

The Boss

by Damion Hamilton

When I was eighteen
I worked at a convenient store
And the owner was from Pakistan
And he dressed well and
Smelled of cologne
And owned two stores
And was always going back and forth
Between the two of them
He had to make sure we were doing
Our jobs
And whenever some kid stole
Something out the store, he would
Run after them
And expected his employees
To do the same
People were always stealing
Because the neighborhood was
So poor
And he had a pager and a cell phone
To keep in touch
With the goings on in the
Store
The register often came up short
And when it did, there would
Be hell to pay
The workers didn't stick around long
The came and went
And they often stole
And he knew this, because

He used to watch the store
From the outside, while parked
In his car, out of our view
He had to keep track of
Milk deliveries, beer deliveries
Grocery deliveries, unruly
Customers
I don't think he got much
Sleep

At night, but he had a nice car, a nice home,
A nice wife and nice clothes
He paid us very little,
So he had to put up with a lot of stuff
From his employees,
And he wanted everyone to work
Seven days a week and on holidays
And often called on our rare days off,
When we got them
I worked there a year
And while I was there
The store seem as if
It was my life
I remember being a little kid
And going to the corner store
And wondering what went on
Behind the counter and in back
And how did all the stuff
Get into the store
And all the things that go on
In the store
Who knew, it was
So much

