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Image 3

Lishan Desta

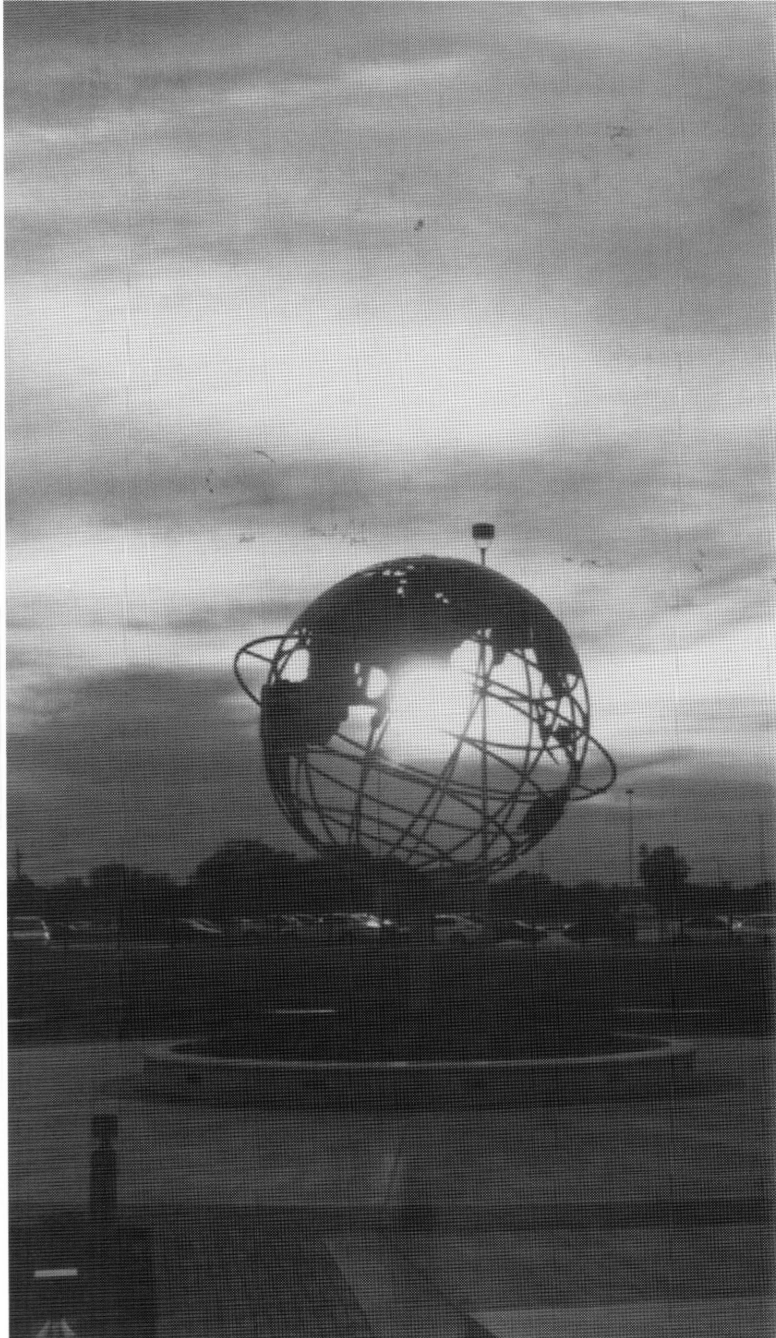
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Collin College

LISHAN DESTA

Because you hold aloft
The candle of wisdom---
Kindled and blazing bright
In your uplifted hand,

That you raise your voice, calling
“Ye children of near and far-flung lands,
Ye masses of youth, thirsty for knowledge,
Come unto me! Let me slake your thirst,
Feed you from my fountain breast.”

Hearing your call, they rush...
Flowing to your gates,
They crowd you, these from,
the teeming of Asia,
the depths of Africa,
the coasts of Latina,
the metropolises of Europe, and
the islands of the seas...

They come to you from,
the heights of the Himalayas,
the slopes of the Andes,
the ridges of the Atlas,
the foothills of the Kilimanjaro,
the Plateau of the Futa Jallo...

IMAGE 3 LISHAN DESTA

They come, crossing...
 the Danube, the Volga,
 the Nile, the Volta,
 the Amazon, the Mekong Delta...

They come to you, these decedents of
 the Aztec, Inca, Maya,
 the Berber, Arab, Habasha.
 the Han, Mongol, Elamite,
 the Tartar, Cossack, Edomite.
 the Saxon, Celtic, Spaniard...
 Ancient blood flowing in their veins,
 Past glory shimmering on each face.

These sons and daughters of the ...
 Arab, Hindu, Bengali,
 Yoruba, Hausa, Fulani,
 Malay, Thai, Punjabi.
 Chinese, Vietnam, Cambodia,
 Brazil, Mexico, Colombia...

These sons and daughters of the ancient lines
 They carry creeds of their fathers to your gates,
 Sikhs, Hindus, Buddhists,
 Jew, Christians, Muslims,
 Bahia, Druids, assortment of faiths...
 which all these you nestle under your wings.

These multitudes gathered to your fold,
 You shape them, you form them - as arrows
 crafting them at the hands of the masters
 who faithful to sacred duty, labor they,
 to finish them as deadly darts
 that will pierce the darkness.

And these young, as they rush to the masters' classes
 brushing shoulders with your natives
 they co-mingle mother tongues
 English, Chinese,
 Hindi, Vietnamese.
 Urdu, Bengali,
 Farsi, Afghani,
 Yoruba, Fulani.
 French, Arabic,
 Spanish, Amharic...



It is in you, Collin, the symphony of nations
 that plays out day and night in your hallways...
 making you the veritable melting pot,
 that harmonize hues of color,
 differences to blur...
 that would have exploded otherwise.