
IF

by Hal Greene

IF you can keep your administrative salary supplement when all about you
Other failed administrators are losing theirs after resigning their posts too,
If you can recuse yourself when the T&P margin is expected to be wide,
But make allowance by voting at a later stage to keep Duhon by your side;
If you can obfuscate and not be tired by obfuscating,
Or being called out about wearing all those bow ties,
Or being played, all the while continuing to do the playing,
And yet don't give up smoking, nor talk too much to Williams' spies:

If you can publish a little bit - and not make research your love;
If you can hold class - and not make teaching your aim;
If you can meet with Niroomand and Doty
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the denigrations you've spoken
Posted to the Internet by the Pride to make a point not token,
Or watch the under-the-table things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up on the backs of retread administrator tools:

If you can make one heap of all your un-earned merit raises
And risk it on one turn of 'pay off the boss',
And win, and add yet again to your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your double-cross;
If you can teach the younger colleagues and associates you knew
To serve your turn long after you have taken all from the cup,
And so hold on when you are at another school nearer the ocean blue
Except the Will which says to them: 'Man up!'

If you can charm your students, hiding your hubris with false virtue,
Or live in Canebrake - yet still feign the common touch,
if neither administrator nor superficial friends can hurt you,
If all good men despise you, but none too much;
If you can fill the three categories on the faculty eval form,
With five points each, while frolicking and having fun,
Yours is the PERS and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a dirty ol' CoB Man, my son!