

The Office

by Emily Smith-Miller

I'm seriously looking for a thong in my shoulder bag at work. I forgot to put on panties today, if that tells you where my head is at. Also the fact that I know I have a thong in my shoulder bag at work should tell you something. Maybe everything. Maybe I actually expect too much from you, whoever you are, or aren't. The nails are really chipped and worn down and my hands shake over a cup of coffee with the word "LOVE" on it. I don't love the office sludge, but it is a necessary evil to keep my head out of my ass. I think a cubicle says a lot about a person. That's why I have lots of pictures and drawings and calendars and mugs and pens and crocheted coasters, all over my desk. Yesterday they made me move again. I transported everything, just the way I did last month and the month before that. Today I'm going to throw everything away, I've said this before, do not be fooled. Today. Nope, next month, when I move again. Why do we try so hard to convince ourselves we mean something? I say let me be anonymous, here lies the girl with the stuff in her cube. Did she have a name? Pack rat. Even my epitaph can be a punch line. That would be better than pretending I'm something, and knowing deep down in my little Grinch heart, that I'm nothing. But I still don't have my underwear in the right place.

