

Beep Beep, The Fluorescent Lights

I'm walking in place.
I'm falling down.
I see a beacon of light from the fax machine.
I forgot to shave my face.
I didn't comb my hair.
My skin is pale,
but that's acceptable.
I decorate my house like a cubicle
so I can feel more comfortable.
I shine my shoes until I can see my face.
I starch my shirt until it chafes the skin.
In the morning I'll be ready to force a day into a folder,
to represent myself with numbers,
to fabricate a smile.
The fluorescent lights make us wilt
like the plants that cannot be trained to stay alive!
I fill my house with technology
so I don't have to talk,
so I don't have to think.
Take a picture of my face.
Record the sound of my voice.
We do not last forever.
We can be trained to perform anything.