

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.