

Forum: A poemBUT IT'S MY JOB

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(1)

*****I'm a 27 year old Secretary for a large Tobacco company, and I generate contracts for subsidiary agencies that work with our organization.**

“Dangerous” and “Harmful” are words in my mind
In selling our product to those who seem blind

I work very hard to just make a living
But get very frightened for cancer we're giving

The warnings are something people don't “read”
They smoke up the cigarettes with passion and deed

How long can I continue to stay in this role?
With all of the conflict in my mind and soul

Maybe someday I'll just walk out the gate
But I've got to start working.....it's quarter to 8

(2)

*****I'm a 36 year old Engineer in a Munitions factory, calculating ballistic statistics**

for large weapons systems.
My work is in math, statistics the path
But at the end of the day, I sometimes feel wrath

The Death machine is somebody's dream
I have a good job, but what does it mean

The reason is killing, if soldiers are willing
I'm part of the process, my mind is for tilling

Am I too, to blame in playing this game
The final product must also bear my name

Should I just step up and put down the cup
My promotion is pending, and salary goes up

(3)

*****I'm a 23 year old movie Actor, working "freelance"
for several Pornographic film companies.**

"Crude, profane," and "dirty" some say
For the process I go through in earning my pay

I sometimes feel discomfort, for sure
In doing something that doesn't feel pure

"Degrading for women" and "sadistic for men"
The bed and the couch, I may make Devil's pen

I debate in my mind if it's wrong or it's right
And when it's all over, I still feel uptight

I didn't go to College, my life can't go far
But doing these movies will make me a Star

(4)

*****I'm a 57 year old retail Salesperson, working in a large mall department store.**

I feel I'm helping the public for sure
If dressing up nice is some kind of cure

The problem I see is in all of the cost
The "value" to patron, is very soon lost

The clothing is made in a factory, off site
Where workers are cheated, because of their plight

The margin for profit is way off the charts
As everyone piles cheap-made stuff in their carts

I sure need this job to help pay the rent
And I still get "discounted" at 20 percent