

# Life Science, 101

*by Janet Renard*

Dear little man,  
(shorter than even I without my heels),  
I anticipate your strolling in,  
hugging under one crooked arm a time  
beaten notebook and under the other arm  
the plastic Euglena,  
with your polyester coat, buttoned over an  
equally polyester midnight blue shirt,  
and polished earth shoes.

Myopia, sir, afflicts you  
behind those thick horned rims.

Your lecture, sir, is excellent,  
breathtaking,  
about the origin of life,  
about our cute lovable cells,  
about the destinies of maple molds and men.  
But someone in the back row giggles.

Pardon me, sir, but you've  
held class overtime.  
Yes, sir,  
it's already 1981.