

The people we meet in life are guests within our
hearts like guests in a hotel:
Acquaintances are just passing through;
Friends are seasonal visitors;
But the ones we love, move in and settle down
for the duration

People I've Been, Places I've Met

We rush, scurry and scamper about,
On the Road to There, we try to make out.
There is no map, there are no signs.
There are no freeways, no double yellow lines.
A hairpin here, a detour there;
We continue on the Road to There.
Some seek the structure, for its proven existence.
While others freewheel it, on their own insis-
tence.
Always charging, wheels a spinning;
Some are losing, is anyone winning?
The Road to There. Should we step back
and take a look?
Or just put on the blinders, and really book.
The Road to There. The most traveled highway.
We are each the only ones who have chosen
“my way.”

Seth O. Stark

There are many kingdoms in the world,
but this is the only one you have true
sovereignty over.
Some choose to rule it by being attentive
to all the land,
while others lavish praise and attention on one
specific sector.
No one else has a right to invade,
that is a divine understanding.
Yet when the invasion of another is committed,
society often treats the victim as the guilty na-
tion.
Nations and individuals must have a respect for
boundaries,
violators must not be condoned.
The kingdom of the body is our primary property.

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