

The Office of Tomorrow

Hip-
high
broomsedge
savannahs,
reclaiming the oak
veneer of our desks, the fallen
walls, plasterboard partitions beaten into powder,
rare earth electronics returned,
replaced with rough stone;
all progress
rendered
wind
thrown

Action Office

One
day
after
another
piling up inside
an optimized mausoleum

Connecting

At
work
she flirts
with her phone.
No one looks. We all
pretend we can't hear her heart beat.

Front Toward Enemy

Boss
draws
in white-
collar fun
a comparison
between Antietam and sales goals.

Long-Term Planning

This
desk
can't be
the drum throne
I dreamed of when we
feared poverty less than ennui.

Predecessor

What
flecks
crust the
keyboard on
which greasy fingers
strike? Whose yesterday snack is this?

Go Outside

i.

Glass

tubes

flick a

fluorescent

reminder: I should

be outside building a summer.

Go Outside

ii.

Rain
claps
against
wet sidewalks,
spoiling order, while
we file inside, dry and upright.

Dress the Part

This
damned
neck tie:
better than
a smock, but still not
a window and a west-bound lane.

Unsure Footing

He uncrosses his legs and shifts
backward, then upright,
feet grounded.

How do

Men

sit?

To Tie a Knot

To
tie
a knot:
a Windsor
is not like a four-
in-hand, sometimes termed a school-boy,
the latter among the most modest aesthetic loops.
I cringe for knowing this, still new,
still not set loose from
Chuck Taylor
visions
of
cool.

First World

i.

He

clicks

news from

Pakistan,

“Rickshaw bomb kills 10.”

This chair is slaying his posture.

First World

ii.

“Shelling in Southeast Damascus,” he reads as he skims.

Oh God. Oh look, the time. I’ve got

to make these calls or

my boss will

surely

kill

me.

Office of Tomorrow

ii.

He flees when the sea swings by for her appointment with the city. As the tide rises
he welters toward the horizon. The salt gathering
in his mouth evokes the lesson
he gleaned from the myths
of his youth:
never
look
back.

Expansion

East

Coast

concrete

falls behind.

We unfurl the west

as we rattle on through fog dressed

up in hilltops, then down down into the green Midwest

where Columbia disrobes, bares her blonde expanse, stretches sunward toward the day's last breath.