

My Poem in the Lobby at Hewlett-Packard

A Steuben ashtray blinked disdainfully,
Daring my Kool to near; my lyric hope
Lay buried there on coffee table oak.
I knew the *Atlantic* by an exposed corner
Of quiet masthead poised beneath the shout
Of well-thumbed *Newsweek*, much-respected *Forbes*.
No need of exhumations, I had seen
The comers' page where Plath's poem paired with mine:
Heraldings of exiles yet to come.

Truth was our hope of haven then, not death
Nor the false calm of corporate mooring posts,
Yet there I sat in a sea of Tyrian shag,
My interview splashing out to anchor me.
In recommended pitch I bobbed and belled:
Impassive fraudulent energy for hire.