

APPENDIX "A"

The Round

With enough wind in our faces
to feel the bite of a January day,

we circle each other in a wheel.
Skate blades sign our names in ice.

This signals when a work of art
is enjoyed, ready, the net result

of long patience, absurd dreams,
practical solutions, and daring ideas.

To say we live in circles is absurd,
yet on sunlit days in mid-September

as we share the fruits of our gardens,
or in the Rotunda as we sing carols,

we can see ourselves reflected,
one city framed in the round.

By: Dr. Bruce Meyer