

# I'm seventy-two, and must still work



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?