

# Work Room

*by* Mathew Paust

She's the only one here  
besides me--  
had always preferred to work alone,  
until it got down to  
the linguistic surgery.

Indispensable, she--  
guards the door from other sensibilities,  
manages with fearless acuity  
the constant inner jabber of  
compartmentalized conceits.

I am the poet, though, make no mistake--  
yes, she scans the words, smiles at some, on others turns her  
back,  
may change her mind—  
yes I want her pleasure, yes mine comes first, yes her  
indifference devastates.

