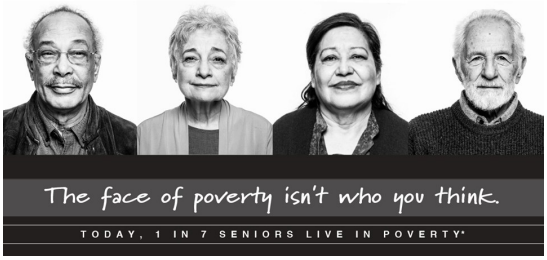
I’m seventy-two, and must still work

written by George Fish | January 14, 2019



full-time,

and work out of

pressing financial

necessity for the

rest of my life.

No true retirement ever

for me!

Should I ever become

unable to work, I will

fall into abject poverty.

Currently, even at

seventy-two.

my wages account for

over three-quarters

of my income; my

remaining income,

from Social Security,

accounts for less than

a quarter.

Can you imagine what

would happen to me

should that less than

three-quarters become

the whole of my income?

When it doesn’t even come

to $10,000 annually?

The proverbial up the

shit crik without a

paddle, right?

Well, that is the

ugly reality of my

seventy-second

birthday. Lest

anyone forget,

lest anyone facilely

think of trying to

join me in “celebrating”

this ugly milestone

on my well-advanced

road to death. Where

death might be

more of a relief

than life.

But don’t worry:

I’m *not* suicidal,

just grimly resigned.

Small comfort that is,

but I guess that will

“assure” you, all of you

so much better off

than I’ve ever been,

ever will be; even though

for the past two years

I haven’t had to eat shit

nearly as much as I did

the first seven

decades of my life.

But could that not be

but the proverbial

illusory calm

before the oncoming

raging, tumultuous,

out-of-control storm?