

## **Immediately Following Mandatory Happy Hour with the Boss**

I said to the driver, deliver me  
to the nearest beautiful thing.  
My name is not ma'am.  
Where clouds rallied together like workers  
I said let me out here.  
Palm trees dusted the sky. No rain.  
I called another taxi, I said, take me to  
a larch, a church, the awe  
in the word autumn.  
Take me to dusk.  
To a Sikh temple where I can meet the genderless god.  
The casino.  
Behind the curtain  
where we pray our children will fix the world  
before we are reborn.