

The American Dream

Carmela Amador

Up at six.

Water rinses away my yesterdays.

Where did I put that shirt?

Scrape windows, start car.

Slam door.

Radio speaks about war then the D.J. plays something slow and sentimental.

Slam door.

Work provides my mind and body with the comfortable monotony of process.

Why are everyone's faces blurry? Whatever.

The street I drive down after work turns into a room.

A mixture of familiar faces melts into an unidentifiable mist inside the room.

They speak together, and all of a sudden I'm back at work.

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Where are all their faces? Where are my legs? Did I really just go to work?

Oh, wait...

The alarm rings.

Damn, I went to work and I didn't even get paid.