



THE HAUNTED CUBICLE
by George Jack

I've told and rendered many tales designed to give a chill
And now another story's moving my featherless quill
Or, less a story than a tour of corporate evil
Not evil, like in Enron's case
But the mad, dark denizenry of one's workplace
Whom are much too proximitous to my workspace –
Henceforth known as – the Haunted Cubicle.

First, there's the cubicle neighbor whose one apparent skill
Is waxing how his pay's so low he barely makes his bills
He grunts and kvetches daily making other listeners ill
Townfolk might burn his cubicle, pitchfork his whine
But the OSHA laws ban such workplace-safety crime
Not mobs, or HR can stop Complainenstein,
A-grouching in a graveyard near the Haunted Cubicle.

It's other people's time that this next monster likes to kill
With hockey scores, or how his hair's great since Monoxidil
At your cube's entrance, he'll gab on til he controls your will
No stake of wood can kill this count clad in office attire
If draining you of productivity is his desire
Yes, only quittin time can stop – the Energy Vampire
Undead goof off whose coffin's near – the Haunted Cubicle

Still yet another horrifies with noise of chew and swill
Sounds grosser than a jackal tearing through a crocodile
And as this tape-worm addled terror glutton-gloms his fill
We hope he won't turn cannibal when his food's gone
Coffee truck uber-patron, who is he, where's he from?
He's the Lunchback of Roach Coachre Dame,
Whose hunger lurks the Haunted Cubicle.

And then, there is the guy in sales, enthusiastic tool
Who, at month's end when all are trying to sell and get renewals,
He howls and yells, "You've got the joooooouice!" until he starts to drool
As he bays, I can hear him too well where I am,
But I've no silver bullets, or wolfsbane-odored spam,
To rid us of this Motivational Wolfman,
Ringing bells, yelling, selling, Haunting Cubicools....

Lord of this corporate hamlet where these freakish creatures mill
Some say he is part MBA, part soul-sucking weazil,
Who, at sunset, will lay you off then drink your blood he spills
One never knows exactly when to expect
A severance-ensharpened nibble on the neck
But when the Bossferatu says you're next-
Farewell, O Haunted Cubicle.

I don't want to be like my coworkers, Mycroft and Gil
Who each day eat a charm made out of garlic and Paxil
(No), I'd much rather write cover letters than mix herbs and pills
Cruxifixes, mojobs, won't hold evil at bay,
What's my plan for escape? I think that the best way
Is an updated, voodoo-proof, fresh resume,
"The power of references available upon 'ReQuist' compels you,
HAUNTED CUBICLE!"