

Tom Wayman

IT'S FRIDAY

—payday—and as I scan my stock listings
I want to say to some of you:
thanks, guys
and gals, for your work this week
which through the graces of whoever set certain wheels in motion
has put a sum of your money
in my account, too.
I remember well when I was employed in production
how every Friday the boss pried a swack of dough
right out of my cheque
as soon as the various levels of government
and the company seized their portions. And then I donated
—not that anybody asked if I'd care to indulge
in such beneficence—a heap of change
to a whole gaggle of people
who never punched in here, never had to put up with
Casper, who is always borrowing other people's tools,
leaving them someplace
and then muttering *Oh, yeah* when you ask for them back.
My work made the folks never seen at the assembly station
or up on the scaffold
money
and not one of them ever uttered a word of gratitude.
Now I'm a shareholder myself, I'm saying *Thank you*
—although if you're like me
you'd just as soon have the cash.

Not that I don't work at the moment, either. It's just that
these days every cent I earn comes from taxes
—since I'm in what is jokingly called the service professions,
the education sector, to be precise.