

Poem on the Occasion of the Investiture of  
Rodolfo Arévalo, 25<sup>th</sup> President,  
Eastern Washington University  
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### **Where the Possible is Near**

We have arrived in our thousand different ways,  
We will leave to our thousand different destinations,  
But for this moment we stand and happily as one.

Let this hour be to good purpose, that it push us  
In our thousand directions well-served, full  
Because of this good, which is simple enough:

Gathering in troubled times is a grace,  
A time in which all of us are moved to go forward,  
To do what this day will ask of us.

I know this man next to me only a little, but we are not  
Strangers. Who wants the same things I want,  
He is some part of me. Who eats the same bread,

Who wants the good that I want: I know him.  
Do good, we say, champion what is right—  
That is why we are here gathered to help.

Keep open the doors of a university,  
And you will have closed the doors of a prison.  
What we do matters, and who we let speak for us

Matters. We are cousins by intent, if not family.  
We are siblings by effort, if not upbringing.  
We are, in a word, each other, all of us here today.

What remains is the covenant of a confluent moment,  
An hour in which we see the Possible as the Near,  
Close enough to make it our own.

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