

## Thursday

### "For The Workforce,Drowning"

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"For the Workforce, Drowning" by Thursday

Falling from the top floor your lungs  
fill like parachutes  
windows go rushing by.  
People inside,  
dressed for the funeral in black and white.  
These ties strangle our necks, hanging in the closet,  
trapped in the cubicle;  
without a name, just numbers, on the resume stored in  
the mainframe, marked for delete.

Please take these hands  
throw them in the river,  
wash away the things they never held  
please take these hands,  
throw me in the river,  
don't let me drown before the workday ends.

9 to 5! 9 to 5!

And we're up to our necks,  
drowning in the seconds,  
ingesting the morning commute  
lost in a dead subway sleep  
we lie wide awake in our parent's beds,  
tossing and turning.  
Tomorrow we'll get up  
drive to work,  
single file  
with everyday  
it's like the last.  
Waiting for the life to start, is it always just always  
ahead of the curve?

Please take these hands  
throw them in the river,  
wash away the things they never held  
please take these hands,  
throw me in the river,  
don't let me drown before the workday ends.

Just keep making copies  
of copies  
of copies  
when will it end?

it'll never end,  
'til it gets so bad  
that the ink fills in our fingerprints  
and the silhouette of your own face becomes the black  
cloud of war  
and even in our dreams we're so afraid the weight will  
offset who we are  
all those breaths that you took have now been canceled  
in your lungs.  
Last night my teeth fell out like ivory typewriter keys  
and all the monuments and skyscrapers burned down  
and filled the sea.

save our ship  
the anchor is part of the desk  
we can't cut free,  
the water is flooding the decks  
the memos sent through the currents  
computers spark like flares  
I can see them.  
They don't touch me,  
touch me.

Please someone,  
teach me how to swim.  
Please, don't let me drown,  
please, don't let me drown.

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