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EXERCISE
EXERCISE



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A day has passed since I went back on my word about going to the marriage celebration. I had my excuses. They all were weak. J is no longer speaking to me. It should pass. I understand why J no longer likes me. Hopefully, J gets over it.

I'm battling depression. That should be enough. I don't know if it is. Because of the silence, my depression is increasing. But, as I have often mentioned here, I am fucking terrified about finding a way to take care of us.

Pour out your heart.

What do you think this is?

Be raw.

I'm raw.

I hit the Asylum.

It helps.

I return home to silence, so I go for a walk, with a stop for reading.

I finish a crap book about prizefighting in America. I've now read a book about prizefighting in America. America is a mess.

Was that your review?

Almost.

I make it over 30,000 steps.

If you know me, you know I preach empathy, kindness, and understanding.

Detour.

I don't like people.

I do.

But I don't, not really. Collectively, we seem to be thriving in marginality.

I had a stroke, and I have a cardiologist, and I now get annoyed easily, primarily by finding the unbeknownst comedic nature in people.

A 30ish-year-old guy with red hair, I will call Red, blasts past me daily, power walking. I can't stand him.

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I want to shout at him that he's 30ish, you must have friends, go do something with them; tennis, anything with your friends; leave the walking for the older people who have cardiologists.

He's doing nothing wrong. I walk 30,000 steps most days; I don't need competition from people half my age.

A man my age blasts by speed walking. Stop it. Slow down. It's excellent you are exercising, but it appears to be taking over your personality. He seems to be angry. He doesn't look like he's enjoying life.

A 50ish-year-old jogger runs by. He's about 6' 4," he's an excellent runner. I can't stand him.

What's wrong with you?

Crap. Crap. Here comes the man swinging his arms cross-body violently when he power walks. Like Popeye. What is he doing? I can't...

Crap. He says hello to me with a smile every time he sees me.

Pickle Ball Paddles can cost more than \$300.

Don't get me started on Pickle Ball.

I'm certain Red will be hitting the Pickle Ball Courts sometime soon.

Get out of here, Red; Pickle Ball isn't for you.

Damn, it jogger; what's your PB?

Slow your roll, ().

Hey, that's my new name, ().

What goes between the parentheses?

The creative juices are flowing.

Hello, Popeye, swing away!

It's great people are exercising!

J may speak to me today.

Maybe J won't.

Maybe my depression will lift.

Maybe it won't.

Grammarly Readability Score = 86

I'm worried something has happened to Dean; I haven't seen him in more than a week.

SAID THE WHITE GUY (A SERIES?)



R EADING TIME
Must go to my spot. Walk.
BLOCK ONE: CLIPBOARD PEOPLE



Hey, Mister, can I ask you a quick question?

I fake talking on the phone.

ONE BLOCK LATER: CLIPBOARD PEOPLE



Hey, (where did he come from), you're wearing a coat, I'm wearing a coat, let's talk.

Why is he so cheerful? Fuck.

Quick question. I'm standing. You are standing. Let's talk.

ONE MORE BLOCK: CLIPBOARD PEOPLE



I jaywalk. Screeching tires. I duck through a parkade. What the fuck am I doing?
TWO BLOCKS LATER: CLIPBOARD PEOPLE



Can we talk?

I raise my hand.

I ARRIVE AT MY READING SPOT: CLIPBOARD PEOPLE



There is a lady in front of me.

Hey, Lady, may I ask you a question? Do you recognize (iPad thrust toward her) this company?

The lady is about 50. *My English is not good.*

That's okay, you're lovely, anyway.

Said the White Guy.



STAFFING AGENCIES: AN ORIGIN STORY

Men are expendable. Not exactly. But as men age, their value decreases. A harsh reality?

One hundred years ago, middle-aged men basically roamed North America in search of employment. If they were without families, what mattered to them: Drink? Women? Drugs? Feeding survival habits daily?

Shantytowns popped up everywhere there was the possibility of a job. Places where construction and mining offered opportunities. And men, often filthy, tried to drag themselves out from life's gutter to help build society's infrastructure.

One hundred years ago, there was still hope.

One hundred years ago, with a lucky break and a little abstinence, hard labour, construction, and mining were not the end of the road, but more so, an auspicious beginning.

Then, along came progress, greed, capitalism, and unfettered development.

Some rich men came. They raped the land. Putting up unsightly boxes everywhere, allowing those through birthright, white privilege, and entitlement, to profit immensely building our cities. And providing them with *first dibs* at chasing the riches by staking claim to the land, developing it, selling dreams to dreamer after dreamer; thus, thrusting them to the top of life's fragile pyramid.

Born into wealth: stay wealthy.

Born white: drink in the advantages you were given, unearned, of course, but you are too busy basking in the warmth of your luck to care about those less fortunate. Delusion allows you to believe those less lucky are pawns for you to exploit and enhance your riches. You are a predator. You are just too stunned to realize it. Or, more than likely, you don't care. You're rich. You need to believe you earned it. You didn't.

As the years slip by and boom after boom arrives, the elite's wealth soars. While, the expendable men, and as time slips by and the world is rocked by an opioid crisis, women. Basically, those who never had a chance, be that education or societal standing, are often immigrants. So have the rungs they are trying to climb, **snap, snap** until their bodies break with age or because they lack nutrition, making the rich richer, as the entitled, like a parasite, feed off their struggle for survival.

Being born into a construction family where your father is the Vice President of a prominent developer isn't a qualification. It's an advantage. And not being able to admit you are in the position you are in is because of this advantage. Frankly, it is shameful.

Nobody is trying to take away your advantage. But without question, it has hindered many in similar advantageous positions from growing as a person.

And agencies littered with Caucasian employees, who all state they are passionate about staffing as they feed off the less fortunate: Is laughable.