

Important Notice

Our hospital stands accused
of mishandling confidential records
of the man known as Limp-Dick Joe
in waiting rooms—and his hometown.

New measures demand
that we disable the use of
CD ROMs, bag lunches, pockets,
thumb drives, and thumbs.

Meanwhile, management's emails
read like they're auditioning
to be picked by the *Boston Globe*
and used for positive pull quotes.

We've already relocated
photos of families, banished our music
back to our cars, set our post its
to twenty second self-destruct mode.

Office parties aren't worth the bother,
since we've been required to change
our passwords with each new
signing of a birthday card.

Even our deskside drinks are gone,
not wanting to spill and stain
and have security subject us to
surprise Rorschach tests.

If we knew who to complain to,
we'd know too much.

- Chad Parenteau