

Maureen and the machines

Maureen hated the machine
that beeped and the automated ever-pleasant
lady and the red flashing light when an alcohol purchase
was taking place and the spatter of loose change and the backs of heads
and no receipts because the machines were taking over as far as she could see
and behind her counter she felt quite forgotten and sometimes lonely and spent
a considerable portion of her shift pushing dust
along the edges of her till.