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