



First Day of Hybrid Teaching

Suzette Bishop, PhD

Texas A&M International University, Retired

Hello! *ello!*

Where are you? *are you?*

Me and the one student in our cavernous
Florescentized and sanitized classroom,

Welcome you,

All the squares and rectangles and

Curving rows, welcome you.

I have a memory of teaching in this room,

Packed, a student's skateboard propped up

Near the door—

i'm seeing a black screen

me too

Let me describe our classroom, then,

There's a green exit sign

And a green rag to wipe off the looming dry-erase board,

Flung and dropped,

A memory of the flourish to reveal the trick--

i can't hear you can anyone hear her????

And the door opens to lush hot dryness

And green jays flickering the same neon green,

Swerving toward my windshield.

i saw the picture move

The one student present is standing to leave,

His chair leg is tangling in his backpack straps!

The chair is attacking his side

Like an octopus!

He is flinging it off,
The chair is tumbling down the stairs,
It's echoing,

Can you hear it?