
Silenced bodies in academics' lives

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bodies in
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#Counted Bodies, Bodies Counting

I count. . .

The papers ongoing,
The number of points,
The teaching hours remaining,
But also the months,
Till the next evaluation.

Will I get this revision,
Or this acceptance,
Before they take a decision
About how much I count?

I run but count,
I sleep but count,
I eat but count,
I wake up and count,
I dance but count,
I play with my kids but count,
Insomnia and I count. . .

I'm too tired to count,
Tired of this coercion.
My whole body feels this contention,
Should I say "*count tension*"?
Paralysed it is,
Can I still breathe?

My body counts,
I count on my body,
I act upon it,
Dirty care I inflict on it
To go through this shit,
Will it?

Full of fury and tears,
Submerged by the fear,
Hold to my tenacity,
Gone my creativity. . .
Hoping this vulnerability,
My papers will go free.

I am trapped,
So far feels the time when,
With my kids I played,
On a stage I danced,
A meal I shared,
Without counting. . .

1939



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#Losing Bodies, Lost Bodies

Silent voices, invisible faces.
Another on-line session,
I shall prepare You for your evaluation.
Good morning, can You hear me?
Can You see me?

1940

I try to reach You,
To humanise our accounting lectures,
But how can I succeed
With disembodied sessions?

You feel trapped at the age of twenty,
I feel shackled in my late thirties.
You have to keep up with your evaluations,
I have to mind my publications.

An e-mail from a student:
Madame, I feel anxious,
No strength for the final evaluation.
Take care, spring sessions are on their way.
Hope is on its way.

I think about You at times,
Wondering how You feel.
An e-mail comes in at night.
My body shivers,
My tears drop,
My children stop.

Mom, why are you so sad?
Hold my hand,
I lost a student,
I lost a student. . .

I never saw Your face,
I never heard Your voice,
But I think about You,
Imagining Your face,
Imagining Your voice. . .

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