

Job Interview

Look, I ain't pretending I got the stats— 1 year as front of house,
2 in hospitality, a sentence served in retail, level 3, level 10,
come again? I'm saying— you want an act? I'll give you Marilyn herself,
I'll sell myself with red lips glistening, arching brows as invitation;
I'll siren-shimmy geezers through your doors and, laughing, pluck them
penniless. Not sure? Listen mister, I'm a paint by numbers—
you want energy? I'll colour you musicals, beam my way from shelf
to shelf, tap dance between the tills. If that's too much, perhaps,
like Martin Freeman, I'll play the everyman. I'll trudge along,
humming harmonies with the machines 'til you forget you're paying me.
Multitask? I'll send jobs spinning halos through the air faster than
Anthony Gatto's sparkling arms could throw; I'll invite the Guinness Records
to ogle, bending quietly quaking knees. What motivates me?
Man, I've scraped through cash, and hit potato peelings,
I've sucked the last drops of Dom Perignon dry, and my pristine pockets
need some wearin'. I've spent my change on hopes and dreams,
now I'm here to spend my soul. What more to know? I'm proudest of
the day I said *fuck you* to my old boss, that bastard, the way
air slapped across my face and stung of freedom. But what of that?
Time stales. I'll *live the brand*, I'll make the noises
like a McDonald's squeaky toy, or some cheap bone to bribe a dog.
Genuine passion, look, this ain't no star-spangled show,
this ain't Strictly, Bake Off, the biz— you're selling plastic, and yes,
I'm fake. I'm your newest pitch, your merchandise, your hot promotion.
I'm a sold-out show, a fallen teen star, like, damn, who cares
what I am— I'm selling. And as soon as I can, I'll melt myself down,
remould, remodel. I'll say *fuck you* to this whole fucking place
and darlin', buy what glamour you like, but I'm priceless.