

# 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.