

Satori

So what the matter finally came down to was that I no longer cared to cover up my tracks. For big things nor piddling things. In the boxes in the refrigerator, cans knocked about, some deliberately misplaced; turned backward, brands swapped between boxes, Coke in the Pepsi box Pepsi in the Coke box. Two cans of Diet Coke placed in the freezer, one left dessicated and oozing gooey soda syrup onto the frosted mass of the compartment's bottom, the other thrown, with brutality, into the sink. Droplets of just one calorie spritzing, spraying in a pinwheel as the can tumbles end over end to land with a kerrang thudding about then finally coming to rest rolling slightly into the drainhole stickysweet soda gushing weakly pooling beneath. Papers, once shuffled loosely on someone's desk, anyone's, a coworker or superior, Mike or Dan or Rob or Gary or Tracy or Drew, reshuffled in a subtly different way, a way the person wouldn't have shuffled themselves. Tracy organizes geologically; newer and more important (not necessarily the same) papers atop the mass of paper, older and more important (this is not a contradiction) sifting to the bottom, to be found days weeks months later. To permute: a shuffling in three dimensions, depth for time and length and width just for confusion's sake. Rob maintains a mostly spotless working surface, so it's to the file drawer. Folders once labeled neatly, single sheets and stapled packets slid evenly between drab green cardboard, now moved about, reversed, unstapled then restapled on different corners, or doubly stapled but on different corners, some sheets even just sent to the shredder. One, two, three at a time — I test the limits, twenty-six then twenty-seven, looks like twenty-eight does it, now the shredder is whining and grinding, ineffectual, I leave it, leave it, leave it, and now is that a slight odor of burning motor I smell? On to Gary, world's biggest joke on the paperless office, no documents or papers *per se* but paper oh yes paper by the score in the form of three by three squares, not just a few stuck to the edge of a monitor or "many" near the phone, but the entire wall of his cheaply

constructed (one drawer broken by Drew's dad — why couldn't he get a professional? cheap bastard — during assembly, its front laying pitiful to the side) but stylish in an Office Depot kind of way work environment, covered with no not just covered with but plastered with a swarm of those flattened yellow paper cranes, each sticky note carefully aligned, vertical edges and horizontal ones both. Call Bill Weatherwax. R.H. Mason Tuesday at 2. Lunch with Darla on Wed. KCCI wants call back — Dawn. Dialup Dave Smith 282-0412. *Et cetera*. For Gary precision is required, so out comes the protractor, this one here one point six degrees counterclockwise about its center, this one here an entire two point three clockwise about its upper left corner. Desk change is big, very big, a window into the souls of soulless automatons. Some organized carefully, stack the quarters the nickels the pennies then dimes in cylindrical formations (some a single cylinder some two or three some a separate cylinder for each denomination, damn those too big or too little Canadian coins), some recklessly, simply tossed into the compartment of a desk organizer, but there too there are some for some require separate compartments for separate denominations, for some a *melange* of big ones little ones silver ones copper ones in a big little medium any compartment is alright (allright) or perhaps even necessary, or ohmigosh even just scattered in the place for pens or just plain dropped in a drawer also containing two dried up blue Bics and a bulk of canary paper scourges. Some also are discriminating: only quarter-dollars, only silver money (that's a popular one because those worthless pennies what are they good for anyway), only pennies (that's a popular one because good thing to save up once you get enough you have yourself a few dollars there where you didn't expect it howbout that), some even almost mulatto amalgamations of tender, pennies and quarters, the smallest and biggest all tumbled together. But change changes too here so now Tracy gets neatly ribbed columns of pennies, everybody's pennies in fact, all tucked away inside a drawer likely to remain unopened for six or seven weeks until he needs that one backup CD, but none of his other change touched, and Rob's neat rows, in a single partition, are interrupted instantly, fucked up with a rough jab of the

index finger, while Gary is just plain stolen from. Thirsty work needs a tasty beverage, on down to the pop machine for a break. Others, rather than helping fuel more mayhem, are perhaps thrown in duos or trios into the kitchen garbage, or behind the refrigerator (perverse but also mostly unsatisfying since Drew will clearly never ever replace the damnthng, which spites all wishes for its demise by chugging on and barely chilling), or perhaps taken out into the country — it's legal for pennies but he'll go up to quarters, even had a beautiful glinting fifty cent piece once — and oblonged between train and track, the last there to be returned later to the desk whence it came. Paperclips. Sticky notes. Rubbert cement... ah, rubber cement. Dusty forgotten bottles of cleaners of air, fixture, appliance, and computing equipment . Useless chemical mixtures which do not clean whiteboards as advertised rather doing the opposite of causing deposited dry erase to smear and bond irrevocably with the white of the boards. Scotch tape, not the real stuff because we're too goddamn cheap, but suitable nonetheless for use in elaborate constructions, consolidations and commixtures strange, red horses and trojan herrings garishly effected first in order to draw attention away from more subtle and devious deviations, but finally as blatant vociferations of purpose, whatever precisely that might be. Cement on the dispenser of tape, affixing the affixer to Rob's work surface. Cloyingly sweet air (so-called) freshener applied liberally to the inside of Tracy's phone, most appropriate for one who avoids telephone calls so assiduously. A methodical, orderly explosion of pink and yellow stickies layered outward around a dense core of broad brown packing tape, bound in an intricate star pattern of scotch, then speared through by an archaic phone message (WHILE YOU WERE OUT...) holder, sharing with letter openers one of the few at-all-overt links in the business world to the snarling, feral structures and discourses of power which surely must lie at the heart of it all. Said message holder then placed conspicuously on Rob's chair, an open invitation to visualize the puncturing of his otherwise polarized (out only) rectum. Satori in a quiet Saturday-morning officespace.