

WORKING NINE TO FIVE

A COLLECTION OF STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARIANNE R. PETIT



VOL. 02

FROM THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES

PARTICIPATORY BOOK ENTRY:
WORKING NINE TO FIVE

OKAY. WORKING FOR A LIVING. WE ALL DO IT.
I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR JOB STORIES.
WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST JOB?
TELL ME ABOUT THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD TO DEAL
WITH THE REALITY OF EMPLOYMENT?
OR PERHAPS THERE ANOTHER JOB THAT WAS REALLY MEMORABLE?
WHAT WAS IT?
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WERE YOU GOOD AT IT?
WHO WAS YOUR BOSS?
HOW LONG DID IT LAST?
POST THE STORY AND I'LL ILLUSTRATE IT.

FOR ALL THE FRIENDS WHO
GENEROUSLY SHARED
THEIR STORIES



"WORKING NINE TO FIVE"

VOL. 2

A PARTICIPATORY BOOK

STORIES BY

ROXANA HADAD

HOWARD MITTELMARK

MARIANNE R. PETIT

ROBERT RYAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARIANNE R. PETIT

THE PARTICIPATORY BOOK SERIES BEGAN IN JANUARY 2007. I DECIDED I WANTED TO MAKE SOME BOOKS AND IN MY HEAD I COULD SEE THEM, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE ANY CONTENT TO ACTUALLY MAKE THEM. LIFE HAD BEEN COMPLICATED FOR A REALLY LONG TIME AND I DIDN'T WANT TO USE ANY OF MY OWN STORIES. THE TRUTH IS, I WAS SORT OF TIRED OF MYSELF AND FIGURED OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE STORIES WAY MORE INTERESTING THAN MY OWN.

SO, I STARTED A BLOG THAT ASKED QUESTIONS. HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SMELL TRIGGER A MEMORY? DO YOU BELIEVE IN AN INTERVENTIONIST GOD? HAS THE MENTAL HEALTH OF OTHER PEOPLE HAD AN INFLUENCE IN YOUR LIFE? DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR FIRST LOVE? CAN YOU TELL ME THE STORY OF A BREAKUP?

AND THEN I ASKED SOME FRIENDS TO PARTICIPATE. THIS IS ONE OF THE BOOKS FROM THIS SERIES. I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT.

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO SEE SOME OF MY OTHER WORK YOU CAN VISIT MY WEBSITE: WWW.MRPETIT.COM M.R. PETIT COPYRIGHT 2007.

"DO YOU HAVE A SISTER?"

STORY BY MARIANNE R. PETIT

MY FATHER WORKED FOR IBM WHEN I WAS GROWING UP. AS A RESULT, WE ALL GOT SUMMER JOBS THERE.

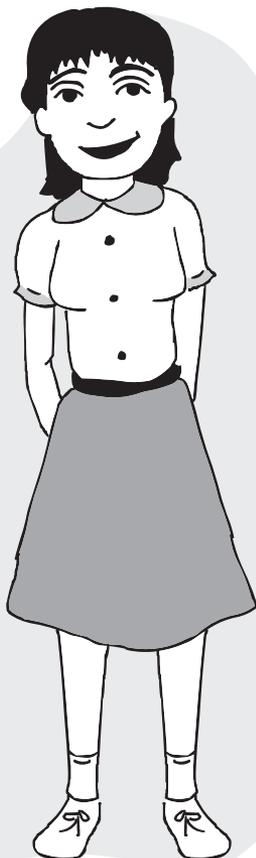
AT THE TIME,

IBM HAD A VERY CONSERVATIVE DRESS CODE. WOMEN WORE SKIRTS WITH PANTYHOSE. MEN WORE SUITS WITH WHITE SHIRTS AND TIES. EXCEPT THE COMPUTER PROGRAMMERS. THEY HAD BIG BEARDS AND WORE FLANNEL SHIRTS AND CORDORON PANTS.

T H I N K

I WAS NOT PARTICULARLY CONSERVATIVE. BUT I WASN'T A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER EITHER.

SO FOR MY FIRST DAY OF WORK I BORROWED SOME CLOTHES FROM ONE OF MY SISTERS.



ON THAT VERY FIRST DAY, I WAS ANSWERING PHONES AT THE RECEPTION DESK WHEN IT HAPPENED. SOMEONE I KNEW FROM MY COLLEGE DORM WALKED BY.



CHRIS AND I WEREN'T FRIENDS. WE KNEW EACH OTHER FROM THE CAFETERIA. HE WAS A JOCK. THE KIND OF GUY WHO WOULD WALK AROUND WEARING HIS WEIGHT LIFTING BELT.

