

The Executive Assistant's Astral Existence

*"I'm a bit perplexed by all the attention paid to me,
when it is the comet that deserves the credit,"*

—Yuji Hyakutake

I look down from the astral plane with a bigger-
than-boss-size view of the office, each cubby &
copier, every working soul's contacts & calendar.

That's why I took this job:

An Exec Assistant, I can glide anywhere—I'm
supposed to be invisible. Because virtuous,

cheerful, efficient, easy to slide from the surface
and watch the spheres turn in this
human world made of Chap-stick,

breath mints, spare pair of glasses
so sight is never misplaced.
Pills white as snow, potent enough

to parry an avalanche of panic. My boss
stashes a mirror that magnifies & red lipstick
so her nine-to-five mouth speaks the same

dialect as the other mouths. Up here in the ether, no
one is speaking; I can hear everything. Some
are logomaniacs, some can't get a word in.

Each voice a string plucked, a lack amplified
from childhood. The past polyphonic
in the present: someone's operatic