

## **Ode to My Cubicle during the Coronavirus Pandemic**

I miss you, dear cubicle  
    with your cloth-covered walls  
Barely six feet in height  
    for no private phone calls

No room for my papers  
    no room for my books  
No way to hang pictures  
    without special-made hooks

The carpeted floors  
    muffle steps on the floor  
I jump out of my skin  
    when someone visits my door

With an overhead vent  
    spewing cold air at noon  
I must wrap up in blankets  
    like a cocoon

With no window to view  
    the wide world beyond  
Especially the rain  
    of which I'm so fond

But I've missed you, dear cubicle  
    over this month so long  
And the buzz of the office  
    a place I belong

A place to meet colleagues  
    with ideas great and small  
Interpreting history  
    and exhibiting it all

I'll be back soon, dear cubicle  
    don't give up on me yet  
Life will get back to normal,  
    on that you can bet!

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