

I'm seventy-two, and must still work

Category: Social Policy

written by Jason Schulman | 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 creek 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?