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Wendy's

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Wendy's

Juggling trays precariously every night,
I see how many cups, bowls, and wraps
I can stack on each one.
Listening to the piped in Muzak,
I scowl disgustedly at the remains of
Someone's "Hot-n-Juicy".
Behind the protection of the front counter,
Eleven blue and white uniforms
Battle the customers.
Each assigned to a certain spot,
They move like programmed robots.
Everyone is smiling
But no one is happy.
"Before you punch in, paste on a smile,
Don't take it off until you go home".
A monotonous voice comes over the speaker,
And the assembly line switches on.
The droning of the intercom
Fingers its way out to the dining room.
I move like an automaton
Through the quiet chaos.
Clearing tables, arranging highchairs,
Desperately wanting to go home.
If I had my druthers,
I druther be behind the shield,
Making sandwiches
Instead of confronting the customers
On the front lines.