Tutorial Time

by John Ranahan

The wall clock measures the room

reflecting green light that floods downhill

through large glass windows.

The air-con cools the papered

hall-windows -- privacy for the reluctant.

Cornered at the long table, the tutors

do busy work, poetry and math,

scribbling on blank sheets spread

across the surface.

From a text on Electrical Circuits,

Francisca explains the outlets

pumping juice to the four HP units.

She types her daily guide to College

Mathematics for Technology.

Idle, I sit, prepping notes on Frost,

beneath persistent red marker that

fades into the erased white-board,

Cool fluorescents brighten the nook—

we wait for names for the records book.

Francisca saves her work on an HP,

with Intel Inside. Done.

The Cannon shoots its quiet copies.

We share pistachios and cola and wait.

A fifteen inch world tilts forlornly,

its equator striped from Quito to Belem,

wanting yet another whirl.

The clock keeps its watch.