

# RACHEL CONTRENI FLYNN

## My Fortune 500 Love Poem

Amid all the typical bullshit, the fake laughter, the trumped-up urgency, I actually found love at the office. Despite the grueling manufacturing agreements and endless indignities and acronyms, I found love.

Who brought me music and offered candy, who listed to me bitch until I got a promotion I didn't deserve, who knew I was lazy and distracted but still wanted lunch with me at the Greek place. Who endured kindly

my pregnancies and brought the right kind of root beer to the hospital and even now asks about my kids knowing this opens up a tedious monologue about their cuteness. Who makes it nearly tolerable to sit in a cube

and never says outright that I'm crazy, thought it must be obvious most days. Who never ratted me out for being lazy and distracted, and who might never wonder whether I love her, but I do.

## Clean White Shirt

*for Patrick*

To feel you beneath  
a clean white shirt  
is to know resilience—

a word I always associate  
with dolphins, their skin  
sloughing off fast

in the water,  
then growing back.  
I buy a paper and juice

in Atlanta's airport.  
Read, drink, empty,  
fold. Nothing left

to do but ascend  
into the bright stripe  
of chalk. My hands

are lonely  
in the long way  
that water is lonely.