

"Peace be with you, and unto this place, unto this monument, and unto all who come to visit it . . ."

Dr. Phillip Sterling, Professor of Languages and Literature in the College of Arts and Sciences, remarked at the September 18, 2002 dedication ceremony featuring the Pharaoh's Obelisk: "It seems appropriate that such a provision is made in a public place for poetry and inspiration to be centered around an obelisk, a monument to human endeavor and triumph. May this Circle of Inspiration serve as a kind of open air temple, a place of safety and comfort. May it bond us to the possibilities for poetry, for magic, and for peace. May it provide for all who pause here a portal, the deep heart's core."

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats
Irish, 1865-1939

Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
American, 1850-1919