

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Pension Plan

PENSION PLAN

Frap. When did I get old?

Frap?

Never mind.

Lost my job. Turfed by the pandemic. Not ready to call it a day.

See you. Good luck sucker. I'm keeping your pay → for me.

I thought we were family.

You believed us. Sucker. Grandpa + Grandma got old. Unaffordable.

You said I was family.

You weren't paying attention. I kill old people.

What will I do?

I don't care.

Safety net. I've lived long. I'll apply for my pension.

OMG. \$450 per month. Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

Mr., are you done with the cardboard?

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GET A JOB

I now have a heart condition.

I circled the help wanted ads in this paper for you.

Papers don't exist. I can't start over. I'm old.

Hey Grandpa (snicker). I'm keeping your money for me. You were never part of my family. Sucker.

MRI.

McDonald's is hiring.

Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

You shouldn't have worked in hospitality for so long → you could make \$650 per month if you didn't

But I did. Asshole. Quit talking.

What year is it? 1907? \$450 should do me fine.

It's 2022.

Frap.

You should've put a bullet in my head.

McDonald's is hiring.

I just had a heart MRI.

Good luck.