Song of the Maples

For Goshen College, on the occasion of the inauguration of Dr. Rebecca J. Stoltzfus as the 18th president

Our seeds have wings the wind propels. See how each leaf

unfolds, its map of roads radiating outward. We stretch

toward light yet trust the dark from which we sprout, the rich

earth we clutch and query. What we reach for feeds us,

becomes love conveyed in concentric circles

swelling from the heartwood. Music flows through the flutes

of our veins. Give us this day a cote of doves, a parliament

of owls and for a crown, a thousand green prayer flags

shimmering in the rain, burning red or gold as we bow.



Shair Wagner

Shari Wagner