

**THE DESERT IS ONLY AS DEADLY AS THE CIRCLES WE WALK**

Scraping by on the minimum wage

and the tips that a waitress scrapes from the tables

pissing my life away

in the grind to survive

like a thousand faces I see everyday

of the damned and the dead and the drowned

floundering in the rut

or clinging to a ladder

with no way up

and no way down;

the marketing men, the junior clerks

the lawyers, accountants

financial advisors, property managers

sales assistants,

ruthless nobodies who are somebodies in oil

and the loveless family with nothing more to say

as they impatiently wait

in a world where everything is too late,

and I am no different

pissing my life away

in the monotony

trapped in the banality, the stress, the fear, the race,

the slave to the mortgage

and the monthly pay

where my only escape

is the half finished poem in my pocket

that carries me through the madness

of being just one more wasted creature

dancing between the tables

of a wasted world

watching the wasted and featureless faces

that contemplate profit margins, cash projections,

structure, streamlining and cuts,

sales, commissions and deadlines,

costs and expenses to slash,

portfolios that perform

deadwood that doesn't

equities and pension funds,

a budget break to Benidorm

or any God-forsaken shit-hole in the sun.

My half finished poem

my passion, my heart,

my destruction, my salvation,

my part that stops it all from becoming bearable.

And when asked,

‘Why not quit and try to making a living from your art?’

I simply say,

‘Poetry doesn’t pay the bills.’

And God how I pray,

sweet merciful Jesus how I pray

that it never will!

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