

## What Remains

You rose to cardinal song from a maple tree,  
Stepped into flip-flops, grabbed a shave kit,  
And shuffled drowsily past gray, robed mentors  
In the hallway, bound for the shower lottery.

*When Tuesday came the world stepped in, but  
There were greens and blues you never saw before.*

The welcome bell pulled you from a fresh-lit fire  
To smells of coffee, Cheerios, bacon, and eggs,  
With raspy voices recounting last night's search for  
Karaoke, fried asparagus, and Bloom's Taxonomy.

In a garden seeded by tycoons and visionaries  
You helped a band of strangers draw close,  
Respecting both deep experience and fresh eyes.  
Were you ever somewhere else? It's hard to say.

*When Tuesday came the world stepped in, but  
There were greens and blues you never saw before.*

A breath of Michigan nudged you down the beach  
As your mind sorted jumbled gems of practice  
Shared by a hundred ivory tower fugitives in hoodies  
And sneakers, proudly getting pumped about learning.

After grappling with the quest for strength,  
You watched fresh faces reflect a rainbow sunset,  
Commiserated deep into the night on a lumpy couch,  
Then finally rested in the palm of His hand.

*When Tuesday came the world stepped in, but  
There were greens and blues you never saw before.*

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Chris Clark, May 2016  
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In honor of Mel George (1936-2016)