

Software Construction, Renovation,
& Maintenance

O Whiteboard! My Whiteboard!

Jim Ladd

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O Whiteboard! My Whiteboard!
Dusty and forlorn,
Left in the empty conference room,
Where ideas once were born.

The markers' bright promises,
Once danced across your face,
With remote work the new normal,
You're left behind, in a forgotten place.

Your gleaming white has dulled to gray,
A canvas lost to time,
Each smudge a silent testament,
To meetings of code and design.

O Whiteboard! My Whiteboard!
Where visions used to play,
Your surface holds the echoes,
Of discussions long away.

The eraser's touch no longer sweeps,
The symbols, bold and grand,
You bear the scars of permanent ink,
Stubborn and unmanned.

O Whiteboard! My Whiteboard!

In corridors so still,

Your patina frame, a hollowed place,

A witness to the will.

Yet in your dusty quiet,

A truth remains unsaid,

You hold the dreams and fervor,

Of the ideas that once were spread.

O Whiteboard! My Whiteboard!

Though left to time's embrace,

Your story lingers gently,

In your silent, faded grace.