

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 5 | 1996

The Working Louis Jenkins

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Louis Jenkins

THE WORKING LIFE

The job is a minor discomfort, like shoes that are just a bit too tight. Most of us go through our workdays mechanically without thinking about what we are doing. "Hello. Anybody in there?" Our minds are elsewhere. "Hello, hello," the burglar calls out. Nobody home. You've become part of the vast, undulating daydream, swaying in the breeze like prairie grass. The burglar breaks the pathetic lock, empties the contents of the drawers, pulls the books from the shelves... There's your whole life strewn across the floor. The burglar steals the t.v. and the stereo and in return leaves new Visa and Mastercards with your name on them. You won't know this until hours later. This time of year we go to work in darkness, return home in darkness.