

Blue Collar

poetry, Bella Lasker

2:39 AM on a misty Saturday,
you've been working all day,
and you will work again
Tomorrow.

The dashboard thrums with the sound of Nationalist comfort,
Your cracked, sore hands clutching the worn-in leather of the truck
you've been driving for fifteen years.

There is cold coffee in your cup-holder, courtesy of an
early morning union meeting

After the fifth man in two weeks called out sick,
complaining of longer hours and worse conditions.
Concerns shoved aside amongst men with no other choice,
you took your food and left.

Your child is asleep,
but in the morning, they will wake up
And be able to eat eggs and cereal, instead of their words.
And above the particles in your lungs,
That will be enough.

A blur of life crashes into your car, a deer—
The loud thump of impact reminds you of the time
when your father hit you for talking back.

The car stops,
and for a gifted second,
the only feeling you have is of weightlessness.
Cool summer air hangs like a strange solution of sorrow:
The buck weeps under your futuristic machine.
It asks for mercy, and it asks for water.
Drowning eyes meet dead.

The door slams like a fist,
And your frayed nerves run against your skin,
Turning back was never your choice.
The guilt hangs like your arms from your limp body.
A gentle hum of the engine, and you're home for supper.

2:45 AM on a misty Saturday,
You've been working all day,
and you will work again
Tomorrow.

Crash



DREAM
Payton Kinsella