CHRIS'S FRIENDS

MY FRIENDS





AND THEN LATER HE CAME TO ME AND ASKED



FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER HE ENJOYED KNOWING "THE TRUTH" ABOUT ME. I THINK HE THOUGHT HE HAD SOME DEEP DARK SECRET THAT HE COULD HOLD OVER MY HEAD TO MY SUPERVISOR OR SOMETHING. I DON'T KNOW. I THINK I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.

"THE PAPER ROUTE"

STORY BY ROBERT BOBBY RYAN



MY FIRST JOB WAS DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS. PERHAPS NEWSPAPER IS TOO GLORIFIED A DESCRIPTION. IT WAS THE WEEKLY SUBURBAN NEWS, A LOCAL AND FREE RAG OF A PAPER DEVOTED MORE TO CLASSIFIED ADS THAN ANYTHING REMOTELY CLOSE TO JOURNALISM. IF YOU WERE A HALFWAY DECENT STUDENT WHO ACTUALLY COULD PRODUCE A VOLCANO THAT SPEWED SOME SMOKE IN THE YEARLY SCIENCE FAIR, YOU MADE THE FRONT COVER.

ANYWAY, WHEN I WAS 13, I WANTED TO BUY A CB RADIO SO I COULD TALK TO MY FRIENDS JEFF AND JACK WHO HAD CBs CONVERTED FROM CARS SO THEY COULD TALK ON THE RADIO FROM THEIR BEDROOMS. WE HAD HANDLES AND WOULD TALK LIKE TRUCKERS OR WORSE, COPS.

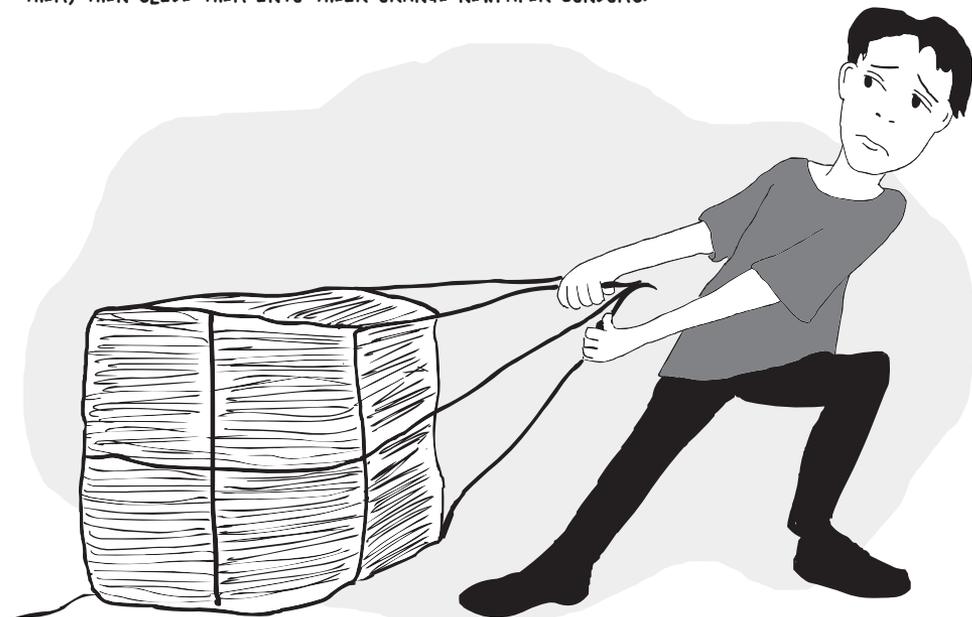


AS A 13 YEAR OLD LIVING IN THE SUBURBS OF NJ, THE ONLY JOB I COULD GET WAS DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS. THE REGIONAL NEWSPAPER DECIDED AROUND THIS TIME THAT THEY WANTED 16-YEAR OLDS AND STOPPED HIRING KIDS UNDER 16. THE STAR LEDGER WAS A DECENT PAPER AND YOU WOULD GET GREAT TIPS FROM PEOPLE AROUND THE HOLIDAYS.

THE DELIVERERS OF THE SUBURBAN NEWS RECEIVED NO SUCH TIPS -- THE PAPER BEING FREELY DISTRIBUTED, YOU GOT NOTHING EXCEPT YOUR MEAGER \$12.50 PER WEEK.



