

Coffee and Cigarettes

A day on Wall Street starts again,
Buying, selling, it never ends.
A simple day from eight to five.
A gulp of coffee to awake the day,
And a headache already strikes.
Dealing with people's wants, you'd rather not,
as they are simply unsatisfied of everything.
A contract's a contract that can't be undone;
Partial ownership is what you wanted and got.
Leaving the desk, taking a break,
People are people who will never change.
A puff of smoke fills the air;
Product markets, resource markets, it's all there.
It's as if people want everything for nothing,
They can't have.
They want a bond,
They wish for high interest rates.
We can't just dish it out,
For it is fixed.
More hot coffee sits beside me,
Becoming a necessity of happiness and content.
Fire ignites the stick of nicotine;
Smoke swirling all around the atmosphere,
As another day on Wall Street has come and gone.

—*Sal Gable*