

Occupation, by Lisa Gorton

Listen. We can talk here,
this republic in your empire of intention.

**Know when you step out this door again
corridors will take you**

as if they knew the way and could explain.
But the unending rhetoric of transit
returns to the cubicle NO, this upright casket
where you sit like the soul of a wall
or buried Vestal
in the aloneness of your life, that lustre on tiles no graffiti confides.



Illustration by Samantha Denmark



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