

2008

Cubicles

Steve Langan

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Langan, Steve. "Cubicles." *The Iowa Review* 38.2 (2008): 133-133. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6503>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

Cubicles

We met during evacuation drills, both of us
slyly leaning. We met at lunch then dinner.
Days get long. You've seen Mary Anne
reach to touch herself? Keep it to yourself.
You've felt the continent shift?
A poem is more than just a celebration.
No matter what the master tells you,
put in some blood. Good.
Graffiti on the walls, bloody graffiti.
Good, good. The goal? *Fame*?
Yeah, I worked in a cubicle once, too.
Make the phone calls, put a dollar
in every envelope that passes, resist
otherwise. Bullshit with Kevin, Sue, Dan.
On the birthday cards write not just your name
but a remark—add an exclamation point!
Take walks at lunch, long walks.
See someone you know? A flip of the hand
will suffice. He doesn't seem his old self.
I remember when he was happy.
Some people express their joy
through laughter or a lilting voice
or eyes that twinkle. And some of us
keep it all inside.