

## Can you hear me?

My classroom, unrecognisable  
A small selection of faces,  
The rest of our school community in a variety of places.

The little logo replacing you all on the screen,  
With laptops, microphones – these barriers between.

'I'm just going to share my screen' crescendos down the corridor  
Can you see that? Silence. CAN YOU SEE THAT – I roar.

I can reassure you it just isn't the same,  
This ever changing environment with nowhere to place blame.

We pull together. Keep our distance. Ensure we keep everyone safe,  
Spending time with our families, most of us embrace.

Can you hear me? I repeat, can you hear me, are you there?  
Me, sat here, just about coping. Despair.

A hand up. Yes, a contribution to the lesson at last.  
Miss – we can't hear you. Tragedy. Whilst my face is broadcast.

'Unplug it miss'. Plug it back in blares out of my speaker.  
Is this what it is now: being a teacher?

And that is just it! Those logos don't replace  
the contact, the humour, your characters, your face.

That famous song: We'll meet again,  
Repeating again and again, inside my brain!

In a flash the lesson is over. The screen blank. Gone.  
Sometimes students in my classroom. Often there are none.

Lockdown. Another lockdown, another lockdown we are instructed,  
One day you WILL return to the new school that we've constructed.

This will one day be a distant memory: 2020 and 21,  
and we will retell the story to those who are young.

For now, carry on, and know that we will be waiting-  
For the day that normality resumes. Eager and exciting.



