

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.

