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## On the Elevator I Ask a Coworker, *How's It Going?*

to which he responds, *It's not Friday, but I can't complain.* Whoever you are, come save us from this purgatory between the 10th and 11th floor. Come take our manhood in your hands and squeeze. Commence the gnashing of breasts, the beating of teeth. Show us how backwards we've been. Stir us like those little umbrella drinks that are so close to our hearts this time of year when the cold foretells acts so desperate we can't summon a single earnest question.

Like, who will wake us from this fluorescent dream? Like, who will speak the language of awakenings and resurrect those miracles we so long ago stapled and filed? Come, flaming tongue. Translate those birds I heard in the early hours of this November morning, revelatory chirps I roughly understood as, *Ain't it beautiful, ya' schmucks?* I need to hear it

from you, that the image haunting  
this poem—the one where the leaf pile transforms  
into a stack of black-and-white business cards—  
well, tell me it can be dropped in the backyard  
of my mind like an abandoned rake, totally  
not even gleaming in the moonlight.

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