

Grad Students Don't Get Chick- Fil-A

Joseph & Casillas

Because I don't get off until 10 p.m.

and society is tailored to the young.

They didn't even put a vending machine in my building.

My classes start right after work, around 12 p.m.

By the time I'm out, most everything is closed.

So, as I get my stale baked potato from Wendy's
and the clock strikes 10:05,

I look over at the jolly Chick-Fil-A workers
sweeping up after a long shift.

There is some part of me that couldn't let this place go.
"Why there?" I'd get asked.

It wasn't the bright fast-food lined streets leading to campus.
Because grad students arrive just as the sun goes down.

When the light blindingly shoots down the horizon.
And you can barely see the white lines on the road.

When you get to campus, it's like arriving to paradise.
The palm trees, taller than I remembered, mark sanctuary.

I pull into Maple Hall just as the undergrads head home.
None of which have seen the parking lot past 3.

That's when the old people show up.
The 9 to 5ers.

The moms. The dads.
The grown-ups, still in uniform.

The adults that run this place.
They represent the working class of campus.

So, during my 2nd ten-minute break of the ten-hour day
as I break into the closest building to look for food

I remember that

Casillas