



(sxc.hu)

The Job Search

by NICK MEADOR

I'm in the middle of a job search
Which means that I print endless resumes
Crumple them into paper balls,
Load them in a large, round sack,
Take the sack to the deepest, widest chasm that I can find –
The one with a vicious, fire-breathing dragon living at the bottom –
And I toss the resumes in, one by one, until I have none.
Then I stand on the barren strip above the abyss and wait
And wait
And wait
And
Wait

On one such occasion, a llama approached
With a tiny newt perched atop its head.
The llama was silent, but the newt quietly asked,
"Are you sure you're ready to surrender your will?"
"Yes," I replied. "After all I need to eat, don't I?"
"But one can get food from a soup kitchen," said the newt.
True, I thought, but then I'd have to sit through a sermon
From the diabolical, megalomaniacal, infinitely dull preacher.
"I'd rather steal a meal from that dragon
Than receive the death-food of the church."
I asked the newt, "You sought employment, did you not?
And now you must sit on the head of a llama to no end."



"This is an occupation, but it's not a job.
You must descend to see from my three-inch view.
Your hopes reach too high, and you expect too much from life.
The llama provides warmth, and spits out crumbs for food.
I no longer worry about commute – I am carried everywhere."
"What if your destinations differ?" I wondered out loud.
"I don't seek to go any place. I just move along the llama's path.
Most importantly, I am free to use my brain so it doesn't atrophy."
This puzzled me at first, but then I realized
I had forgotten my search and the unbearable wait,
So I mounted the llama's back and rode away from the rift.

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