

*Like Alice's tea party, where madness meets grace,  
We gather round tables in this learning space,  
Cups brimming with stories from far-away lands,  
Ancient rituals poured through modern hands.*

*"Who are you?" asked the Caterpillar, perched high  
As we wrestle with words and meanings that fly,  
Through cultural mazes and wonderland dreams,  
Where nothing is quite like it initially seems*

*The Queen shouts, "Off with their heads!" but we know  
Minds must stay free for wisdom to grow,  
In this home away from home we've found,  
Where humanity's questions tumble round and round.*

*Like Alice who challenged the cards as they fell,  
We question the stories that old textbook history tells,  
In the margins and spaces between black and white,  
We paint our own worlds, bring shadows to light.*

*Through looking glass windows of humanities halls,  
We chase the white rabbit through academic walls,  
For we're all mad here, in our quest to be free,  
Where wonder binds all possibility.*

*Michelle T.*