ON MONDAY, THE PAPERS WOULD BE DROPPED OFF, NOT AT MY DOOR, BUT ALL THE WAY UP THE BLOCK ON THE CORNER. ALL 200+ OF THEM! PLUS THE FLIERS I HAD TO PUT IN THEM. AND THE BAGGIES IN CASE IT WAS RAINY OUT. FROM MONDAY UNTIL TUESDAY I HAD TO INSERT AND ROLL ALL OF THEM, THEN SLIDE THEM INTO THEIR ORANGE NEWSPAPER CONDOMS.



ON WEDNESDAY, DELIVERY. THE ROUTE WAS ALL THE WAY ACROSS TOWN! NEAR THE SCHOOL I COULDN'T ATTEND, BECAUSE IT WAS TOO FAR TO WALK! I HAD TO MAKE FOUR OR FIVE TRIPS BY BICYCLE TO MAKE ALL THE DELIVERIES. IT TOOK HOURS.



DID I MENTION I WAS PAID \$12.50 PER WEEK?!

AFTER ABOUT THE THIRD WEEK OF THIS I HAD HAD ENOUGH. I TRIED TO CALL AND QUIT BUT NO ONE WOULD TAKE MY CALL, AND FOR ANOTHER 2 WEEKS THE NEWSPAPERS CAME, DUMPED ON THE CORNER WITH MY NAME ON THEM. MY PARENTS INSISTED THAT I STICK TO MY COMMITMENT AND DELIVER THE PAPERS IF I WANTED MY CB RADIO.





SO I STARTED THINKING --
WHO'S GOING TO MISS THIS PAPER?
IT SUCKS ANYWAY... SO, I INSERTED
AND FOLDED THE PAPERS. BUT THIS
TIME I DIDN'T BOTHER WITH
PUTTING THEM IN THEIR
CONDOMS, THEY WOULDN'T
NEED THEM WHERE THEY WERE
GOING. I MADE THREE TRIPS
TO THE NEAREST CREEK, AND
FOR TWO WEEKS, DUMPED THE
NEWSPAPERS UNDER THE SMALL
ROAD BRIDGE THAT CROSSED
THE CREEK.

FINALLY, AFTER THOSE TWO WEEKS, THE
SUBURBAN NEWS CALLED ME BACK. THEY
HAD RECEIVED SEVERAL COMPLAINTS THAT
PEOPLE DIDN'T GET THEIR STINKING
PAPERS. I TOLD THEM I QUIT. AND THAT,
WAS MY FIRST JOB.

I NEVER DID GET THAT CB RADIO.
I WANTED TO BUY IT WITH MY SAVINGS
BUT MY FATHER WOULDN'T ALLOW IT.
HE WAS A COP AND DIDN'T THINK IT
WAS A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO HAVE ONE
ANYWAY. THEY NEVER DID FIND OUT
ABOUT MY DUMPING THE PAPERS IN THE
CREEK.



"THE CONCESSION STAND"

STORY BY ROXANA HADAD

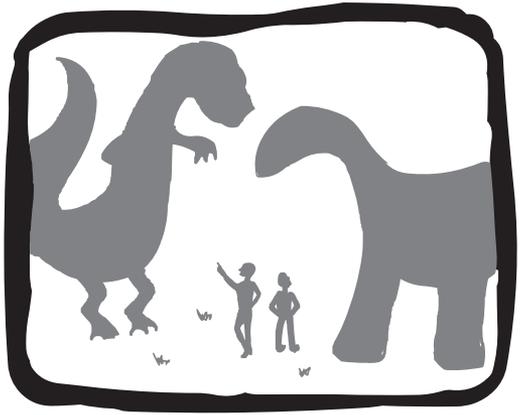


THE SUMMER OF MY SIXTEENTH YEAR, AND THEREFORE, MY FIRST SUMMER WHERE IT WAS LEGAL FOR ME TO WORK, I GOT A JOB AT THE CONCESSION STAND AT MY LOCAL MOVIE THEATER. PREVIOUSLY, MY ONLY OTHER JOBS HAD BEEN BABYSITTING THE KIDS IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD, SO I WAS PRETTY EXCITED TO HAVE A JOB THAT INVOLVED SOMETHING OF A COMMUTE, AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS PAYCHECK, AND COWORKERS. IN ADDITION, I GOT TO WEAR A UNIFORM: A SHORT SLEEVED BUTTON-DOWN, WITH A MAROON VEST AND A LITTLE BLACK BOW TIE. I EVEN GOT A NAMETAG.

