

The King is Naked

I met someone the other day
who had it made in ibid-land,
spot that most would sell their souls
to have and hold. Not her.
She turned her back on tenure's rights
for views that others feared to hear,
views not far removed from mine
with one important difference.
She took them from the closet.

Now free-lance scholar-writer-teacher,
free to search and do those things
that by conviction count for her.
The cost's been high in coin,
but settled peace in being free
that most work hard to find.
Chained to rules no longer questioned,
discovering in the end the price
is far beyond the pallid gifts attained.

Odd how one who has her act together
stirs up dormancies inside.
May the kings of ibid-land wake up
Make room for her from time to time
to show us for the clones we are.
Let her loose, the curve be damned,
to bring perspectives of a different kind
as rich as those within the hive.
She's got what students want and need:
air and light and willow bending
from outside.

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