POEMS FROM THE OFFICE

K. Bill Byrne

MARIAN
She dwells in blood lust,
Eagerly devouring the latest atrocity
Scouring the media for red gruel
To satisfy her reluctant children.
Most happy in horror,
She radiates
And we comfort her quest
By thoughtless attention.
Thrusting calamity at us,
She thrives and engorges,
Growing bolder, more grotesque,
More in tune with a world
She aptly views as “far from good”.

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HERMANN
It’s what he says And fails to,
His style.
There’s hardness, distrust.
A “please” comes out “you better!”
I understand his molding,
Only . . .
When you measure a man
By his rare good humor,
His occasional recognition of you,
Blessings come hard.
A leader may be iron,
But he can’t temper steel
Without some saving water.

ROB AND FRANZ
The end result of their untreatment
Is the same.
Making it difficult to decide the issue
In either’s favor.
Both decide quickly
You can’t contribute
And relegate your ripple existence
To their minimal contact file.
Rob’s quest is purer, at least. But
with Franz,
You have a selected many
With whom to explore
New combinations of expletives.
AL
A snacker,
He grinds cashews my way
Setting me on edge
With every crunch.
Trapped in dentine hell,
A circle reserved
For unbusinesslike poets.

SPARKY
My greeting went unanswered,
So we rode in silence
Two charged floors.
Only a quarter turn icy stare
Fixed me -
A crackling bolt
Which spelled my worth
and how little he valued me.

DONNA
“Beautiful and intelligent.”
Physically, there’s no question.
Engaging, warm, fluid,
But at odds with her energy,
Trying to downplay her body,
As if what she displays is a print
and her torque to prove herself
Enbars any real closeness.
SID
I met him first in his vigor,
Erect, quick, restless.
Lightining that could be harnessed, turned
Knowing, kindly knowledgeable,
A voice of authority and concern.
Always the teacher.
But a softness was there.
And his thoughtfulness
I tasted his SHAMROCK hospitality
And some fresh Parisian bread.
I shook his hand in sickness
And the pain of that grasp,
He left me.