

Dear Corporation, Early Years to Present

We gave you the golden boyhood you deserved. Time on the Hudson in young Julys & Augusts. The first elastic bite of escargot. Custom pinpoint oxfords, a perfect fit at four years old, outgrown by five. Aloof, attractive mother in pink bouclé. A stockpot of quartered oranges. You the coxswain; light, necessary. Then years of bench press & push-ups. Middle-class ivy-league roommate. Dad's Beemer reborn your junkmobile. We gave you bad habits to make you relatable. Greenwich vixens. Wicked thread counts. Dunhills & a loose-handed doctor. Summerhouse. Summerhouses. We made you a company man whose photo makes a break-room come alive, your nuggets of inspiration quoted on the flowcharts. Workers complain how tired their feet are. They deserve new ones. Hey innovator; innovate. Upgrade your childhood puppy, surrendered for what he did to the dhurrie in the sunroom. The new dog is grand, leonine, the world's most expensive & beautiful. Redundant. Like beauty wasn't money's trophy wife already. Workers still complain how dreams struggle inside their heads. They deserve small portholes in their heads. Unsettling, but—say their dreams wake up feeling sore & go get drunk at the factory bar where ugly women work, sunk to their elbows in unremarkable dishes. Say those dreams talk & pile in a van wanting to storm your yard. Hell, even suppose they get that far—your bare-knuckled dreams make theirs see stars.

