EXIT INTERVIEW

You haven't liked what you've been doing, have you?
I stayed near the corner windows of the office, the cockpit of a plane facing the Blue Ridge.

But your employment with us has been mostly a positive experience for you, hasn't it?
The last day home from work I see a girl with long black hair, dancing in a field.

You really want to be doing something else.
I want the dusk light falling in sheets. I want to gather the blue between the stars at the point of turning black.

It will all be a distant memory.
I shut the car door, putting it between us. He drives off into the distance.

You need to be tougher.
Have you seen the turtle's shell, cracked and broken?

You'll be doing what you want now, so think about that instead.
I see the ocean, celadon like his eyes, a horizon line, so many whitecaps.

Did they know you'd be leaving so soon?
I slipped through their fingers, leaving my skin, the copper scales dried and falling apart in their hands.