

## *Cubicles*

We met during evacuation drills, both of us  
slyly leaning. We met at lunch then dinner.  
Days get long. You've seen Mary Anne  
reach to touch herself? Keep it to yourself.  
You've felt the continent shift?  
A poem is more than just a celebration.  
No matter what the master tells you,  
put in some blood. Good.  
Graffiti on the walls, bloody graffiti.  
Good, good. The goal? *Fame*?  
Yeah, I worked in a cubicle once, too.  
Make the phone calls, put a dollar  
in every envelope that passes, resist  
otherwise. Bullshit with Kevin, Sue, Dan.  
On the birthday cards write not just your name  
but a remark—add an exclamation point!  
Take walks at lunch, long walks.  
See someone you know? A flip of the hand  
will suffice. He doesn't seem his old self.  
I remember when he was happy.  
Some people express their joy  
through laughter or a lilting voice  
or eyes that twinkle. And some of us  
keep it all inside.