

Ode to the Student Database

by itsu

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains*
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk*
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains*
 I lost my access to the student database

Dismay no more, Agnes the dear soul
 Will look up everything you need
For she will take pity
 On you
And forfeit her own
 Responsibility

Or surrender your curiosity
 Renounce your urge to inquiry
Permanent address,
Mother's maiden name
Mailing address
Passport number
Sponsor information
Payment schedule
Student status and the like
Will presently have to wait
 For I shall not abase
Myself to beg for access
 To the student database

All good things pass, nothing gold can stay
 Seize the moment, carpe diem
For tomorrow's a requiem
 For paradise lost

Oh, the hours of joy I long for
 Back in the days
When I had access
 To the student database

*Lines borrowed from John Keats' Ode to a Nightingale