

Discount "The Usual Bad"

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awake and pacing, preoccupied by the clattering trays,
stuck in a daze by the fuzzy ceiling radio and rusty
hangings that say, "you love us because we love you.
p.s. did i mention there is nothing else we can do?"
what's there to say? what's there to do with four kids at
home and a husband that drops by every couple of
days? what's there to think when there's plenty to
forget? it's all about numbing the senses, never getting
visibly upset. well, maybe you're right. maybe it's like
this everywhere but that's no reason not to leave, just
go anywhere, just get out of here. you've been here too
long. we don't mind these awful uniforms. we smile
when they touch us in the back room. we laugh at their
sick jokes and curse them under our breaths...act like
we don't know they're standing too close, but any close
is too close. always saying, "that one was a close call."
awake, and pacing. preoccupied. fuzzy feeling inside.
blowing smoke and dodging looks and cursing jokes.
well i am visibly upset.

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