

*Conspiracy Headache*

It happens  
 every Monday with-  
 out fail. Show up to work like  
 the rest of them, all 913 of us packed together  
 in our little Town of cubicles; mind-controlled  
 Jones' on my left and right. I cannot keep up!  
 Then the boss comes along, the Unibom-  
 ber that he is, and drops a stack of pa-  
 perwork on my desk. Now I've got  
 corporate Gemstones scattered  
 around my little Area. That's  
 when I begin to feel it.  
 Like a Derrin-ger Ball  
 lodged in the back of my skull,  
 a large, silver / Unknown

51  
 all  
 when  
 Object crashing / \\  
 my mind; the headache | \  
 the Water cooler next to Mr. | \  
 one with a Rear Window view. | \  
 street, in between the Ford deal- | \  
 der if Marilyn's the waitress today? | \  
 could just slip out for an hour...too | \  
 the boss for "A" favor? "M" aybe | \  
 again- "E" ver? "L" ost cause for | \  
 und here! Everyone is preoccupied | \  
 watching my every move. Right? May- | \  
 slip out through the grassy knoll. It

( ) / \  
 into the desert of  
 / of headaches. I start for  
 / Gate's desk. He is the only  
 // I can see the dinner across the  
 / \ ership and the Theater. I won-  
 / She can \ | cure any man's headache. If I  
 / far from \ | lunch though. "C" ould "T" ask  
 / just this on- \ | once, "A" nd I'll never "D" o it  
 "S" ure. You | \  
 though. | \  
 be I can | \  
 happens | \  
 It's not like they've got cameras  
 just fake a noon landing and  
 all the time- so "they" tell me.