I WAS PAID \$4.25 AN HOUR (THE MINIMUM WAGE AT THE TIME). EVERY NIGHT, I WOULD COME HOME REEKING OF POPCORN, AND WOULD HAVE TO SCRUB THE SMELL OFF. IT WAS WORSE ON THE NIGHTS I WAS ASSIGNED TO POP THE POPCORN. EVERY MONTH, ALONG WITH MY PAYCHECK, I WOULD GET FREE PASSES TO SEE A MOVIE, WHICH I SAW AS A HUGE BONUS, EVEN THOUGH I HARDLY EVER USED THEM AND WOULD FORGET TO GIVE THEM AWAY BEFORE THEY EXPIRED.



I ALSO THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT THAT I COULD WATCH MOVIES ON MY BREAKS, NEVER MIND THAT I ALWAYS GOT MY BREAK AT THE SAME TIME, SO I ALWAYS SAW THE SAME 15 MINUTES OF THE MOVIE (THAT WAS THE SUMMER OF JURASSIC PARK, WHICH PLAYED ON PRETTY MUCH EVERY SCREEN, SO THERE WAS THIS ONE 15 MINUTE SEGMENT THAT I KNEW BY HEART; IT'S THE PART WHERE EVERYONE FIRST GETS TO THE ISLAND AND IT'S A MAGICAL PLACE AND NO ONE THINKS IT'S A BAD IDEA TO WALK AROUND AN ISLAND WITH HUGE CARNIVOROUS REPTILES.)



BUT THAT DOESN'T EVEN TOUCH ON THE WORST PART OF THE JOB - THE POLITICS. YES, I KNOW, EVERY JOB HAS POLITICS, BUT I CAN TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING MORE POLITICAL THAN A CONCESSION COUNTER RUN BY SUBURBAN TEENAGERS. TO BE HONEST, I WASN'T PART OF MUCH OF THE DRAMA THAT WENT ON BEHIND THAT COUNTER. I WAS PRETTY QUIET AND KEPT TO MYSELF, PARTLY BECAUSE I WAS A LITTLE SCARED OF MY COWORKERS, AND PARTLY BECAUSE I WAS A LITTLE IN AWE OF THEM, TOO. THEY DRANK, GOT HIGH AND HAD SEX WITH ONE ANOTHER AND WOULD TALK ABOUT IT OPENLY AT THE WORKPLACE; WHICH WAS SOMETHING MY SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MIND HAD IDENTIFIED AS QUITE UNPROFESSIONAL, AND NOT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OFFICIAL BOW TIE WE WORE. BUT IT ALSO DEMONSTRATED HOW MUCH COOLER THEY WERE THAN ME.



OBVIOUSLY, THIS ALCOHOL/MARIJUANA/SEX/MINIMUM-WAGE-JOB COMBO WOULD LEAD TO SOME PRETTY HEATED BATTLES BEHIND THAT COUNTER. FISTFIGHTS, NAME-CALLING, KEVED PAINTJOBS ... IT GOT PRETTY UGLY. AND I FOUND IT FASCINATING.

ONLY ONCE DID I INADVERTENTLY CREATE DRAMA. STUPIDLY, I REMARKED TO ONE GIRL THAT ANOTHER GIRL WE WORKED WITH THOUGHT THAT HER BOYFRIEND WAS CUTE. IN MY LITTLE BRAIN, I SAW THAT AS HER COMPLIMENTING THE GIRL ON HER GOOD CATCH.



WELL, OBVIOUSLY, IT BEGAN A HUGE ARGUMENT, WHERE THE ONE GIRL THOUGHT THE OTHER WAS TRYING TO MOVE IN ON "HER MAN," AND THE OTHER ONE WANTED HER TO "GET OUT OF HER FACE." I LEARNED A PRETTY GOOD LESSON, AND WENT BACK TO ONLY SPEAKING WHEN BEING SPOKEN TO.

LOOKING BACK, I HAVE NO IDEA WHY I LIKED THAT JOB SO MUCH. I SUPPOSE IT WAS IGNORANCE OF HOW INCREDIBLY BAD IT WAS BECAUSE I HAD NEVER HAD A BETTER JOB, MUCH LESS ANY JOB, BEFORE. OR MAYBE I JUST ENJOYED THE COMPANY OF PEOPLE WHO WERE SO DIFFERENT THAN MY FRIENDS AND ME.

WHATEVER THE REASON, BY END OF THE SUMMER THE CHARMS OF THE JOB WERE BEGINNING TO WEAR OFF, THANKS TO A GUY NAMED MARK AND SOME NACHO CHEESE. PREVIOUS TO MARK, I HAD A COUPLE OF COWORKERS ATTEMPT TO WOO ME, BUT THEIR ATTEMPTS WERE CLUMSILY AVERTED BY HORRIBLE EXCUSES.



