

Entrepreneur

I am living the American dream. I'm an entrepreneur, one who undertook a new venture at considerable personal financial risk. The job required no formal training, but good instincts are helpful. I worked longer hours for less money—at least at first. I am not selling a product or service nor making a statement about the lifestyles of others.

I have no government funding, and therefore, no government interference. I don't pay taxes. No one underwrites my business. I am boss and staff rolled into one. The risk is mine alone. I set my hours and have only myself to please. I do not punch a time clock, nor do I wear a smock with a company logo on the back.

If I fail, it's all on me. Weather can be a challenge. Health care is spotty, but I take what I can get. I will never receive recognition from the Chamber of Commerce although my business is ecologically friendly. I get my share of dirty looks from passersby, but most people ignore me. If I don't work, I don't eat.

I push a fully functioning shopping cart. I am into metal: aluminum.

If I were to make a list of philosophical ideas, the list would include the following:

I deserve respect. I have value.

As I walk the streets and consider the purpose of life, like most people, I have no answer. Answers people spout sound a bit made up to me.

I don't ask for pity. You can't eat it, and it doesn't make life any better.

I have a problem with loneliness. I'm not unique in this respect. I can't afford the luxury of feeling close to someone. The potential for pain is too great.

Finally, there is the question of death and dying. I mostly leave that to the poets, but I have observed once you die, you're dead. What happens to the body is of little consequence. Where I leave it doesn't matter.