

An American Dream

The elevator opens and *men file out,*

briefcases swinging to the rhythm of their steps.

Freshly shined shoes shuffle the vast tiled plains.

Stale cold air blown through thin walled vents
mechanically monitors climate change.

In before the dawn, released after dusk;

[Not long the leather chairs sit vacant.]

One man swivels right

meeting the green eyes of his wife

smiling back so content,

restrained in a frame kept atop his desk.

But which one is captive?

Thoughts of telling her what she means to him are
forgotten, remembering that she will already be asleep.

A little **n o t e** on the refrigerator will do.

Another day begins;

Armed with the files,

an umbrella for the rain,

this man says that why he is leaving home

is not in vain.