

Bottom Rung
By
Jake Bible

The poor, the cast off, the riff-raff, the untouchables, the lowest of the low.

I am bottom rung.

To see me is impossible, I am invisible to your eyes. I do not produce a product, star in a movie, talk like a head on the 24 hour news. I barely exist.

I am the lone page of newspaper blowing down the sidewalk; the discarded coffee cup, its lid cracked and torn, forgotten in the gutter, never to biodegrade in the landfill like advertised.

And that is how you want it; that is how you like it.

Out of sight...