MARK WAS AN USHER HIRED IN MID-SUMMER. WHAT MADE HIM THE SUBJECT OF MANY BEHIND-THE-COUNTER WHISPERINGS WAS THAT HE WAS TWENTY-SIX YEARS OLD, AND TALKED TO HIMSELF. A LOT. FOR THESE REASONS, MANY OF US STAYED PRETTY CLEAR OF MARK.

BUT THEN THE OTHER USHERS BEGAN COMMENTING ON HOW MARK WAS ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HOW HE WAS GOING TO GET WITH ME AND ANOTHER COWORKER. THIS SHOCKED AND ABSOLUTELY APPALLED ME, AS I HAD NEVER EVEN EXCHANGED A "FINISHED CLEANING THEATER 6?" WITH THE GUY. APPARENTLY, HIS PLANS FOR ME AND THE OTHER GIRL WERE TOLD (MOSTLY TO HIMSELF) IN QUITE GRAPHIC DETAIL. I STARTED GETTING PRETTY SCARED, BUT THE USHERS TOLD OUR MANAGER (A GUY I ONLY KNEW AS MR. Z) AND HE GOT CANNED.





BUT THANKS TO MARK, WE ALL HAD TO UNDERGO SEVERAL TEDIOUS SEXUAL HARASSMENT WORKSHOPS, WATCHING VIDEO AFTER VIDEO OF BOW TIED EMPLOYEES MAKING INAPPROPRIATE COMMENTS AND GESTURES TO ONE ANOTHER. THESE GOT OLD REAL FAST.

THE FINAL STRAW, HOWEVER, WAS THE NACHO CHEESE. FOR WEEKS, THE NOZZLE END OF THE NACHO CHEESE DISPENSER HAD FALLEN OFF, AND NO ONE HAD BOTHERED TO REPLACE IT. THIS WOULD MAKE THE NACHO CHEESE COME STRAIGHT OUT, INSTEAD OF DOWN ONTO THE NACHOS. WE ALL MANAGED TO DEAL WITH THE NEW PHYSICS OF THE CHEESE DISPENSER UNTIL ONE DAY, I COULDN'T GET THE CHEESE TO COME OUT. I STARTED BANGING ON THE PUMP AND JUST AS I FINISHED THE WORDS, "THERE'S SOMETHING MESSED UP WITH THIS CHEESE," HOT LIQUID CHEESE SQUIRTED ALL OVER MY ARM. SOMEONE HAD TURNED UP THE TEMPERATURE OF THE CHEESE, MAKING IT MUCH LESS VISCIOUS, AND MUCH MORE SCALDING.





I WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE SKIN ON MY ARM STARTED TO BLISTER AND I FELT THE SEARING PAIN TEAR THROUGH. I TOLD THE ASSISTANT MANAGER, AND SHE JUST TOLD ME TO PUT COLD WATER ON IT, AND WENT BACK TO FILING HER NAILS.

I WENT HOME A LITTLE EARLY THAT DAY, AND ONLY RETURNED TO GIVE BACK MY UNIFORM, ALONG WITH THE BOW TIE. I STILL HAVE THE NAMETAG.



"LIBBY'S CANNING PLANT"

STORY BY HOWARD MITTELMARK

I USED TO WORK AT A LIBBY'S CANNING PLANT IN UPSTATE NEW YORK.
I WORKED THERE SUMMERS, AND INTO THE FALL, THE PERIOD REFERRED TO AS "PACK."
WE CANNED, I'D GUESS, HUNDREDS OF TONS OF GREEN BEANS EVERY YEAR.
I STARTED THERE TO MAKE MONEY TO GO BACK TO COLLEGE IN THE FALL,
BUT AFTER THE SECOND YEAR, I DIDN'T GO BACK TO SCHOOL, AND I'D WORK
FROM JULY THROUGH OCTOBER.





