

# Poetry, Inc.

*by Gary Hardaway*

Poetry, Inc.

It comes to our attention  
you have what it takes  
to join our enterprise.

You see the skull beneath  
the smile. The water in  
your glass- half empty, half full,  
no matter- will never be enough  
and only water, never wine.  
Nonetheless, you find the funny  
in an unfunny world.

We could talk benefits  
and salary, were there any.  
Take the side jobs-  
teach, wait tables, edit  
something, execute  
insurance company  
surety investigations.  
Sell magazines or cars.

There is no application,  
no resume, nor signature  
on contract documents  
required- you're ours.  
Demand per capita is constant  
as is oversupply.

Welcome. We hope you like it here,  
even though we know  
it really sucks to be you.

