

Ode to a Departing Postdoc

By Kevin Matulef

When the seminar is nigh,
But no one will give a talk,
Neither prof, nor student, will give it a try,
Only the brave postdoc.

If thy research begins to stall,
'tis never as bad as it sounds
Call Maurice or call Jayalal,
They'll prove your lower bounds.

And if they do, but compute you must,
Though impossible it might seem,
The Dutch Duo, Anke and Frans, we trust,
To give an approximation scheme.

For networks, Henry's round the bend
Only a hop away.
Through persistence, by hook or crook he tends,
To keep the graph problems at bay

The tests they all are difficult
And when you're stuck for hours,
With Victor you can consult,
He'll explain the norm Gowers

The challenges compound abroad,
But postdocs must find a way,
To bound the communication complexity of meeting Elad
At 4am at the Bridge Café.

The postdoc's job is bittersweet,
For someday it must end,
Until the time when again we meet,
We bid thee departing postdoc: "zài jiàn!"

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