

A Sonnet to Hume Hall

by Caroline Swain

How can you measure a year in Hume Hall?

With eleven goodbyes when the time came,

or ten friends who made a big school feel small?

With nine nights spent learning a new board game

or eight nights cheering for Hume's softball team?

With seven lunch catch-ups with my R.A.

or six runs to Chomp It for some ice cream?

With five Buttercup hugs brightening my day

or four coffees to help me stay awake

while studying with three friends after eight?

With two suitemates surprising me with cake

or the first night I laughed with my roommate?

To me, the most amazing part of all

Was I not once felt lonely in Hume Hall.