“A Death at the Office”

The news goes desk to desk like a memo: Initial and pass it on. Each of us marks Surprised or Sorry.

The management came early and buried her nameplate deep in her desk. They have boxed up the Midol and Lip-Ice,

dr the snapshots from home, wherever it was—nephews and nieces, a strange, blurred cat with fiery, flashbulb eyes

as if it grieved. But who grieves here? We have her ballpoints back, her bud vase. One of us tears the scribbles from her calendar.