

One day at work

June 16, 1999 – Tucson

Images chase me down the halls of the office
Flailing me with pain or ecstasy
Fear or triumph
Demanding release
I feel the words forming in my head
Bubbling to the surface from some deep-welling spring

And wonder

Is it self-flagellation?
or is there an external Muse
common to all
Which fills mortals heads with language
So dense and yet so fluid
Rich in the essence of life

Or rather
Is it boredom?
As I sit at this same desk
Surrounded by these same walls
Performing the same work
Under the hum of the fluorescent lights
Day after day

Each blending into
another
Monday or Thursday?
It doesn't matter until the weekend

I live twice as much in those two days then in the five preceding
Life is my own
For a time
and I have something interesting for my journal
The record of days drips the rich juices of experience

What has happened to man when he can sell his soul?
Five days to pay for two
Where lies the nobility that separates man from beast?
What terrible apple did the modern man dare taste?
How....

“Sorry sir, I was just daydreaming.... I'll get back to work.....”