

# Blue and White

by Paul Pinckley

Blue again.  
 I have blue carpeting.  
 Blue plates and blue silverware.  
 Not silver silverware, but  
 Blue.  
 Blue jeans,  
 Blue work pants and a  
 Blue collar.  
 At my job I must lift heavy stuff,  
 And today I've been told that I'll be going down  
 By the pond to  
 Dig a ditch.  
 I'm not stupid, really.  
 And neither are my blue collar colleagues.  
 Just blue. . . and unenlight-  
 End.  
 Deadend.  
 Dropout.  
 Blue.  
 Blew.  
 I blew it.  
 I blew it, you blew it, He / she / it blew it.  
 Blew conjugates well, **don't you think**, or don't  
 You? Blew.

I love to talk to my professors. The mental exercise leaps in my soul.  
 They may see my buried life; my frustration under an arm load of blue.  
 Once they recognised something that I had written.  
 A mental exercise.  
 A dean shook my hand.  
 So did some old alumni with a cigar and sweaty palms.  
 "Congratulations!"  
 Later, that day, I went back to work. Back to work.  
 I passed that dean and alumni again in precisely the same spot. And in my

Blue collar,  
 They passed me by. Invisible.  
 Zero. No hero.  
 Void. Space.  
 No place  
 Like  
 There's no place like home.  
 Oh, Auntie Em, there's no place like home.  
 Here in my place  
 In the light of my mind.