

runner

Job Search Mantra

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I. The Cover Letter

To Whom It May Concern:

the name is JAK, I don't

beat around the bush

unless I'm planting flowers there –

here, I am lookin for a job

and what else is new

like ain't we all? Trying

to find the position

of our dreams like

wayward puzzle pieces

or magnets, confused

politicians going back

and forth, you could even

say we are silver spheres

on opposite ends

of Newton's cradle

jumping because

we are nervous and can't

sit still – but you know

why don't we just

cut to the chase

when I saw yr post

on LinkedIn my heart

leapt in its cage

knowing I'd make

the perfect ass

for the hole

in yr pants

a patch to call

home, the crooked stitch

holding a finger in a glove

together we will rip

this market wide open

the panoramic vision:

get rich and die

with our shoes full

of sand, having gone

the distance and

stepped in shit

a couple times

transcending this

sad and shallow

holy difficult living

existence with

immaterial salvation

you and me

II. The Resume

Let's just say
I will work
one job for each good finger
I have, all entry level
and at the same time!
Go ahead, watch me
balance grace and time
with ease, missing
birds with stones
all over, I will work
on my aim daily
a modern David
to your giant list
of simple requirements
I may or may not meet.
I say that I am in this
for the long haul
(at least til I find
something else), have I
told you bout all
this experience beneath
my shrinking belt?
You'd better grab
a seat, my C.V. will knock
yr dry personality
and low expectations across
the room because you know
I will work for not much
work for a lot of things
like pens work for writing
like chain saws for cutting
down trees, briefly I swear
til my knees are torn
at the seams I will work

outside or downstairs
makin vistas of brick
walls with big rocks
making copies of paintings
of olives riding horses
they will sell for thousands
I'll do it for twelve an hour
(this is a true story)
you can even put yr name on it
hell I'll sell my face
if you take this wallet too
it has a few holes
but so much potential:
all that empty space
and folded paper getting
wispy in my hands
picking up and out
where I left off, buy land
with slant rhymes
and hollow chords
of words under water
the ocean echoes out
of sight but it's there
and it's breathing we
are breathing with it
can't you see
just work with me here –

III. The Employee

It was two thirty in the afternoon,
the home stretch
of big air a thin sheet
and the trunk stood alone
like a pillar for someone dead
like a flower with no petals
and stark against the weird
blue sky it was raining
lightly and the column
of solid wood became
a wet monument shining
and the boss stood there
atop its pillar neck
sans head and webbed crown
him a tangle of strap
and harness, leaning –
the trunk looking like
an amputeed spider
on a stick like
a silent shell exploding
it became a body
with no arms or legs
the trunk was a mushroom
cloud without the cloud
it was a totem
with only one face
it was money
in the bank
and maybe I am
being too sensitive
about this maybe it's
just a job
for someone else
to say they did

a fake painting with
his name on it: sold!
and “think of it this way,”
he says, returning to the ground
with a gentle zip and thud
“if we don't chop her down
someone else will.”

IV. Two Weeks Notice

(in three haikus)

my ass hurts from all
this sitting I'd rather fall
down the stairs outside

in a dream my pen
became a flower writing:
that is a new sun

how bout this weather?
a loud crack and whooshing sound
this job sucks I quit

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