



## POEMS FROM THE OFFICE

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*K. Bill Byrne*

MARIAN

She dwells in blood lust,  
Eagerly devouring the latest atrocity  
Scouring the media for red gruel  
To satisfy her reluctant children.  
Most happy in horror,  
She radiates  
And we comfort her quest  
By thoughtless attention.  
Thrusting calamity at us,  
She thrives and engorges,  
Growing bolder, more grotesque,  
More in tune with a world  
She aptly views as “far from good”.

HERMANN

It's what he says And fails to,  
His style.  
There's hardness, distrust.  
A "please" comes out "you better!"  
I understand his molding,  
Only . . .  
When you measure a man  
By his rare good humor,  
His occasional recognition of you,  
Blessings come hard.  
A leader may be iron,  
But he can't temper steel  
Without some saving water.

ROB AND FRANZ

The end result of their untreatment  
Is the same.  
Making it difficult to decide the issue  
In either's favor.  
Both decide quickly  
You can't contribute  
And relegate your ripple existence  
To their minimal contact file.  
Rob's quest is purer, at least. But  
with Franz,  
You have a selected many  
With whom to explore  
New combinations of expletives.

AL

A snacker,  
He grinds cashews my way  
Setting me on edge  
With every crunch.  
Trapped in dentine hell,  
A circle reserved  
For unbusinesslike poets.

SPARKY

My greeting went unanswered,  
So we rode in silence  
Two charged floors.  
Only a quarter turn icy stare  
Fixed me -  
A crackling bolt  
Which spelled my worth  
and how little he valued me.

DONNA

“Beautiful and intelligent.”  
Physically, there’s no question.  
Engaging, warm, fluid,  
But at odds with her energy,  
Trying to downplay her body,  
As if what she displays is a print  
and her torque to prove herself  
Enbars any real closeness.

SID

I met him first in his vigor,  
Erect, quick, restless.  
Lightning that could be harnessed, turned  
Knowing, kindly knowledgeable,  
A voice of authority and concern.  
Always the teacher.  
But a softness was there.  
And his thoughtfulness  
I tasted his SHAMROCK hospitality  
And some fresh Parisian bread.  
I shook his hand in sickness  
And the pain of that grasp,  
He left me.