

secret airport wishes



Written by bubba

I don't have to work, I told the person and I think they took it the wrong way, understanding that I'm married to a doctor. *Not what I meant*, I thought, but chuckled along (for different reasons, mostly fitting in). Idiot (me). I don't have to work because I've already been working. My job, my role, my title, my status, my influence, my life, my abilities to sustain and provide...I can fill these things. The problem is I'm sick of check lists. Sometimes I secretly hope for fate (something I'm normally against) and then I wish that fate towards inducing a manageable catastrophe, thinking a world more basic would present increased opportunities for me to stand out less and sink into the background traffic that I generally step lightly to avoid.



This bartender in Dayton hates her job, I forgot to mention that. Someone should tell her it's not really the job she hates, it's the options she doesn't have. I've known at least one bartender that made six figures in a day job but stayed a bartender because they loved the lifestyle. That person had choices I guess. They worked for the social. The bartender in Dayton loathes the social, works for the money. **Mental Reminder:** *The chance to change course is always available. So is the chance to stay course.* Would I want to be a bartender in the Dayton Airport? Maybe. Bet a lot of interesting people come in.

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