

Alas,

when you left Sackville you took along
a little touch of Mount Allison we put
upon your soul.

It went with you out into the world,
working, loving, swallowed up in life.
You feel it now and then.

A kind of swan pond thing, wind
on the marsh, Mel's Tearoom.

A mind of your own, awakened.

Left us with a problem.

Other people need that little touch as
well.

Mount Allison is a perennial, each year
blossoming, same roots,
different flowers.

Still growing, teaching that critical
thinking, dreaming, hopeful mantra,
open eyes, still wind in the marsh
and someone falling in the swan
pond.

We keep trying to replace you.

Alas, every few years they leave us
too.

Builders, questioners, poets, painters,
minds as broad as Tantramar.

Each with that precious pinch of
character to bring out on difficult
days.

So think of us.

And how the world needs more

Mount Allison thinkers.

And when you feel that little touch of
pride again,
send money.