

Every Day Is Memorial Day

May 23, 2012

(Written the Saturday and Sunday of Memorial Day weekend 2011, when I was my usual long-term unemployed due to only temporary service work available at that time.—GF, May 18, 2012)

This coming Monday is
Memorial Day,
same as it is every year
at this time.
Whoop-de-doo!
But I'm laid off right now,
same as I usually am
around Memorial Day,
so this is no special
holiday for me.
No time for me to
rest from work,
because I'm not working,
but wish I were.
For me,
every day is
Memorial Day,
a "holiday" that's
not really a holiday,
just another day of
the same old-same-old,
nothing to do
and all day
to do it in.
No hot dogs
over the grill,
no outdoor
barbecue
for me over
Memorial Day,
because I
can't afford them
without a job.
Someone once said
of my time
unemployed,
"I wish I had
your time for
reading."
Little did he know
that, while there's
some time for

reading, perhaps,
there's also time
that necessarily
must be taken
to figure out
just exactly
how to pay the bills
and scrounge for
needed cash.
Time to just sit and
wait to be called
back to work,
itching anxiously
for that e-mail
or phone call
saying that there
is work once again.
Senator Orrin Hatch
had the chutzpah
to say we
unemployed
don't want jobs,
all we want is
our unemployment
checks,
so that we can
buy drugs and
vacation in
Acapulco.
Little, little
indeed
does he know,
stupid ass!
Buy drugs,
take expensive
vacations?
Hell, I'm lucky
if I can afford
to go out and
have a beer!
Vacation, hell!
Do you call
scrounging for
work because
you really need
better employment
some sort of vacation,
Senator Hatch,
you with your
gold-plated
seat in the

Senate,
where you
disgrace the
institution!
Well, Happy,
Happy, Happy
Memorial Day,
everyone!
(Yeah, I really
mean it!)

But it's just
another day
for me,
except that,
since the offices
and banks
are closed,
I have to wait till
the day *after*
Memorial Day
to get my
unemployment
check—
just another
long, long wait
superadded to
too many
long, long
waits already;
another
three-day
weekend
where even the
two-day
weekends
are just like
the weekdays,
only usually
without money
by the time
they roll around.
Memorial Day,
where we honor
the veterans who
died for the
Land of the Free.
Only it ain't
so free
when you're out
of work.
Ah, but it does

no good to bitch
too much,
for life's a bitch
anyway.
So I'll live with
it and wait for
another day,
a different day,
a real Memorial Day
for me, when there's
not a holiday,
just a blessed day
when I actually
have to get up
early in the
morning,
going eagerly
back to work
again.