WHEN I STARTED THERE, MY JOB WAS TO WALK BACK AND FORTH ACROSS A CATWALK WHICH WAS JUST ABOVE THIS FIFTY FOOT LONG SLUICE, A BIG SILVER ROADWAY FOR BEANS. THE SLUICE WAS CONSTANTLY VIBRATING, MAKING THE BEANS SHAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE END, PAST TWENTY LITTLE OPENINGS THAT DROPPED THE BEANS ONTO TWENTY CONVEYER BELTS WAY DOWN BELOW. THERE WERE METAL GATES, ABOUT A FOOT LONG AND SIX INCHES HIGH, WHICH CONTROLLED THE AMOUNT OF BEANS PASSED THROUGH EACH LITTLE HOLE, AND ON TO THE CONVEYER BELTS BELOW. AT EACH CONVEYER BELT SAT A WOMAN WHOSE JOB IT WAS TO REMOVE FROM THE BEANS THE LARGER BITS OF THINGS WHICH WERE NOT BEANS--STICKS, ROCKS, INSECTS, MICE, PIECES OF MICE, ETC. I WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE SURE THAT EACH WOMAN RECEIVED THE SAME FLOW OF BEANS AS ALL THE OTHERS. I HAD A BIG MALLET WITH A RUBBER HEAD, AND I'D BANG THE GATES MORE OPEN OR MORE CLOSED TO ADJUST HOW MUCH REACHED EACH ONE. AS THE SPEED AT WHICH THE BEANS ENTERED THE PLANT FROM OUTSIDE VARIED CONSTANTLY, FROM A QUARTER TON AN HOUR TO EIGHT OR TEN TONS AN HOUR, AND WITH EVERY CHANGE, EVERY GATE HAD TO BE ADJUSTED AT LEAST A BIT, I WAS KEPT HOPPING.

THIS WAS JUST THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF PROCESSES THE BEANS UNDERWENT, AND EVENTUALLY MY JOB WAS TO BE THAT SAME SORT OF THING BUT FOR THE WHOLE PLANT.



I WORKED THE NIGHT SHIFT, FROM SIX PM TO SIX AM EVERY NIGHT. THERE WAS A LAW THAT SAID THAT WE COULDN'T WORK MORE THAN TWENTY-ONE DAYS IN A ROW, SO WE GOT ONE DAY OFF EVERY THREE WEEKS, AND BY THE END OF AUGUST I WOULD PRETTY MUCH LOSE CONTACT WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD. I'D WAKE UP AROUND THREE OR FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON EVERY DAY, EAT A BIG PANFUL OF FRIED POTATOES AND ONIONS, PICK A TOMATO FROM THE BACKYARD TO TAKE WITH ME, AND WALK TO WORK READING A BOOK. THE WALK WAS ABOUT TWO MILES, ALONG ONE STRAIGHT ROAD, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR PEOPLE DRIVING TO THE PLANT. IT TOOK ME ABOUT AN HOUR TO WALK. I WORE OVERALLS AND A T-SHIRT AND A HARD HAT WITH A PONYTAIL STICKING OUT FROM UNDERNEATH IT.

BEFORE I ARRIVED, IN ABOUT THE LAST QUARTER MILE, I ALWAYS SMOKED A JOINT.

