**Rate My Professor: A Rebuttal**

M.B. McLatchey

Do not take her. She makes you

talk no matter where you sit.

 I greeted you at the door, another mother’s

 child delivered. You looked away as if a lamb

 had been slain. Your early sounds parsed, seeds

 seeking ground—then whole thoughts crowned.

Ridiculous grader. She actually reads

your work instead of the deserved A.

 So hard to put a score on this—this wrestling with

 your age. Rubrics hold out such promise—then fold,

 fade. Instead of systems: a new thought, like a starling

 transporting a golden bough, was what we praised.

I didn’t come here to read ancient epics, poems, plays.

Remind me again how this gets an engineer employed?

 Leaving Troy, Odysseus had one thing—*Ithaca*—in mind.

 The gods gave him their scales: slay the proud boy in you

 and die a king regaled. A cyclops, sirens, a bard spared among

 suitors to sing your tale. All of them pleading: *Set sail. Set sail.*