



...december 6, 2003...

**you spoke as if your life  
was two to ten at work  
and that without it  
you would be reduced  
to bones and neurons  
blasting headaches  
through your cells –**

**but it was not the job  
defining you –  
it was always you  
who made the job  
a blend of lives  
with everyone you met –**

**in moving on  
you only leave behind  
a punching clock  
and bureaucratic games –  
you never leave behind  
the lives you touched.**

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