The summer passed. Carl did not write back.

The University authorities promised a debate and the creation of a commission, but other crises must have seemed more urgent.

I went back to work in my office in Uni Carl Vogt, wearing a protective mask.

I smiled inwardly when I saw the poster in the hall. Could I now interpret it as a hidden message to Carl?

But flowers covering half my face didn’t make me any less White, and still unbearably privileged.

Looking back, I think that the danger in writing to Carl in the first person was of centering my own pain, rather than those more directly affected by theories of racial inequality.

To make myself the core of the story, erasing the lived suffering of others.