

## MY LIFE AS A CAR

never return me  
the days of my life

ive gained too many miles  
along the sizzling back  
of this asphalt snake of a road

ive blown tires & gaskets & radiators  
& been hit by falling rocks

ive slept in ditches beneath rain  
& killed dogs & broken my rear view mirror

ive been detained detoured &  
covered w/red dust  
matching the wind across the desert

my springs ache  
my shocks are broken  
my paint is rusted & peeling

heading uphill  
toward the virgin white peaks  
of the continental divide  
i notice im low on fuel

theres bound to be a service station  
somewhere

## POEM FOR THE WORKERS

even as the blade  
slices air above his head  
pig considers lunch

Note: This originally appeared as three  
large green & white banners across our  
second-story duplex. It lasted nearly  
two weeks before someone tore it down.