

Untitled

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The valley is pure and forever
stretching out around me. The hills are
covered by swaying grasses with
undulating patches of brown earth
and occasional white caps of stone.
A brook rushes softly beneath the
sharp horizon flowing away from

the building squatting on the northern
slope. Thrusting its three-fold declaration
into the air the white siding gleams
in the sun a brightness that blinds
my eyes and leaves no shadows, while inside
all is dark and hard to define