

yaaaay i got the job at deutsche bank!!!!!! 5 people like this.

by Django Wylie

you'll call it jealousy, but i promise you
it's really not, because i wouldn't like
to have your life any more than i would
mine. because really, i lead a life not
unlike that of a housecat, knocking
around and getting spooked by closing
doors when i know nobody is in.

what more do you want me to say
to you other than 'yes, your interns
are really very attractive, and yes
i guess you really made it, bro,
you ought to be proud.'

and what of the fact that i spend too
much time walking at an aggravated
pace down the street, avoiding the
eyes of passersby and charity pickers
with clipboards and buckets, who
seem to pity me more than their chosen
causes.

i guess it worked out for the best
between us, because we need never
see each other again, and we'll only
continue to know each other through
heavily moderated status updates, online.

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/django-wylie/yaaaay-i-got-the-job-at-deutsche-bank-5-people-like-this>»
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and in two years time when you're all
happy and i'm still hungover and still
near the middle of *infinite jest*, we
may stumble across each other in
some terrible chain pub, but retract
like snails instead of acknowledging,
and i'll look over

and see you paired off and smiling
and i'll have to agree that that suit
looks very sharp and yes, your p.a.
is very attractive, and i guess things
really worked out for you, bro.

trust me when i say i'm not jealous
of you, we've just chosen different paths,
is all, and i won't hold a grudge
if i don't get an invite to your expensive
wedding, because i'll still silently click
through the photos, half-dressed
on one of those days

when i'm hungover and still near the
middle of *infinite jest*, and i'll smile,
not at all resentfully, and briefly
consider liking a photo, because i
have to agree that your wife really
is very pretty, and you do look happy
and i guess you really made it, bro,
you ought to be proud.

