

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.