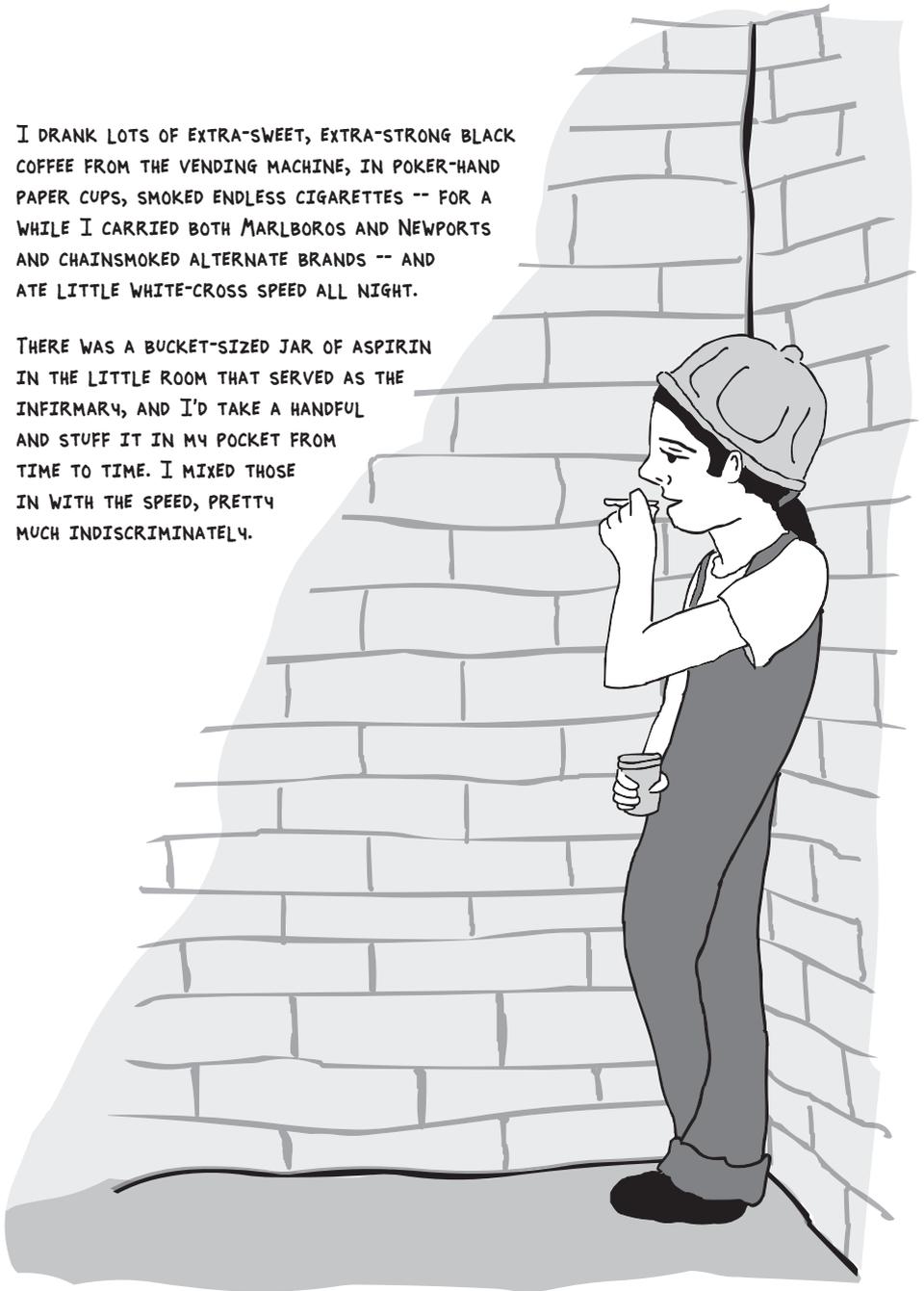
THE MACHINERY WAS DEAFENINGLY LOUD (WE WERE SUPPOSED TO WEAR EARPLUGS, BUT ONLY THE WOMEN ACTUALLY DID),

