**My Father Teaches Me to Dream**

By Jan Beatty

You want to know what work is?

I’ll tell you what work is:

Work is work.

You get up. You get on the bus.

You don’t look from side to side.

You keep your eyes straight ahead.

That way nobody bothers you—see?

You get off the bus. You work all day.

You get back on the bus at night. Same thing.

You go to sleep. You get up.

You do the same thing again.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

There’s no handouts in this life.

All this other stuff you’re looking for—

it ain’t there.

Work is work.