

it floats? I tried it on the coffee with my car keys, and it worked; they lay right on top, quivering, no penetration at all.

"Can I freshen your cup, Youngblood?" It was Betty, standing poised with her pot of tar.

"No, no," I said, placing my hand over the top so she wouldn't see my keys. But she poured anyway: it dropped out like cold pancake syrup — slowly enough for me to move my hand out of its path — and hit my keys and sank them.

— Dan Lenihan

Oceanside CA

TECHNICAL LOVE #47:
INSPECTION

The new inspector
in her jeans
slides up next
to the machinist
to check his parts,
takes her calipers
and says this hole's
too tight,
says let me see
your tool.
He pulls it out
gleaming red,
hefty.

A real man's tool
he says.
She cinches
her micrometer
around it
gently slides
it up and down;
frowns,
a shade too small
she says,
see me at the tool crib
I'll beef it up
for you.

— Dan Powers

Gallatin TN