

After Careful Thought, Attendees Offer Feedback on the Corporate Retreat

We admit our attitude was bad from the beginning. Unlike our usual commute, reaching the lodge required us to watch for curves and deer. Because we were uncomfortable around so many trees, we focused on resenting your good cheer, the plaid and potpourri you'd decorated with.

When you asked us to name worst-case scenarios, "killer bees" was meant to be a joke, but once you wrote it down we had to add "zombie apocalypse" and "attack of zombie bees." Afterward, we weren't surprised you needed time to strategize, suggested we explore outside. We weren't late getting back because we'd walked too far. We ducked behind some brush so we could feel unsupervised, but we could hear you calling the whole time.

Lunch probably could've been a turning point—we still had half the day to get on track, act like our most productive selves—but our resolve was ruined by

the fruit and platitudes
you offered as dessert. Given
how the afternoon unfolded,
we're lucky the injuries were minor
and the fire didn't spread,
that we had cash to cover damages.

And yet despite what we left
shouting, the day wasn't totally
a waste. Most of us have started
therapy and meditation classes,
and several are considering rehab.
Perhaps you weren't the right
targets to aim our anger at, but you
did encourage honesty, have us
take off our ties so we could be
more free. It's not our fault
you got lost in the wilderness
we've worked so hard to hide.