

Meetings (Poetry Sample)

We need to meet this afternoon
for a meeting following up on last week's meeting.

After meeting to discuss
the proposed proposals
from last week's meeting,
we'll go away and review
the feedback to these proposed proposals,
which we'll then review
when we meet at next week's meeting.

We'll meet for this meeting in Conference Room 6,
where the meeting will commence
at fifteen-thirty-five.

After meeting for this meeting in Conference Room 6,
when the meeting has concluded,
I'll meet you at *The King's Elbow*.
When we meet, I'll let you know what I really thought about today's meeting.

*The problem is, I tell you,
as the foamy glass meets my phony lips,
the problem is that I'm beginning to suspect
that meeting for our meetings as often as we do
is preventing us from meeting our deadlines.
I'm starting to suspect
that we spend so many hours meeting for meetings
to discuss meetings
that there's not enough time to carry out*

*the reviewed proposals
that we met to discuss in those previous meetings.*

*I think we need to meet with the others
and have a meeting
to discuss whether we're having too many meetings.
I'll send an email.*

After six or seven beers
I start to suspect
that our meeting is reaching a premature conclusion.
I'm finding it harder
and harder
to meet the barwoman's eyes.

That's not the only thing that's getting harder
and harder,
especially as my eyes get lower
and lower.
I'd sure love to examine
the meeting of her dark thighs,
the meeting between
the shiny mounds
of her tits.
My lips would like to meet hers.

Not that I say anything.
That would be completely inappropriate.

Let's meet soon, I tell you.
Maybe we'll meet before
next week's meeting,

or maybe I'll meet you after.

I climb off my stool

and my cramped feet meet the sticky carpet.

I wobble

and the tip of my damp nose

almost meets the damper table.

It's nineteen-thirty-five.

I wave goodbye as you slide into the taxi.

I'm all alone.

Suddenly, I'm desperate for a meeting.

I'll meet with anyone. Anyone.

About The Poem

Nobody likes meetings. You'd be hard-pressed to find a cheerleader for bureaucracy, yet it manages to infect so much of our daily lives. I have very rarely left a work meeting with the opinion that anything productive was achieved. *Meetings* is a poem borne out of that frustration. It follows an unnamed speaker, a middling bureaucrat, whose life is so utterly dominated by meetings, reviews and proposals that every human interaction he attempts to pursue can only be interpreted through the framework of this dull office-speak. The speaker is obviously a repugnant character, tormented by the loneliness that has been stamped into his soul after hours of pointless workplace meetings.