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FLOATING THOUGHTS
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I walk a block.
And then another.
And then...

I think about nothing. Muddled.

I'm trying to worry.

What's wrong with me? I can't find the words.

I sit down to read.

I need help with concentrating on the words on the page. The muddled thoughts are trying to form. They are trying to come to the surface to control the narrative. They won't form.

My past is haunting me. I worked for some bad people. They hurt me. I need to set in motion the things that will destroy them and let whatever happens to them, happen. I don't need to see the end result. I know what it will be.

No reference letter to help me with my future. My reference for you will be your ending.

I take solace in knowing what is possible.

I walk another block.

And then another.

And then...

You may have hurt me, but you are trapped where you are, margins, margins, margins... it's a slow day... the owner is upset... there is nobody there to hear your words.

I walk another block.

And then another.

As you continue trying to find ways to exploit, I make a difference every day; I make a stranger smile, and I conquer monsters.

You are fading from my mind.

Good riddance.

As for me, I know everything will be alright.

I have a powerful voice!

Grammarly Readability Score = 91

OLD PERSON AMUSEMENT PARK

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Hey, Chuck.

Did you want to hit up the new Amusement Park Tomorrow?

Hey.

Sure.

Where is it?

Royal Center.

We should go soon before it gets too crowded.

Sure.

The down escalator sometimes has a thirty-minute wait.

What?

The down escalator.

It's scary.

If you don't time it correctly, + grab the handrails.

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

Isn't it just a shopping center?

Maybe for kids, Chuck.

But for us, it is enthralling. When I stick the first step →

I feel alive.

I know. I feel the same way when I navigate the rolling pavement →
→ on Burrard Street.

Yesterday, I came to a curb. It was at least 18 inches high.

Most of my friends turned away.

At the escalator, do they have a photographer?

Yeah. At the bottom.

You can purchase a pic → I got one →

Get this → my hands weren't on the rails!

You're a fucking rebel!

I prefer, ~~cutt~~

OMG. Did you just say...?

Yes. For the first time

After the escalator → did you want to hit the Seniors Grind up Davie Street?

I love you!

HUMAN SNAPSHOT HUMAN SNAPSHOT

DONNIE

Donnie was 60. He'd drunk 30 beers a day for the last 30 years. He lived outdoors. He stunk. He was an affable man, long past employable.

The agency needs workers. Donnie is the only one in the office. The dispatcher decides to take a chance on Donnie, despite his drunkenness. For the dispatcher, it is a numbers game. He rolls the dice hoping the customers doesn't smell Donnie's inebriation or they'd find Donnie's generous nature to be worth looking past the intoxication.

It is unwritten in the agency's manual if a customer phoned to complain about a worker being *drunk or high*, tell them, *"They were fine when they left the office."* Almost always, a lie.

During the long drive to Donnie's workplace, the company's driver can barely stand the stench. He rolled down every window and hoped the breeze blew in the right direction. The driver knew Donnie wasn't capable of working, but it wasn't his place to decide. The entitled dispatcher was in charge. And besides, the driver, likes Donnie.

When they arrived at the site, 30 km away from the office, Donnie said, *"I don't feel well; I should have stayed home today."*

The driver encouraged Donnie to get out of the vehicle, trying to add a dash of levity (not funny), *"Donnie, you're homeless, you are home."*

The client overlooked Donnie's inebriation.

The agency makes \$7.00 per hour off dying Donnie.

Three months later, Donnie is in the hospital, strapped to a chair. The driver visits him. During the visit, Donnie looked at the Driver, meekly smiled, and said, *"I want to die."*

The Agency made \$7.00 per hour off the last shift Donnie ever worked.

Donnie died.

Harold still hasn't found an office job.