Cyber-commuter

Salaried Employees Sue for Overtime Pay

By John T. Wurzer

Every hour of every week you’re playing smart phone hide and seek

On call and reading emails night and day

There’s no such thing as peace and quiet, and though you try hard to deny it

There is darkness in your heart won’t ever go away

You’re forever on the clock, sometimes wound up, sometimes in shock

Sometimes you fool yourself into thinking that you’re fine

While every dead creative seed, watches your passion wilt and bleed

You can’t figure out why you need to be working all the time.

Working overtime is working over, everyone who is overworking themselves

It’s a sickness; it must be metabolic; cyber-spaced out workaholics,

Searching for salvation through portfolios of wealth

Focus now and be the job

The job is you, you are the job,

Logistics and statistics on your phone

In this traffic jam of telecommuters, notebooks, tablets and personal computers

You never have to drive to work, but you never get to come back home.

They pay you weekly one fixed rate; don’t matter if you stay up late

Don’t matter if you’re logged in till it hurts

While the nine to fiver’s always laugh at; someone who’s free of rush hour traffic

Bitchin’ about their job, from their couch in an old t-shirt

While the benchmarks, standards, corporate goals; and your ever changing rolls

Have your cell phone ringing 24 – 7

The cyber-worker, slave from home, gets no respect, feels all alone

Living in the combat zone, being told it’s heaven