

CEO

“Hey, boss, what’d you need me for?” “You need to clean out your desk, we’re going to have to let you go.” “Why? I’ve done nothing wrong, and my quarter has been great.” “Sorry, not my choice.”

Winking and smiling at him, as he leaves. Feels so good to have so much control over the weak. Of course, everything revolves around me. I have to lie to the people that trust me so that when they turn their back on me, I’ll get the chance to stab them in the back.

Every day, I get older. I know, it’s going to get harder, harder as I get older. Giving my employees the cold shoulder, it makes me feel bolder. Putting my feet up on the desk, of course, I’m the best of the best.

Sitting down, I just go to town. Letting go of everyone I can think of, truly makes me feel tough. Spinning my pencil with a twirl, not a care in the world.

Picking off each and everyone, I have to make sure I don’t forget about anyone. Of course, the work is never done.

“Sir, you have a call on line one,” Said the girl in red.

Leaning back in my chair, I pick up the telephone. “Mr. CEO, who is this I’m speaking to?”

The man cleared his throat, “Mr. CEO, we’re going to have to let you go. We are buying the company, sorry not my choice.”

A look in my eyes, it definitely was a surprise. I have to stay in this place. I have to put on this face. I have to keep my job safe. Gotta keep on lying. Gotta keep on trying. Gotta keep on firing. Gotta keep on buying.

No wife, no kids, I can’t afford to get canned. But I just have to wonder, how deep was my head in the sand? I have to keep this job. I have to keep going, but it wasn’t worth a try. Security took me out, and the employees laughed as I tried to fight.

I opened the door to my creaky old home. Rundown, and stripped to the bone. A picture on the wall, of myself. An old employee of the month trophy, on the shelf. I got to admit, I’m a little confused. It feels as if, I was just being used.

I just have to keep pretending, *everyone is expendable. No one has a real friend.* And I believe deep at heart, everyone’s a killer. What do I get for pretending that my job was safe? What do I deserve after thinking that life is just one big race?

I know it’s going to get harder, as I get older. I’ll run slower, and soon, I won’t be able to walk. Lost for words, I can’t even talk.

I need some compassion, some love, or even a hug. Looking around, I found an old rug. Holding the rug, giving myself a pat on the back, and I tell myself, *you’re all you need.*

Sitting in my old cherry-red chair, hugging the rug, I try not to care. I think of the good times. I was a big man, fat man, top-of- skyscraper-man. Wasn’t I *Mr. CEO*?

Getting a call on my cell phone, my employee calls me. My eyes light up with such joy, as I know there’s someone to care for this old man.

“What a surprise! Got a tear in your eye?”

Bleating and babbling on about life, my chest started aching and I fell to the ground with a squeak. Desperately needing help, I tried to speak. The words wouldn't come out, I tried to get back up.

No doubt my heart broke open without skipping a beat. That dreadful night I died with the sound of a bleat.

And as you lose control, as the evil comes out in your soul. Attacked by your own heart, you knew it was coming from the very start. Who was howling and bleating like a fat pig? Who was laughing and treating his inferiors, like a twig?

Who was fit into a can, and then trained not to spit in the fan? Who was the first one to go, when someone else took control? Who's the big man? Who's rolling in the mud like a fat pig?

Who heard their own employee laughing, right before they died? Who didn't even try? Who was merely a good cry? Who fell on the floor and hit their head on the door? Who was dragged down by the weight they used to throw around?

Who fell on their fat butt, in the end? Who liked to play pretend? Who was only a stranger, at home? Who was found dead, on the phone? Who died all alone? Who had to let go, and who called themselves, “Mr. CEO?”