

Office Job

Having left his wallet and briefcase on the seat of his car,
he went down the water slide in his best three piece suit.
It being a beautiful day, it seemed like the right thing to do.

Later, at the corner store, dripping water on the linoleum floor,
he bought a wrapped cheese sandwich and a canned cold soda,
thinking of the things, in bed, he read the lonely night before.

At work, he shuffled papers and answered questions. He stared
at bleary spreadsheets and read sclerotic reports.
From time to time, a wayward bird would fly
into the glass of his closed office window
as if attempting rescue. With a gentle knock
the bird would fly off unharmed.
The sound leaving a small dent
in the ticking of
his office
clock.

When he went to the men's room to gather his thoughts and
to assess the state of his out and his in, this saying flashed
through the corridors of his mind:

When you slide down a mountain,
you must with you bring
these three things.

He couldn't tell you what they were.