

Poetry & Education

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The Professor of Nothing

He wakes at dawn with an idea
from a dream since evaporated
like steam on the bathroom mirror.

The lecture he prepared over fifteen hours
of intense indifference is over.
The theorem has mastered itself.

He takes his empty briefcase
in hand and heads to the conference room
for a muffin. He picks
out the raisins, and with a nostalgic pang
remembers that he likes raisins.

If he has a wife, she has a classical name.
He will move mountains
in his spare time to find her, once the conclusions
are forfeited and he can sabbatical
with the elements.