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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.