



After Graduation

By Gary Kidney

Alma Mater, hail to thee.

With the recession deep, there's no job for me. 'Experience required' on every job I see. None ask for a course in French Poetry. What do you do with a social science degree? Be like Mandela and find a people to free?

Phone call brings a job offer to contemplate. I tested at GS-8. Now, I carry the mail from post to gate. Mostly, it's junk mail that people hate. Today, a ton of bulk-mail alumni donation letters I don't want to freight. I see a dumpster with opened grate.

Alma Mater, accept your fate.