then he shrugged and walked apace,  
And as if regretting his hastiness  
He turned again and stood bemused,  
For he saw the vision of a former dream  
But half-forgotten in the stream  
Of years; now no longer confused  
He saw where stood the useless waste  
A school of vast import and state.

—Margaret E. Larsen