

OFFICE WORK

Michael Pfeifer

First, I translate for the center of the ocean,
where the tide is still a white rose.
Afterward, I write letters for the simpleton
handcuffed to my bed, answering correspondence
from a city in a volcano.
I take dictation for the birds
that survive their own music.
Later, I answer the phone ringing in the empty office of dreams.
I lie and say I am the janitor
in a building of blinding light.
I leave a memo that says the poor have been waiting
and waiting in their burning limousine.
I juggle the books everyday
before I leave for the night.