

I'd Like To Work At Your Firm

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Greg Mills can also be read at the [BASTARD OF ART AND COMMERCE](#)



Offer me a job. At your work.

I will take it, by gum. I will bring my own lunch. I'll sit quietly, and cheerfully.

I could tidy, collate, bring in the elephants.

Got a waxing need? I'll wax it. Canvas need stretching? I'll get my gloves.

Can I plan an invasion for you? Please? I won't be any trouble. I have my own maps and a pen.

Will wear a tie. Or pasties.

Let me reheat the morning soup for you. I will punish your enemies, roll your oats, call the faithful to prayer.

All I need is a honest fair, salary and four weeks off.

You have reached the limits of your effectiveness, but I can extend for you. "Milk the cats! Ring the bells! Calculate the rate of decay! I'm busy, Mills!"

And I'm on it, my name tag a glisten and my hassock freshly pressed.

I will not complain when I am cut by paper, exposed to pathogens, or put next to the boring client in the Lear Jet.

I won't alphabetize, so don't ask. And I am leery of deep-fryers, since the accident.

But I will dress your windows like the fabled window dresser I know deep down that I am.

So, what do you say? Are we jake?

Hire me.