

A Tour of Kenyon College

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

As your soles connect with the soul,
The ground beneath you cracks with each shift of your weight.
The soul tracks your movement across its home.
You walk towards the apse, through the pews
face each other,
Staring, as you walk down the red aisle
They are worn like a hiker's boot,
Scratches, dents, stains,
Dust
The chamber allows light only to be carried by the chamber within you,
And the windows that line the walls, that filter
For vibrancy, for pureness, for love
Is what the brightest window is labeled.
The love is illustrated like my childhood's fairytales,
The f's and s's and y's all sliding and dancing across the walls with
florals protecting the verses
The bird watches over the throne, the exception to the
Art, art, life, love
Found through the windows.
The rich, dark logs reach down the ceiling as if beckoning your soul
from the sky
You may think you feel the shadows of movements of people like a
Long exposure photograph
The echoes of speech and song but it is more
Still
Some pews are special, with cushions, and books, and love,
But others are cold, rigid, and dusty as if
They up and left and never looked back
The church is yours, the last person sitting in the back row of pews,
Hear the echoes of your entwined soul and spirit,
Even the exit sign invites you to your fairytale dream.

GUND GALLERY

Here, windows are still, features for art and love and life and
They frame the floor as the light
Streams in over the tall shadows of steel and wood and glass and
It feels like you are a movement in a live portrait in a frame of chevrons and dashes and
slashes.
Goat, person
Invites you in as if touched by Newton's antithesis,
The goat hugged

so soft, floating in their grip
Climb up the stairs as your bones line up and up and up and
From above, its like you now sit the throne, the three walls of windows empty above the pattern,
To find you an uninhibited, exposed view of all that may be yours.

BETWEEN THE LIBRARY AND THE GALLERY

Now explore your lands,
The dead trees, small trees, green trees
The metal trees adorned with half-teared posters of life
Admire the stone paths and emerald cities and
Steel structure or modern statue or whatever your reality may manifest it as,
Towering over your grandmother's house on the right of the path
Where you stand may lead you to enjoy
Mixed-medium realities of your past and future.

SAMUEL MATHER HALL

But the study of time must be accompanied by
the study of your interpretations of the passing of time in your mind,
The stomping grounds of this stone anchor of the sciences
Each stone and window serves you a platter with reality #x,
The grainy, storied feel filling your belly.

THE MUSHROOMS

Return back across your throne, the shadows and lights between the leaves above following
you as you
dive into the green carpet until you
Find coffee-stain colored fungi clustered like cafeteria tables.
Fanning out as they grow with the biggest housing a pond like
Koi fish, but instead ants crawl curiously to the water,
An offering to you.
They have wrinkles and folds and breaks
Like human skin
But rings of darkened color
Like the stumps of old trees.
And their backs are pages of books, folded and stained like your mother's morning book with
coffee
Next to the pond, the next shroom has been altered,
Someone like you has vandalized,
a rock filling it, pushing the life out of the folds
Before you leave,
See the mushrooms that have been picked
from their dwellings.
but the pickers didn't want them, so they lay there, dormant, unable to move,
but so near to their home.