An aerial photograph of a dense urban skyline, likely New York City, featuring a variety of skyscrapers and buildings. The architecture is characterized by vertical lines and repetitive window patterns. The lighting suggests a bright, sunny day, casting shadows on the buildings.

Squares and Lines, Concrete and Steel

Life in the Metropolis

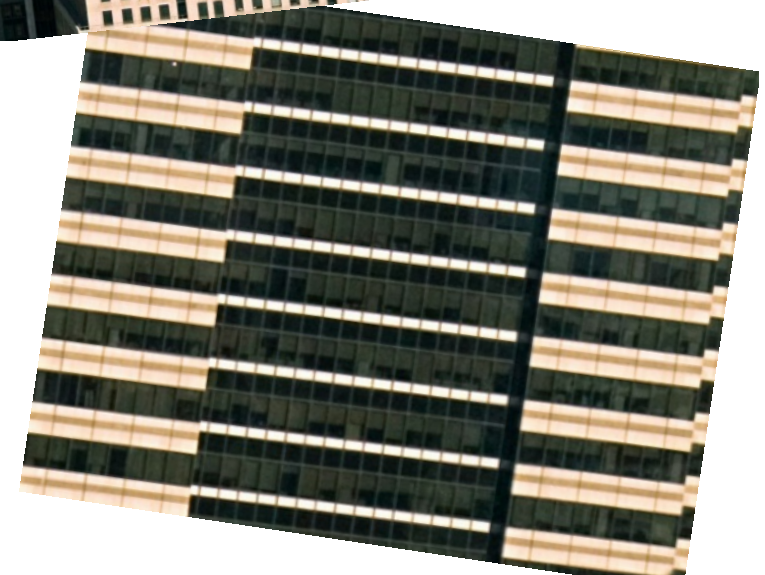
By Harry Jivenmukta

First published 2016 by Loosewords Publishing Company

www.loosewords.org

Copyright © Harry Jivenmukta 2016

The right of Harry Jivenmukta to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988. All rights are reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission of the publisher.



Identical form
after identical form.
call after call.

I want a chicken sandwich
but with hot chilli sauce
that sizzles all the way down
to my belly.

I want to jump
out of the window
and then they will know
who I am.

Or was.

Only 45 minutes to go
before lunch.
I'll go down and across
to the green area,
grassy,
and meet with Milly
and share that
salad, and juicy
fruit bowl
that she makes
every day.



Anonymous.

Staff number RC6977.

Just tell them the facts

without emotion.

Dispassionate.

I was made to paint

and draw,

not verify that someone

is who they say they are.

Who are they

in any case?

And will it ever matter?

There is a rhythm

to it

that I will have to learn.

It's not just about

twisting and being thrown

up in the air.

And I liked it when

Milly said we

could go together.

It's in a shady part of the city

but they can't be all bad

if there is dancing.



I wonder what it is like
to work on the ground floor,
just inside the main entrance.

Or, to have my office in
a garden shed.

