On Unemployment

By William Bennet

The sun falls carelessly, a silent yoke
Sizzling the city's greaseless pan,
Cracking the window paint with dying ardor
And fades the dandelion cloth
On the table
(under the light)

Later,
The world stops by with evening papers
And laughter and the squeals of
Soft rubber on hot concrete. I yawn
And shake hands
(with the world)

As a diplomat might mark time
Before tea discussing
The most recent ballet
At Festival Hall
(or whatever it might be)