

## **An ode to Ian Jack**

Your eyes are finally asleep,  
they have time to  
watch  
a thousand memories on repeat.  
Sandstone walls that stood  
steadfast  
as time ceaselessly passed.  
Faces of people came and went  
with dreams not bound by  
such mortal things as tax  
returns  
and health concerns.  
Unbridled youth never left you.  
It couldn't.  
Not when the corridors were insulated with mirth  
and the chapel howled with birth.  
You can rest at ease  
knowing that your spirit  
drifts in and out of different worlds  
like smoke creeping under a  
door frame.  
The pleasant knowledge that you  
are not forgotten and forever here,  
in the halls of St Andrews College.