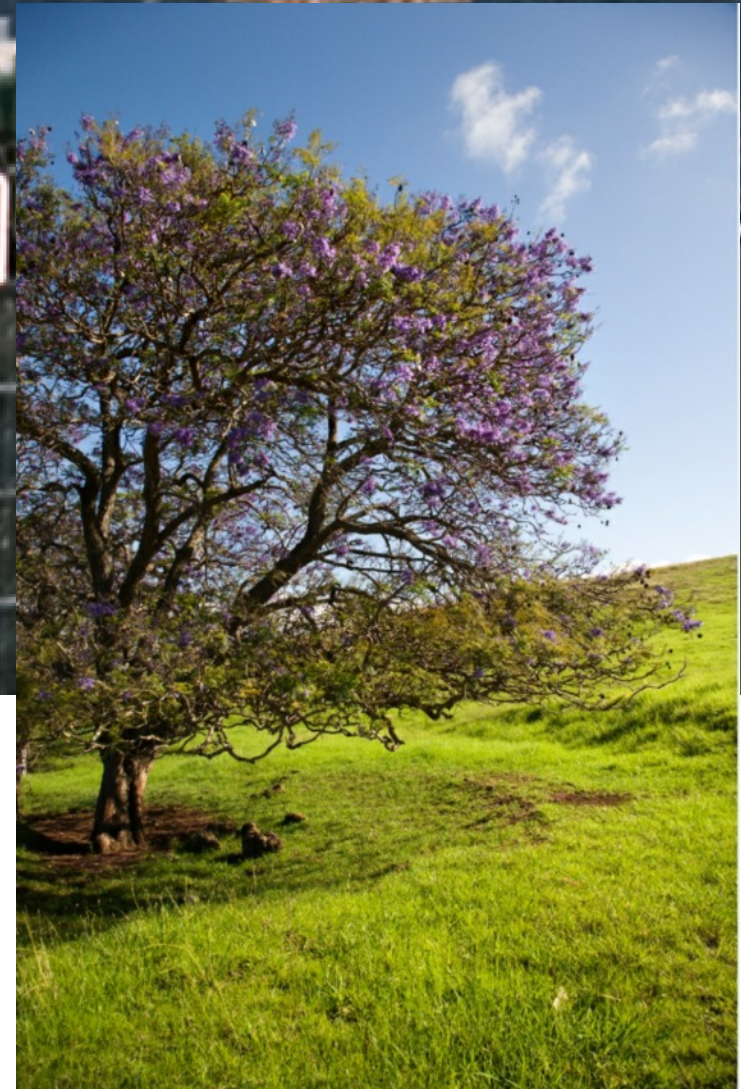
Instead, I am tottering
in the sky,
unbalanced.

But from here
I can see the distant hills
and green trees.

On the ground floor
everything is
concrete and steel.

My ankles and calves are
aching in pain
but at least I can sit
down at my workstation,
to work all day.

And dream about
the wonderful
freedom of the dance.
And Milly said we can join
and then we can go
every week.



Good morning AC Metals,

How can I help you?

Yes.

Yes

--

Of course I will.

Goodbye.

I will send him a

Form A334789, G27,

Retraction Form 22790

and a return envelope.

And I hope he chokes

on his food

and dies a horrible death.

And then I wont have to

process his forms

that he planned to return.

That will mean 15 minutes

of saved processing time.

Brilliant!



When life gets rough, when the world seems to push you down and hold you there. You've just got to get up and dance it off, show the world that you are strong, that you get through anything it throws at you!!! It doesn't matter if you are good or bad, just be yourself when you dance. Whether you dance in front of people or in your room alone so nobody can see. Just Dance!!!

I told her I agreed
With everything she had to say
But I was a bit surprised
By her enthusiasm.



My friend Milly

A friend of mine said
that we should start something new
to break the monotony.

I asked him for three options.

He said, jogging, dancing or snooker.

I thought to myself,
where am I most likely to meet
someone to make love to.

I don't want to embarrass myself
jogging in the park, and wheezing.
And the type of woman who dances is all
lycra and yoghurt and soap operas.

I wondered what type of woman
likes snooker.



OH YES.

I could imagine her in my head.

So I told him;

Snooker.

My life really is quite complete.
Except for having an interesting man.
Milly says that all men are the same;
football, beer, and perverted.

I thought about that for a while
but then said to her that
there must be a few that like dancing
and being vegetarians
and are caring.

OH yes! She snorted,
they all are until they get
their legs under your table.

Then they slowly let you know
that really they want to watch the
football match with eight mates
around, with beer
and will you wear something more
suggestive
to keep the magic alive.



I might have got it wrong.

There were no women
at the snooker hall,
at all.

But my friend said that
you can't expect to find
the right woman
the first time you look.

I think he is right.



There are always training days
to attend.
But, I suddenly
saw my snooker fantasy woman
right there,
in front of me,
in the same workshop as me.



So, training courses again...

Yes. This is my fourth
training day this year.



Yes, I know what you mean.



So, what do you do for fun?

Well, I like dancing....



Do you like snooker?



OH.

No.

Well, see you around.

