Am I one of the instructors
*To Be Announced?*
I remember past semesters
Waiting anxiously--
No, I don't mean *eagerly.*
I *do* mean *anxiously*--
Waiting anxiously
*To Be Asked,*
*To Be Accepted,*
*To Be Allowed*
to work much too hard
for far too little money.

I was expected
*To Be Available*
At a moment's notice,
*To Be Armed* With syllabus, lesson plans,
Maybe my own materials,
*To Be Able*
To hit the ground running.
I remember when I began
*To Be Aware*
Of how much time it actually took
To prepare for a part-time job.

I longed
*To Be Actually*
What I was in name:
A Lecturer--
One who showed up occasionally
And said brilliant things,
Or at least interesting things,
And left empty-handed,
Without papers to grade,
Projects to evaluate,
Or plans for final exams.

I began to tire
Of colleagues who tried
  To Be Amiable,
But only made me more aware
Of how ridiculous my situation was:
  Of students who expected
    To Be Amused,
    Having no notion
Of self-motivated scholarship.
  I decided
  That I no longer wanted
    To Be Amiable
    or Amusing.
  I wanted
    To Be Appreciated.

  I began
    To Be Assiduous
  In perusing the want ads,
    To Be Audacious
  In pursuing even tenuous connections
  With people who might provide employment,
    To Be Attuned
  To important information
  That would prove beneficial.

  Now I am thrilled
    To Be Announcing
  That I am in a better place,
    A much better place,
  A place where I expect
    To Be Asked
  Instead of ordered;
    To Be Applauded
  Instead of scrutinized;
    To Be Appreciated
  Instead of ignored.
  Consequently,
When the new semester begins
  At the august institution
  Where I was formerly employed,
  I am planning
    To Be Absent.