

GOOD MEN #2

What is important
is filling out those First-Time-Conformance charts
in sequence with manufacturing orders written
by men who have never run a machine,
what is important
is rising above our common sense
and hands-on knowledge
regarding the most efficient, most effective ways
to sequence cuts that will carve bomber parts
out of metal blocks,
what is important
is to become part of the overall program
of paperwork
that will deliver to the Air Force
those perfectly filled-out and rubber-stamped
First-Time-Conformance charts
that will insure
that we are doing our jobs correctly.

MORE THAN ENOUGH

"You're gonna miss me, Fred!!" Curly shouts
back at me as he rolls
his toolbox and cabinet
away from the machine next to me down toward
machine #620 50 feet away,
but since
for the last 6 months I have heard nothing but every detail
of Curly's private life and his reading to me
of Ann Landers' columns and comic strips and
his imitations of Saturday Night Live and
In Living Color and The Simpsons and Pee
Wee Herman and his repeating to me
of the remarks of radio talk-show hosts and callers
he listens to on his headphone radio
as well as his descriptions
of his shits in the bathroom and of how far his cum spurted
when he jacked off the other night,
I doubt it.

AN E FOR EFFORT

Safety has had another brainstorm.
It has had the wooden platform in front of my machine
thickly painted so that I won't slip
on an oily wooden surface
like I never have in 2 years
of working the machine.
And they had it painted on Tuesday

rather than on the weekend
so that I can now spend Wednesday
working on sheets of cardboard
my supervisor has laid down
on the wet paint,
cardboard sheets like the one
that last night slipped out from under the feet
of another machine's operator
causing him to fall backwards and break his collarbone,
cardboard sheets that
will stick to the wet paint and rip it back off
of the wooden platform
tomorrow or the next day
when we try to remove them.

Otherwise,
it's a great idea.

HONKERS

The workers
make the most of the echo chamber
acoustics of the tin
50-foot-high building
to showcase
their sneezes —
one does a kind of
screaming birdcall,
another a broncho-busting
rodeo star "YaaaHOOO!"
as he rears his head back
then throws it down
to jump back with the explosion.

But the forklift driver
has them all beat,
driving around
sounding his horn
with his right hand
just as he buries his nose
into the handkerchief
in his left.

BUBBLING OVER

He couldn't stop
slipping those big pistol-like parts through his belt
and walking around pulling them out
pretending to fire them at machinists,
or walking around with long aircraft spar parts
in his hands, opening and closing their opposed ends