

Student Leadership Council Introductory Poem “Heirlooms” by Rosadry Rios

I had seen the emblem of a compass upon my arrival.
Guidance to the stars of our future we entrust in a new ascending spiral.

Preparation of a dedicated, altruistic servant upon a summer’s day,
Will utmostly blossom its noble fruits upon the month of May.
Nobility is painted patriotically Green’—Prosper.
The Sun of the day’—Teacher.

May it be your voice to experience the mutuality.
May it be your ears to heed the metamorphosis of humanity.

From a student to a mentor, reflection is seen through the looking glass held by many.
Generational transfiguration we now present you, for we do not bury.

“Thank you for your service,” I had once been told,
Now remembrance of their endeavors I employ you the compass of that mold.

Embrace the compass into your aspirations.
For the treasure does not turn to erosions.
Capacity of your momentum exceeds the stars.

This is what we had inaugurate.
For this is what we will all commemorate.