

# just not working

by M. F. Sullivan

some days you wake up  
to feel horror  
wrapped beneath your blanket.

it hangs upon you,  
a cloak,  
as you go about your morning.

these days it's better  
to just stay home  
where you sit around  
feeling guilty  
because he's at work,  
because he can manage it.

all you can do  
is submit applications by the gross  
in hopes that you'll awaken some morning  
to find yourself in a better place  
with a better company  
that doesn't make you dread leaving the house.

one that doesn't respond snidely  
to a natural disdain for overtime.

one with a position that doesn't make you  
disappear  
for eight hours a day  
becoming a channel for other people's problems  
their fear, anger, frustration  
all wiping you away  
so at the day's end

you don't exist enough  
to put a pen to paper  
let alone relax before it's time for bed  
to do it all again.

