

I wrote this poem at the beginning of Chancellor Denise Denton's reign, right after the event happened. It was the fall, 2004 I believe, and the hottest time in Santa Cruz. Global Warming and Peak Oil were in the news. Denton had called a meeting of chairs and other people whom she felt were "movers and shakers" from Science Hill. Most of the quotes are verbatim, or very close: the cash cow quote, and the Elfland quote. The vulture really came. It stared at us all in that meeting room. Denton committed suicide about two years after this event.

I still remember the chills coming up my arms and spine when that vulture sat down to watch us, and again when this poem came flowing out of me.