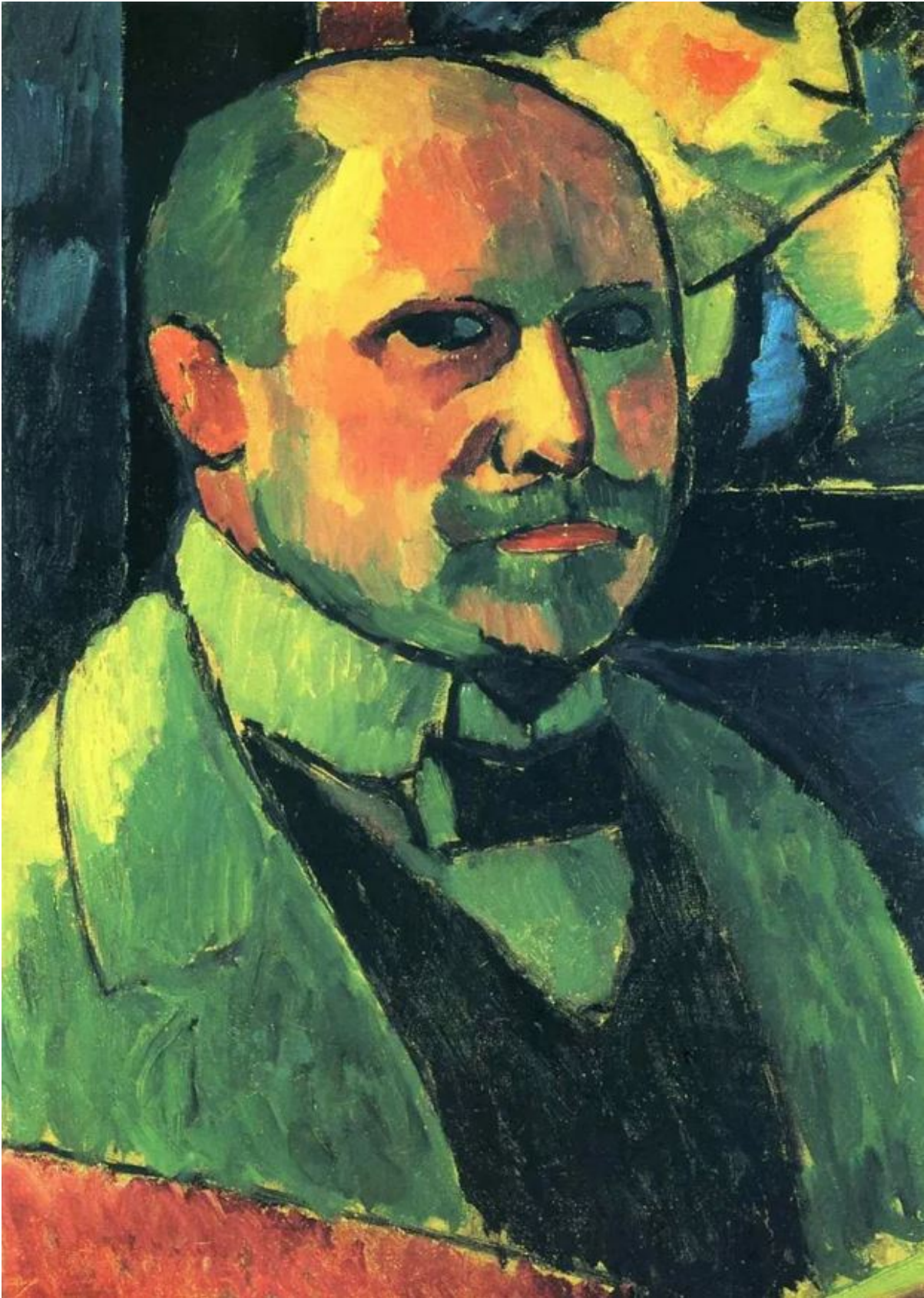


# A Middle Manager Foresees his Death

by [Thomas Banks](#) (January 2021)



*Self Portrait, Alexei von Jawlensky, 1912*

*(With Apologies to the Ghost of W.B. Yeats)*

**I guess that** I will meet my fate  
There in my office up above.  
My boss I don't exactly hate;  
My wife I don't precisely love.

My company is Finewic Floss,  
My office on the seventh floor,  
And when I croak, someone will cross  
My name from off my office door.

Washed in the harsh fluorescent light,  
Part of the fat suburban crowd,  
I tell the mirror every night  
"This quarter's sales were up: be proud."

I try to keep a happy mind,  
But frequently feel out of breath,  
And falling down, fallen behind—  
My life my job, my job my death.

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**Thomas Banks** has taught literature and Latin for many years in Idaho, Montana, and North Carolina, where he currently lives. Other writings of his have appeared in *First Things* and the *St. Austin Review*.

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