

## Cube

Right left, up or down, can you tell me  
brother, which way to go.

Neon lights moth to the flame flashes  
from my dark cubical of life.

Tell me sister, how am I doing, from  
where you sit in yours.

Can you see us doing our square dance  
to rock, with the others laughing.

Two mimes, adjoining boxes, find the door  
and make love.

Arrested for public fornication, forgot they  
were on a busy New York City sidewalk.

Mimes not popular in jail, one now a  
welder, the other buried in a box.

Can you tell me brother which way to go, do I  
play the machine gun or a fiddle and a bow.  
Or do I stay in my cube

Terrence Michael Wall