Marooned

I looked back and it was clear
that I had spent terribly too much time
in the office. I seemed to have
measured the world from the walls
of my cubicle. I watched life go by in
postcards and clipped cartoons,
entire identities clamped onto a cardboard
cutout. Note cards showed me to
the road home. Home being what
work people made the idea of home,
with a few of my leavings in it. A
woman sits beside me with a telephone
to her ear, but she doesn’t speak.
She’s telling me to relax, take it
easy, find a hobby. I used to build
model ships but that was long ago.
They set sail and left me here to fish
around for the directions to finding
the way out of here.