

Last fall, Dean Manning requested weekly COVID updates from each department, so I tried to include a COVID-related poetic parody with each report. Here's one example.

Because we could not stop for COVID –

It kindly stopped for us –
The Emails held but just Reports –
And options to Discuss.

I slowly typed – It knew no haste
But I ramped up
My labor and responses too,
For Its Ongoing Fuss –

It hit the School, where Students gathered
On Weekends – in The Pickle –
It hit the Fields of Owen Park –
It hit the Schofield Quad –

Or rather – We hit it –
The SARS drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, our PPE –
Our Flight Plan – only Tulle –

It paused before a Hall that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Dean's Suite scarcely occupied –
The Classrooms – not a Sound –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Students' Masks
Were only on Halfway –

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