



## ACROSS THE MON

with a certain strained frequency  
we return to the heart  
of wherever we've been  
the best we can

we can stand at the bank  
of our personal Monongahela River  
see a great city  
and seek ourselves, in vain

the streets we walked  
our Ruskin Avenue, the number  
67 bus, the cafeterias  
all empty of us

and our friends  
in love with every one of them  
the city our playground  
our workspace, a stage

oh we were eager  
crowding the gray hallways  
our faces pressed to the glass  
so eager, blind as bats

now we live in other cities  
different cities, some very far away  
but none too far to hear our singing  
we are still singing

—Chuck Joy (MD '78)

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