

Will Work For Food

by J. J. McKenna

“Will work for food,” says the sign,
and the man holding its crude letters aloft,
bearded, shabbily dressed, a crest
of belly breaking over the top of jeans,
seems properly pathetic enough.

Yet, you reach to adjust the stereo,
roll the windows up, and lock the doors—
all done by machines, all automatic enough.
“It’s only a scam,” you mutter to yourself.
And so it might be. It’s hard to tell
from the shell of your middle class wealth.