



Warner, S. (2002). T B A. *Workplace*, 8, 33-34.

- T B A -

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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.