

## Class Poet Poem

By Emily Bekesh '21



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Sleek stones slide beneath the surface of the water in gleaming revelry  
Ripples echo outwards from their impact, undulating in a silent melody

Making a mark on what was once still, was once blank

These vibrations combine to make waves that at first only kiss the bank

The first stretch after slumber, delicate stems reach up

A longing for growth, a natural occurrence but also a purpose

Mellow, cool, green, youth, nourished in a verdant valley

Characterized by their lows and demarcated with highs strived for in earnest

So far off did seem the finale

Hi ho, an early rise and a long day does await

Bask in the quiet, the stillness, the waiting for the day to come

But do not wait. Wake. Rise. Chase. Achieve.

Pursue the golden streaks that lead you across the sky so as to be a part of it

Instead of remaining idle. Participate. Communicate. Challenge. Engage.

For no man does tide nor time wait.

The firsts of lasts you hear them say

The confident stride has now become your gait

Full flap of a fowl's flight

Long leap of a lion's legs

Sing your song, now you march instead of stray

Now here you are, meeting the dawn of a new day