

Finding Robert

By Glenn Currier

I search the halls and they are empty.

But I hear echoes from the past
elevator bells, animated talking
shouts of joy for tests they passed
shoes shuffling and quickly walking.

I search the halls and they are empty.

I'm looking for friends who were there
for those strong and energetic souls -
wish I could hear Hamm loudly swear
and just once more the stories he sowed.

I search the halls and they are empty.

No more faculty and students huddled
arguing ideas large and small
he with a student who was troubled
lifting him from another fall.

I search the halls and thought them empty.

But turned the pages and I found them
celebrating love and life and friends
they were gathered all around him
joking, laughing, crying, and remembering when.

Now the hall's not empty but full of Robert's strong spirit.

Yes, at times I think of Camelot
and those deep and noble days
but I've found Robert resting in his Mount Pleasant spot
and now remember his grin, his laugh, and a soul worthy of praise.

Glenn Currier

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