

PREMATURE

Recalled
to Goodstone Aircraft Company I eagerly enter Building 100
to report to PARKING CONTROL where
I expect to receive a parking sticker for my car,
giving
the lady behind the desk my employee no. 824921
and waiting as she scans her computer screen.
She frowns
and shakes her head at her failure to find me on her screen
and wheels away from her screen in her swivel chair
and tells me to come
back Monday, saying, "You don't exist yet!"

It appears that while I was away
Goodstone's powers
have grown even more God-like.

ADJUSTING

We machinists
spend 15 minutes wandering around in and out of Building 89
because we were told the wrong room to go to for
our hearing protection class.
When we finally are directed to the right room we find
there is another class in it and so
must wander around for 20 minutes more until
we finally go into the room to sit down where
we wait 15 more minutes
for the instructor who is late.
But,
having been just recently recalled to Goodstone Aircraft
Company after a year or two laid off and unemployed
and unable to find decent work
in the depressed economy, we machinists
don't say any of the disgruntled or snide words
we would have said before being laid off.
Instead, we think about the \$20 an hour we are making
and settle back in the plush chairs and listen
to each other's old inane boring remarks
and old-as-the-dust-in-the-hills
jokes
and stare at the walls and twiddle our thumbs
with big smiles and chuckles and laughs of delight.

We're going to learn to love Goodstone Aircraft Company
yet.