

SPORI BUILDING, RICKS COLLEGE, 1903-2000

Donnell Hunter—Department of English, Retired

When you tear down an old building,
what happens to the stories inside?
What happens to memories strangers hold
who met one night, both alone? Stones watched them
come, one through the front, one through the back.
He paused to look at paintings in the hall.
She had twenty minutes before class.
They started at opposite ends
of the gallery, one painting at a time.
Neither had much to say about art,
but when they met half way, the silence
was too awkward to maintain. The talk
didn't get much beyond, "Where are you from?"
The wind they came out of and the snow
died down. Inside, both felt warm. Winter held
off until the clock ticked time for class.
If after class they met again, if
from that winter night a friendship
began, the stones don't say, and now they lie
in rubble. Where have the stories gone?