

Thoughts at Work

“Belongings?

I own the trash upon my desk.

Oh yes.

Found it?

It’s mine, and mine alone, to keep.

Read it and weep. Read it and

Document what lies between the corners of my
table

I sure do count ‘least forty bottles,
plastic water bottles: mine, then making a
statement on the ocean.

Mine alone. It’s mine alone.

And nothing you can say

Can take it away.”

“Lately, I got this feeling in my—”

“That’s not where my things are.”

“Nunya

It’s my own business if I pray

I find the time. I’m ever the optimist.

Still, I will defend myself, say

‘It’s not what it looks like’”

“It looks like someone found their God.

It’s only troubling cuz I walked in similar places
and got nothing.”

Mine alone. It’s mine alone.

And nothing you can say

Can take it away.

“Be a doll,

And take this call.

It’s never what I.T. says.”

“I bet I could make this from here.

No? have you ever seen me play beer pong?”

“We’re wrong, wrong to assume

that anything is possible, check the vibe of the
room.

You feel that? That’s dread.”

No I’m not productive I just get myself up early

Cuz there I’m barely there. I can sit all in it raw.

It’s likely not that healthy, but I do it just to deal
with you. .

All that dispassion in your eyes,

Makes me wonder if we should fight. Fuck it I

weighed out all the options.

Mine alone. It’s mine alone,

And nothing you can say

Can take it away.