

# "BEAT"

BY: MICHELLE P. HEATHERTON

Monday comes pounding  
Like a hammer to the head  
Reeling

Dizzying  
Résumés in the mail  
Ads on the bed  
No luck with the ladders  
Of the corporate

Beat  
Yellow brick road to  
Poverty  
Eight dollars an hour won't  
Set you free

Baby  
Crying  
Needs her shots  
No health insurance  
To offset costs

The phone rings  
An old boss  
Flexible hours  
Work until dawn  
Car's in the shop  
Sleep on the bus  
Mugged at the stop and  
Beat