

JFK8 Night Shift

straight ahead,

shelves zoom across an
endless linoleum floor
each 1 shuttled on the
back of a big-ass neon
beetle its acetal body
made to lift & carry &
navigate & deposit its
cargo before me (or an
other like me) i stand
and i fill the shelves

some dawns i come home
and my mind won't stop
stowing. our bookshelf
stares at me as i chew
and swallow my dinner.
i locate empty space &
picture it filled with
coffee makers & canned
food & lingerie & text
books & surgical masks

my job's to stuff shit
into shelves that bots
bring me. tee shirts &
diffusers & dog food &
vibrators & blue lives
matter flags & picture
books & flower seeds &
books about how to get
rich & cards. a screen
tracks how fast i work

some dawns i come home
and go to bed and stow
as i sleep. still obey
ing waking rules: 2 of
the same item can't go
side by side or one on
top of the other, keep
products upright, etc.
etc. etc. who can tell
the day from the night

a camera records where
each object is stored.
please be advised: all
employees motions must
be legible to the eyes
of machines don't hold
2 things at once don't
pick up fallen product
clarity of movement is
critical to avoid loss

one time my dreamt job
demands that i stow my
self. each shelf forms
a tunnel. i clamber up
& crawl through, again
and again clamber up &
crawl through. all the
cloth throats end back
at my station, where i
feed myself again into

the shelf's open mouth