POST MORTEM

Bryce Christensen

I am a corpse, yet never more alive:
Only dead bees ever escape the hive.
Cold, my lips draw tight in the grisly grin
Of an employee not reporting in.
Clenched tight, my teeth scarcely contain the glee:
No need to follow office policy.
Deaf ears are spared the supervisor's knock.
Sealed shut, my eyes no longer watch the clock.
Drawn across my stomach, my clasped hands sit
Forced to fill no more forms in triplicate.
Unshackled from my desk, I'll love the hole,
Where none will push toward a phony goal.
Welcome come the worms to feast on my frame,
Ending the pretense of a corporate game.
Better to become honest maggots' meat
Than to continue routinized deceit.
Turning to dust will put me well ahead
Of ladder-climbers yet to find their bed.

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