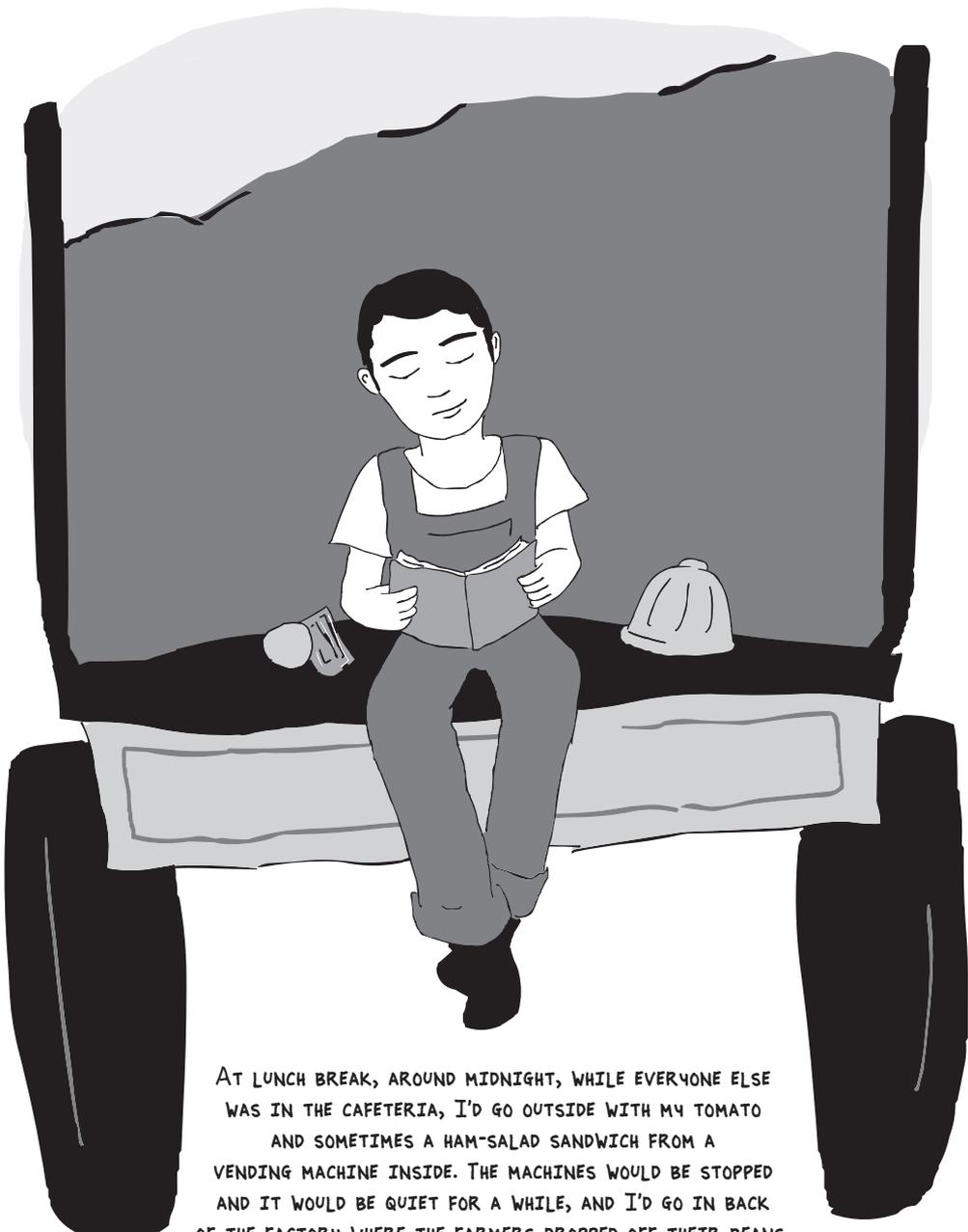


AND THE BUILDING WAS HOT, AND IT WAS ANOTHER WORLD.

I DRANK LOTS OF EXTRA-SWEET, EXTRA-STRONG BLACK COFFEE FROM THE VENDING MACHINE, IN POKER-HAND PAPER CUPS, SMOKED ENDLESS CIGARETTES -- FOR A WHILE I CARRIED BOTH MARLBOROS AND NEWPORTS AND CHAINSMOKED ALTERNATE BRANDS -- AND ATE LITTLE WHITE-CROSS SPEED ALL NIGHT.

THERE WAS A BUCKET-SIZED JAR OF ASPIRIN IN THE LITTLE ROOM THAT SERVED AS THE INFIRMARY, AND I'D TAKE A HANDFUL AND STUFF IT IN MY POCKET FROM TIME TO TIME. I MIXED THOSE IN WITH THE SPEED, PRETTY MUCH INDISCRIMINATELY.





AT LUNCH BREAK, AROUND MIDNIGHT, WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS IN THE CAFETERIA, I'D GO OUTSIDE WITH MY TOMATO AND SOMETIMES A HAM-SALAD SANDWICH FROM A VENDING MACHINE INSIDE. THE MACHINES WOULD BE STOPPED AND IT WOULD BE QUIET FOR A WHILE, AND I'D GO IN BACK OF THE FACTORY WHERE THE FARMERS DROPPED OFF THEIR BEANS.

I'D SIT IN THE CAB OF ONE OF THE TRUCKS WITH THE DOOR OPEN, OR MAYBE IN THE CAGE OF A BIG FORKLIFT, OVER BY THE HUGE CONTAINERS THE FARMERS DUMPED THEIR BEANS IN. SOMETIMES THEY'D HAVE LEFT THE TRUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF EMPTYING IT OUT, IF THAT'S WHEN LUNCH CAME, THE REAR OF THE TRUCK SLANTED UP INTO THE AIR, WITH A FEW TONS OF BEANS JUST WAITING TO FALL, LIKE AN AVALANCHE.

BEYOND THE FACTORY WAS MILES AND MILES OF NOTHING, EMPTY
FIELDS, AND STARS ABOVE LIKE YOU NEVER SEE HERE IN NEW YORK.

I'D WALK HOME EVERY NIGHT, SMOKING ANOTHER JOINT AS SOON AS I
LEFT. I WALKED ALONGSIDE THE LAKE, LAKE SENECA, AND BY THE TIME
I WAS HALFWAY HOME, THE SKY WOULD START TO LIGHTEN JUST ABOVE
THE LAKE, FROM DEEP, VELVET BLUE TO A LIGHTER ELECTRIC BLUE,
AND BY THE TIME I GOT HOME, IT LOOKED JUST LIKE THE COVER OF
WEATHER REPORT'S MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER ALBUM.

