



On Linda's Leaving

Students will still roam the halls
of Hedrick, textbooks flapping,
Smart Phones clanging.

Hapless faculty will still peer
through the glass doors,
hoping you'll float them a life raft.

Presidents will still perch at your desk,
clueless, waiting for tips on diplomacy,
the elusive name of a Trustee's child.

Your chair will always stay empty.
If some upstart replacement tries to sit there,
we will not see him.

We will never stop
straining toward the office shadows,
still trying to find you.

Janice Fuller