

Temple of Growth

A poem to Geisel Library, constructed by William Pereira

Written by Roberto Mosqueda

Having seen what I could of this landmark
Looming atop the peak of the highest floor
On this jewel-shaped center-piece
I can't help feel but accomplished
Overlooking the future generations down below,
Future generations from all walks of life coming here,
All immortalized in endless rows of glass,
The Skaters swerve dodging from colliding into the glass walls
Seeing Self-riding scooters rocketing toward the entranceways
Though the journey was done
"Another look wouldn't hurt," I thought.

Mellow rays poured in bouncing off a flat table
Turning to face one side of the lofty glass walls
Trickling their time away in tranquility studying.
Truly not a peep emitted from the visitors
The stillness of background noise
Feint burrs of currents slowly ticking my spine
A compact futuristic suite of cool blues and neutral tones
The final realm beckons me to take a look around at its design
The pinnacle for transcending up the previous seven realms.

It is worth it to succeed in a feat many would feel overwhelmed to do
Though the elevator is a comfortable choice to transfer from one realm to another,
The only thing to marvel at in the elevator is cold metal doors and a miniature map.

At any point, I can always push for an elevator, but I do not.
My chest beats like a drum making my way through the stairs,
My Legs feel they could give in if I continued moving for a minute more.

Great works of history can be found in this house of literature.

The great minds of Langston Hughes, Emma Lazarus, Gertrude Stein.
And yet that's not all it offers.
Asian American history, there's a floor dedicated to it
Ancient Native American tribes, there's a floor dedicated to it
History of Religions throughout the world, there's a floor dedicated to it
Altas of the world through eras of human life, there's a floor dedicated to it.
History of written language, there's a floor dedicated to it.
Every realm is packed with cascading shelves of literature.

There is never a section in which your reflection is not captured by the structure.
No matter where in each realm I walk, there are always clear glass walls.
Wandering around I find scattered study rooms compact for one or grand for a party.
Graffitied whiteboards sharing creativity, or elaborate step-by-step mathematic equations.
The passed-out students dream away in their cushioned seats.
I catch myself in awe seeing the small contributions made by my peers within the realms.
If lucky enough you might hear students inside the upper realms straining over the next exam.
With each radial floor, is free wide range to roam around at what it offers.
The realms gradually shrink with each painstaking climb up the coiled stairs.
There's always that satisfaction, twisting and clanking new doors to peek inside.

May I mention there is no true third realm? At least, not an interior one far as I have seen.
Though locked off once you enter, it's always accessible when you leave.
Those rustling trees and greens outside, the humble statue of the immortal Dr. Seuss outside.
In reality, most students have already experienced the magic of a realm before walking in.
The rambunctious chatter and laughter of visitors echo below these coiling stairs.
The beauty of the experience is freedom of choice.
There is no wrong way of moving about.
The elevator can be a convenient one-way time saver.
The stairs offer rewards to those who make the effort to ascend.
Spiraling upwards to the peak of this structure certainly is no easy feat.
Something I recurringly think of the further I went upwards,

This floor is only a percentage of what lies ahead for students,
It truly is a jack of all trades.
A stage to witness a marathon junkie jog laps beckoning onlookers to join
A common space to sneak in your plentiful goods and beverages, if you dare,
A cafe to grab a nice cup of coffee with your snacks,
A hotspot to supercharge you and your devices back to life,
A taste of treasures obtained from generational intellectuals,
A labyrinth of turns and corners.
A comfortable pick to unwind and wander.
The second floor is a suitable hub for students to get a feel for their adventure.

This is the start for many as official students of the campus
Some discoveries still lie invisible to untrained eyes.
A single doorway of colorful glass
Food for thoughts displayed on top of the entrance doors
The beginning starts in a row of mirrors
Eight realms, limitless possibilities
An intricate mass of paths ways built in a radial floor structure
A Bearer of great knowledge
A Larger than life structure
Holding a distinct, ziggurat shaped jewel piece
A grand temple forged of glass and concrete
Standing the test of time through generations
Overlooking a Star across the east
Home to a colossal snake slithering atop a hill
Surrounded in a lush of life and greens
Stands a spectacle
Deep in the center of UCSD