



BRING YOUR CHILD TO WORK DAY

Here are the long hallways, peculiar elevators, ringing telephones, chairs on wheels, desks stacked with papers, everyone speaking in library voices, yes, here you won't hear the lightning bolt of my big laughter, here I tuck my silly jokes away & take long pauses before speaking at all. Here I use the most boring words. Here amongst the rainfall of fingers on keyboards I type & click & scroll & read, repeat, saying nothing to no one for hours. Here is where I am when I'm late to pick you up, here is where I go before you wake up, here is where my voice wings from through the phone when I won't make your recital. Here is where the money comes from. Here in these unbeautiful rooms not dancing.