

It's My First Day

By

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It's my first day and I almost got locked in the bathroom

and I got here way too early so I
sat on a bench around the corner
for 45 minutes hoping no one
would see me

and I spent the first two hours
meeting people and immediately
forgetting their names

and I don't know my phone
number.

It's my second day and I over corrected and was almost late

and I'm still not sure who's cool
and who drools around here

and I think I made friends with
the weird guy by accident

and now he wants to hang out
sometime

and I'm not sure if this phone is
even plugged in

It's my third day and I got here right on time

and I know where the good
bathroom is now

and it was someone's birthday
and I got cake

I don't think I deserve it because I
don't know the person at all and I
was stuck in the corner of the
room and couldn't talk to anyone
properly

And why do they even make
rooms like that?

It's my second week and I'm kind of on top of things

and the boss thinks I'm doing a
good job but he's never here so
how would he know?

and I only know the names of
three people so I try to only talk
to them

and literally anyone could come
in and I wouldn't question who
they are, even if they stole
something.

this is how spies and crooks get
away with it.

It's my third week and I'm running out of excuses to not hang out with the weird guy

and he found out I like movies so
we're going to see a movie.

why do I have to like movies? Life
would be easier right now if I
didn't like movies

but I think I offended him when I
said I didn't know the difference
between Marvel and DC

and it seems like that was a big
deal to him

we sat in silence the rest of the
night.

It's the next day and he hasn't said anything to me.

and this feels somehow worse
than before

he was one of the only people I
knew so that's great, now I'm
down to two

my phone rang but I was too
startled and forgot to answer.

It's my monthly review and I'm convinced they'll fire me

and it wouldn't be that bad, this job
sorta stinks

and yes I need the money, but I also
need a life

and they want me to stay for the rest of
the year

apparently the weird guy put in a good
word for me.

It's been six months and I know nearly everyone's name.

except for the old woman who works out
the back

but I'm pretty sure no one else knows
her name either

and I'm not convinced she even works
here

maybe she's a ghost.

It's been a year and it looks like I'm here forever.

and that feels kind of weird.

because I'm not the new guy
anymore

and that's better and worse than
being the new guy was

and I just saw an ad for a new
job.

and it's better but I'd miss the
weird guy and my phone and the
ghost lady.

But here we go again.