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## Misplaced

Tyler Smith  
*Denison University*

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"I believe," said the man at the cash register  
"that we're all reincarnated from ball point pens.  
What else could explain our tendency to get lost,  
especially in the deepest cracks of old couches?"

Rupert handed him a ten dollar bill and two pennies  
grabbed his sack full of groceries and left,  
wondering about things like  
employment policy and the weather.

The woman who neatly planted  
the grill of her '58 Ford into his car door  
said she mistook the gas for the brake  
which the police told Rupert she does quite often.

A nurse at the emergency room  
putting a bandage on his shattered shoulder  
asked, "Do you like your job? I like mine."  
Rupert told her he didn't know. He just worked there.

A doctor with a deep voice and a firm handshake  
said the word "surgery" and handed Rupert  
a ball point pen to fill out the insurance forms:  
"Reimbursement for Services Rendered."

It was then, laying in a hospital room  
with a throbbing shoulder, spinning head  
and 2 quarts of ice cream melting in his wounded car  
that Rupert missed most his Laz-E-Boy and remote control.

Tyler Smith '97