Career Suicide  
by Shawn Jacobson

Until the gold fades  
I will treasure future years  
unchained from this life.

The leader shows a slide upon the screen  
a desert road, mountains in the distance.  
“The road forward” reads the caption,  
but it is not my road; I will part ways.  
The road of office life, shall not be mine  
I will take my leave, a different path.  
My career will pass from my hands as I exit.

The Emails offer training, ways to grow  
in agency programs, leadership skills,  
computer abilities useful for my work.  
Yet I am disengaged, it matters not.  
These things no longer ignite my fire  
in terminal time they have no meaning,  
no relevance to my now. I’m moving on.

By my will I relinquish this cubical place,  
and abdicate this life with my own hand.  
I will take this life to live in other ways.  
My memory will fade as I move onward.  
My works will fall that others might build anew.  
I terminate this time office tomorrows.  
All things must end; I end thiw work life here.

Soon shall come the day of this surrender  
the abdication of my work in the world.  
I shall return my badge, and my computer  
things I used though they were never mine.  
 And then I will depart for new tomorrows  
HUDGone shall cleanse my ghosts from here.  
I’ll travel on to death and liberation.

I drop this burden  
looking to the horizon;  
Freedom, death, freedom