I had hoped, against hope, against hope…
By Micheal Nelle

I had hoped, against hope, against hope, that this would ne’er happen once more,
Yet here I stand again as life and time, were taken from their store;
Another aggie has joined the roll call, and well before their time,
But this one was still a student, preparing to cross the line;
They’d already earned their Aggie Ring, and stood a senior proud,
They stood on the cusp of a beautiful life, the loudest of the loud;
But before they crossed the golden bridge, the dark one saw it fit,
To swoop in and ruin their life; yea, every single bit;
And so, without having even begun to claim their full number of days,
Another student has lost their life, a price too early paid;
The funeral has long since passed, the family continues to grieve,
And yet, somehow, the spirit lingers here, seeking a reprieve;
It wanders the campus aimlessly, reliving their days enrolled,
Their classes, their fondest memories, and encounters still untold;
The students still here also remember their comrade they held dear,
“Thy name will be called at muster; comrade will answer ‘here’.”
But until then, to honor thee, another funeral begins,
Not to grieve, but to remember you, before the community was thinned;
And so, as lights go down, and torches light the way,
We gather to remember one of our own, before they’d come of age;
Amidst the silent gathering, the rifles crack the night,
A 21 gun salute, recollecting the final fight;
As arms are presented, I hear the bugles call,
To the north, south, and west, I hear the sad notes fall;
And thus, with silence reverent, a verse is now renewed,
“We are the Aggies, the Aggies are we;” a family, thru and thru;
Now we return in silence; not a student claps,
Let us celebrate by continuing on, following Silver Taps.

Sunset by Colten Tenery