

Ode to The Chippewa Campus Bridge

UWEC '80's Winter Edition

We scurried across as students hundreds of times.
Ice cracks, pops, and booms below - spiking shivers.
Winds whip and whirl. Let's just get off this god-forsaken bridge!
To class, to Water Street, alas to home – finally.
A rite of passage. A right of way.

Can't wait to join everyone in Davies.
Like the tide we gather without a thought. Drawn by a social gravity.

Standards:

The Journal Sentinel green sheet – daily crossword,
uproarious laughter, notebooks out as if to study,
weekend planning, teasing, the heavy aroma of Polo,
Chapstick passed to fight winter.

All a-buzz with a dozen or more of us squeezed tightly around a table –
always room for one more,
jackets and gloves stuffed only to fall aside.

One. Two. A few more blitz off to class - the rest remain a while longer.

The familiar pattern rolls on day in and day out.

Missing a day leaves a void – hopefully tomorrow.

Back over the Chipp. Popping ice. Numb cheeks. Muffled voices.
Back to home, to the weekend... done at The Reserve for today.

Carol B. Stafne

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