FIND YOUR

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SPOKEN WORD POEM WRITTEN & PERFORMED LIVE: **POET, KENNETH WOODS** STAGE NAME, KENNYFRESH

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Artwork Photographed Pg.3 Created by the Late, Glass Artist, <u>Stephen Rolfe Powell</u>

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IN COLLABORATION WITH: CENTRE COLLEGE OFFICE OF DIVERSITY & INCLUSION



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WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE EUPHORIA OF ORIENTATION WEARS OFF? WHEN THE DOSE OF DOPAMINE THAT ACCOMPANIES THE ARRIVAL OF A NEW SCENE DISSIPATES? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE PANGEA OF THE STUDENT BODY BEGINS TO EXPERIENCE CONTINENTAL DRIFT? AND STUDENTS BECOME ISLANDS AMONGST THEMSELVES... WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN LIFE TRIES TO KNOCK YOU OFF BALANCE AND YOU'RE UP AGAINST AN INSURMOUNTABLE CHALLENGE?

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND FIND YOUR CENTRE.

CENTRE LIKE GRAVITY, WHERE WHEN FULLY SUPPORTED YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STAND. BUT WHEN THEM COLUMNS AND BEAMS ARE LACKING, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. TUMPED OVER, GOT YOU FEELING LIKE THIS AIN'T YOUR SPACE, YOU HAVE NO PLACE, SO YOUR BEST BET IS TO TRANSFER ELSEWHERE AND START OVER. CENTRE, LIKE THE OVERLAPPING CIRCLES OF VENN'S DIAGRAM, WHERE THE QUESTION IS: WHAT DO YOU AND OTHERS HAVE IN COMMON?

ONLY WAY YOU'LL FIND OUT, IS IF YOU MEET IN THE MIDDLE.

SOMETIMES, YOU AND OTHER PEOPLE DON'T CLICK. SOME PERSONALITIES WILL CLASH AND GROUPS WON'T ALWAYS MIX. YOU GON MEET SOME FOLK ON CAMPUS THAT'LL MAKE YOU WONDER WHERE'S THEIR "OFF" SWITCH.

COMMUNITY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

IT CAN EXIST OUTSIDE OR WITHIN A STUDENT ORGANIZATION, YOU CAN'T CONFINE IT. SOMETIMES IT'S BEYOND WORDS, NO WAY TO DEFINE IT. MORE URGENT THAN ANY ASSIGNMENT. YOU'LL JUST KNOW WHEN IT FEELS RIGHT. MAY YOUR CORE CENTRE BE THE WI-FI THAT CONNECTS YOU. MAY IT BE PASSWORD PROTECTED, YOUR CENTRE IS YOUR HEARTBEAT, DO YOUR BEST TO PROTECT IT. LET THE ENTRY BE ENCRYPTED, SO WHEN ASKED BY OUTSIDERS YOUR ANSWERS ARE CRYPTIC.

THEY SAY

COLLEGE IS WHERE YOU'LL MAKE LIFELONG CONNECTIONS, BUT HOW CAN THAT HAPPEN WHEN YOU AIN'T PLUGGED IN? MAYBE YOU'RE THE SPARK THAT LIGHTS UP SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES. THE CONDUIT FOR INSPIRATION TO FLOW THROUGH. MAYBE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CARVE OUT THE SPACE FOR OTHERS TO WALK THROUGH.

"YOU DON'T BELONG HERE."

WHETHER WHISPERED IN THE INNERMOST PARTS OF YOUR PSYCHE, OR THE SHOCK FOLKS HAVE THAT YOU ARE HERE TO STAY AND NOT JUST SIGHTSEE, THEM FOUR WORDS ARE THE FURTHEST FROM THE TRUTH. DON'T LET THOSE FIVE SYLLABLES BE THE SYLLABUS FOR YOUR LIFE'S CURRICULUM.

YOUR CENTRE IS WHERE YOU CAN BE YOU, UNAPOLOGETICALLY.

IT'S A FORETASTE, SO DON'T FORSAKE FORGING FELLOWSHIPS THAT AIN'T FORCED. BECAUSE, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT THEM FOUR YEARS DONE FLOWN SOUTH FOR THE SEASON AND YOU HAVE NO COMMUNITY TO SHOW FOR IT. IT'S HARD TO EAT FRUIT FROM A GARDEN YOU NEVER TENDED.

YOUR TRIBE Is waiting for you to arrive.

DON'T TIME TRAVEL BACK TO THIS MOMENT AND REALIZE All you did Was survive.

MADE IT OUT OF AN INSTITUTION ALIVE WITHOUT BEING INSTITUTIONALIZED.

IT IS WHAT IT IS AND WHAT AIN'T... AIN'T WHAT IT IS. HERE YOU CAN LET YOUR HAIR DOWN, LEAVE THE KING'S ENGLISH AT THE DOOR AND SLIP INTO THE SOOTHING SOUNDS OF YOUR NATIVE TONGUE. IT'S SAFE HERE, AND AIN'T THAT WHAT WE ALL WANT?

A SPACE Where we can feel Seen and heard.

STRAGGLERS GET PICKED OFF, BUT THERE'S PROTECTION IN THE HERD. WE GO FROM STRANGERS TO FAMILIAR TO FAMILÍA. DON'T LET YOUR HEART GET HARDENED, CUZ YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW, AND COMMUNITY'S THE HARVEST. NOW, YOU'RE SURROUNDED.

YOU'VE BEEN ON A PILGRIMAGE TO FIND YOUR CENTRE. LOOK AROUND. SEEMS LIKE YOU FOUND IT.

