

mouth in the college office, stole from the library, rubbed entire faculties the wrong way as an aide, managed to miss fast food but did a little grocery store time, bartended, did more driving and early cleaning, and went straight from college to a bellhop job. there, on the late shift, he and an older sympatico guy used the slow hours to smoke weed and drink endless champagne, which they took turns delivering in buckets of ice to the bellhop office. losing that one was worse on his friend, who had three kids and various problems.

what he was good at was unemployment. he instinctively bull-shitted his way through the office, and was skilled at isolating himself to live the low life. in the last work week of the last extension he would go out and get a job.

for a year and a half he enjoyed the semi-dignity of ceta, then more unemployment, then drove a cab which he was good at because there was no boss on your back and no non-existential evaluation process, but he was glad when the company went on strike, then belly up, and he had more unemployment. after that he went into the underground economy for the better part of a decade and wound up the owner of a small business, and so came to have his own employees.

he immediately gave one somewhat like himself a 2-week notice, enough time to get bad mouthed to the clientele, that was the last notice given. he sympathized but knew all their tricks. he lived with the hangovers, the blowouts with boyfriend or girlfriend, the occasional fuck you to a customer. and he believed that if they weren't stealing a little they were stealing a lot. he did not tolerate disloyalty, insults to the boss's ego, or too much talking on the phone. he didn't know how grumpy he was becoming and he didn't care. he only dreamed of selling the place and retiring to the woods.

TANNING PSALM

you can pump & watch
but you can't pump & listen
which proves that tv
is even stupider than
amplified music

but the tanning owner
had to sue the landlord
when the gym expanded

right to his wall:
weights pounding through
headphones —

it was hard to get
a tan with all that
racket going on