

# 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

