

## **Our So-Called Office**

We're in a so-called office; we're, well, past the after-glow,  
We've shredded all the documents on your docket,  
And found the sweet spot in your breast pocket.  
You barely sensed the stinging cologne.

From twigs they call virtual offices,  
From out of two-dot Kansas--  
Six talking heads surround us,  
Our late-day advert-free teleconference,  
Turn off that video phone.

By Paul Turner, 2007