

## let this business burn

my business  
was supposed to have  
closing hours to protect their  
employees,  
but they have a tax cut  
if they remain  
open;  
they chose profit over employees  
as if our lives don't matter  
simply because we are poor and yet  
we need the money so much to pay our bills  
that we cannot leave—  
stuck like a rock in a hard place,  
it's hard to know what to do;  
but i don't trust nor like my company  
they do not get my loyalty any longer  
should their empire burn to the ground i would not  
be sorry and i would be pouring gasoline  
not water should they ask for my aid—  
you cannot kick people when they're down and out,  
and expect they'll always be there;  
they weren't kidding when they said we are essential:  
we are to our families, our friends, our dreams, and our lives.

*Linda M. Crate's works have been published in numerous magazines and anthologies both online and in print. She is the author of six poetry chapbooks.*

~ \*♦\*❁\*♦\* ~

*The Pangolin Review, Covid-19 Issue (April, 2020)*