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We are all vulnerable in a room.
Me with some expertise.
You with expectations.
I stand you sit.
Hoping my body wont let me down.
Undermine my benign authority.
I scan your faces.
For contact.
For comprehension.
For some collegiate exchange.
Sometimes you may not comprehend.
You may be defensive.
But maybe I haven't been clear enough.
We are all vulnerable in a room.
Learning.
And sometimes we make contact.
Your figure to my ground.