

Why Things Are Just OK with Me

by Gary Hardaway

At the moment, my income exceeds my needs.
Social Security plus the wages of a menial job
allow me to eat, drive, drink, and sleep,
dry and warm. At any moment, I could lose
the job and, given Republican tendencies,

lose some, if not all, of my SS income.
With such demeaning precarity, I can't read
anything more than a thousand words
and my ability to write diminishes daily.
So, I'm doing OK, but just can't trust tomorrow.

