

THE HAPPY FUN OF LOVE

\$356 in my bank account, yo!
And my parents work for the government!

I'm living La Vida Frozen Pierogi
at the intersection of Un-hire-able-ness
and Writer's Block!

Wanna come over?

This poem is supposed to be funny.

If you are not laughing,
I'll list that as yet another failure.

CO-WORKERS

I can never make it in on time.

The trains are always screwed up in the mornings,
and I didn't even have time to get my coffee.
Ugh, I don't know how other people do it,
those early people with their coffees.

And I just need a little personal time
right at the top, just need to straighten out
a few things: make that doctor's appointment,
cancel my landline, call back my mom
because I got her message late last night
and I just couldn't call her back. Honestly,
I feel so much better and ready to work
once I get that stuff out of the way.

And why can't people make sense in their emails?
Why can't they just read what I send them and
then write back what I ask for? That's all.
It's not that hard. Why is everyone an idiot?

And God, I hope I don't get caught again
printing out fliers for my band here. I mean,
the hours I work, the time I give, I certainly
earned the—what?—three cents these copies
cost the company? But God, I hate getting caught.
Like I need that lecture. Again. *I know.*

And does anyone know if we are getting off
for President's Day? I can't remember if we did
last year. But it would be nice to know, either way;
we always find out these things too late,
and I never have a chance to get out of the city.

And they say that you should be dressing
for the job you want, not the job that you have.
Which is why I dress the way I do: I barely want
this job, and I certainly don't want whatever job
is above this job. Whatever that even means.

And this isn't what I want to do forever, you know,
but I like it here. As jobs go, it's not so bad.

ODE TO MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE

I buy you every morning at the same place.
They know me there, and have the cup
ready before I even approach the counter.

Some days the subway acts up, and I run
so late that I don't have time to pick you up.
We categorize those days as being "bad."

Life without you, coffee, wouldn't be a life at all.
It would be a terrible fog, a slow-motion movie
about the wind, the world's driest muffin

choked down with a paper cup of warm water.
It would be me actually kicking a trashcan
after yelling at a fax machine when the truth is,

I'm the one who keeps dialing the wrong number.
I need you, coffee, and I don't think that part
of our relationship is unhealthy. It's good to need

things in your life and I need you, morning cup
of coffee, I need you *so much*. You don't even know.
Look at me! Look at my eyes! Do you see how serious

I am? Coffee, I would take a bullet for you. I would
wear your burns like a badge of honor. I would punch
a tea bag in the face, and not shed a single tear.

MONDAY MORNING

Everyone pretends they hate Mondays:
Got a case of the Mondays, they say.

But as work mornings go, I believe
Monday mornings are the best.

This is contrary, I know,
to what most office workers think.

But Monday mornings,
you tend to be better rested,

and you have a fresh start
when it comes to your wardrobe,

which is helpful when you like
to wear the same things all the time,

like me. Nothing tastes as good
as Monday morning coffee.

Everyone has something to talk about
from their weekend: the weather,

the movies, the meals, the trips,
the hangovers, the arguments, the excess

or lack of sleep, those sweet, small things
we identify as our lives outside of work.

COMPUTER GUY

You work part-time, so we tend not to include you in our office Secret Santa. You are good humored about it, and bring us all holiday peanut brittle by the bucketful.

We do celebrate your birthday, but let's be honest: we are an office of women, so that probably has more to do with the free cake than with you.

You work in an office with no windows, and your door opens to an empty space. We frequently are unaware if you are even there, buzzing your phone tentatively,

genuinely surprised when you answer. You once called out of work for three days because your wife was giving birth to your second child. We all had to confess

that we didn't know you had a wife, nor that she was pregnant, let alone with a second child. I don't even think we signed an office card for you.

Despite all of it, the simple fact is that you, part-time computer guy, get the most hugs per capita of anyone in the office.

You remind us to update our AntiVirus,
you replace our cracked monitors,
our coffee-soaked keyboards, and shine
brightest at our meltdown moments:

our eyes fuzzy with tears, our hands shaking
over a file stuck, or deleted, or God knows what.
You send us to get coffee for ourselves
and when we return everything is fine,

perfect, like new, or rather like old.
And you shrug, offering simple tech advice
which we will immediately forget,
squeezing you tightly, relieved.

We promise ourselves to remember your birthday.
Next time, we promise to get you a great gift.