

## Desktop Depression

Zen in motion you visualize a clutter free zone  
breathing deeply in through your nose, out your mouth  
eyes open, imagined images violently shatter  
stacks, piles, notes, CDs, keyboard, phone  
impossibly it thrives on the brink of imminent disaster  
amidst the chaos you pluck requested files like a magician  
eternally terrified to disturb the mystical balance.

Prioritizing is abandoned in the caverns of remorse  
ability to classify or comprehend apocalyptic  
mummified, paralysis strikes rendering dementia  
you pray for purity from the sewage infested swamps  
so you could arabesque across a mine field  
escape routes slaughtered as the other world collapses  
you debate whether you should bulldoze with brute force.

Infected icons litter the virtual land  
screen savers camouflage the insipid hideousness  
search and rescue become an art form  
defeated, not even Feng Shui could save your soul  
only one remedy resonates, continued denial or rebirth  
you invisibly desert the suffocating office  
and forgivingly commit the whole day to living.

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