

*Dedicated to the Millennial Generation
Overeducated, underemployed by the Great Recession
To get by, working jobs that are available, below their station
Forsaken by the neoconservative governments of their nations...*

Poem for the Cubicle

March 2013

Aroma of electronics fills the air
Which lay stale during weekend getaway
Eight am as I start my day
Nine hours ahead through which to make my way

Sleep still rests on my eyes
Cubicle walls both a sanctuary and cage
Is this truly what I wanted? I question myself
Fighting urges to turn on myself rage

That silent rage of dreams undone
Of roads not travelled, paths I pursued
No longer so young to change course yet again
Not yet so old to give up and stand in the rain

The rain of boredom and mind asleep
Trickling down the cubicle walls
I pray to God my sanity to keep
As I escape for a minute to walk through the halls

Better any job than none at all
I am not ungrateful and unkind
But I feel desire for my original goal
One I decided was too hard to ever find

So I listen to my music and focus on my screen
Calculate the amounts, process until I'm green
Formulate a plan to bust out and escape
And never again in a cubicle be seen

You must never surrender on your most desired dreams
They are the fuel of life, the fire of the world
No matter how hard to achieve your goal it seems
It's worse to be imprisoned in a cubicle, all alone

So never give up, and never give in
Keep going for your dreams to do what you love
It will be worth in the end, without wondering "what could have been?"
Make your dreams fly, free as a white dove