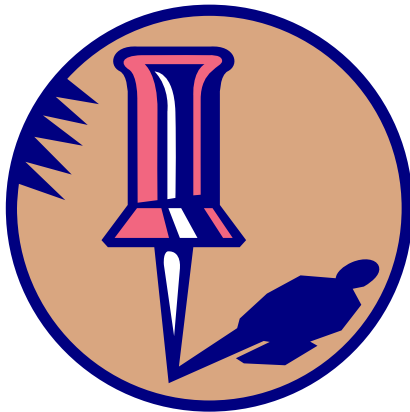


the proper use of thumb tacks

your picture
smiles at me
from my office wall
right next to the menu
from the sushi take-out place
and slightly above a memo
describing the phone system
which I've since found out
is riddled with errors.
long before I got here
several dozen push pins
formed a smiley face
on the bulletin board.
I corrected that immediately.



A Small Garlic Press

3030 West Fourth B27
Kennewick, WA 99336 USA

<http://www.enteract.com/~marek/asgp>
sanrensi@teleport.com



Paul David Mena
1996, 1997

Paul David Mena was born in Rockville Centre, New York on the day "Mack the Knife" first reached number one on the charts. He was raised by wolves, who, contrary to popular belief, make excellent parents.

Since then, Paul's poetry has appeared in numerous magazines, both real and virtual. His first book, *Tenement Landscapes*, was published by A Small Garlic Press in 1995. Paul's Holy Grail, however, remains an unauthorized autobiography, which will be written posthumously.

200 Powderhouse Blvd. #3
Somerville, MA 02144

mena@ziplink.net
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Office Supplies

by Paul David Mena

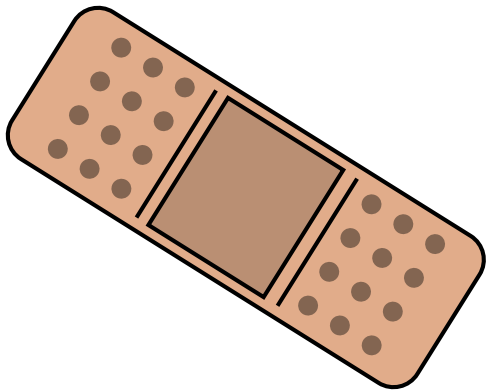
paper clip

often has
a tough time
keeping things together,
but considering the alternatives -
the violence
of the staple gun
punching
holes
in sheets of paper -
it seems so civilized
so correct
even... sensual -
the casual clinging
under a canopy
of twisted steel,
naked to the world
and to one another.
there is the sense
that we could wrestle free
of its fragile hold,
but we are willing captives -
chosen,
collated -
we belong together.



in praise of duct tape

I am all
you will ever need.
your fingers
separate me
from myself
stretching me
pulling me taut.
breathlessly
I await
your knife
swift and precise
slicing
a clean
straight
edge.
I am
everywhere
you are
and
anywhere
you need me.
I hold you
together.



swivel chair

there are perks
and there are bare essentials
for productivity in the workplace.
to roll and pivot
in one
smooth
motion
is a minimum requirement.
how else could I
reply to email
answer the phone
and complete my status report
without missing a bite of my donut?
imagine all of the time lost
standing up
and walking
to the file cabinet.
this chair
is the throne
from which
I rule the world.
when the daily wear and tear
becomes too much
others turn
to counselors
and psychic hotlines.
for me
the only answer
is revolution.
so while Rome is burning
to the ground
I sip designer coffee
and spin.

scissors

shredding that Visa card
was just the beginning.
after years
of opening envelopes
and tenderly trimming
the family photos
I dream of the day
that you finally
plunge me
into the heart
of every
last
unfaithful
lover.

