

# Born Lucky

*by* Meg Worden

That asshole thinks he's better than me, that I don't understand his fancy talk. He doesn't know shit about what I understand. I hate this job.

There's nothing wrong with me. I work hard, I scramble around here like a famished ant on a lump of sugar. Barely get enough sleep.

You'd think Jesus was his freaking wife the way he carries on about Christmas.

Do this, Do that, go get me a goddamn Pepsi out of the refrigerator like I'm some kind of kindergartner instead of a meat-eating man.

It's just wrong to treat people like that.

He's gonna find he wasn't born lucky after all, his propaganda has got up on the wrong side of the bed and sidled onto the couch.

He'll be scrambling to put out that fire all night, stupid pink nose all caked up with that white shit, hard like clay in his snot.

I am not silent. I am not static.

I am listening to things no one else can even hear.

