


Junior Broker

Chris Green

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There once was a dull manager
at a meeting who meant to say,
“We’re all whores.”
Instead, he began a long unmusical
buzz about the stock performance chart,
when a bird,
furtive and alone,
spoke up on the speaker phone—
“It’s beautiful, just beautiful. It’s beautiful, just beautiful.”
The manager thanked the bird
and continued addressing us about
performance and fiscal
restraint in a shrinking market.
“It’s beautiful, just beautiful. It’s beautiful, just beautiful.”

An urgent bird,
and papers as white tulips,
and through the window the sky a poster of blue,
and each of us in black shoes
but also full red lips,
Conference Room 7000,
wings begin to flicker,
and a liquid note comes clear
from the manager’s
sweet throat.