

## ABOVE US

The supervisor  
is good at lifting his nose into the air and yelling,  
"MIIISTER Voss, MIIISTER Jackson, MIIISTER Miller..."  
at whichever of us machinists he is mad at, pointing  
his finger ominously toward the door in the tin wall  
and shouting, "OutSIIIDE!!"  
indicating  
that we must go outside to be reprimanded.  
He is good  
at keeping the expensive dress suit he wears around  
the machine shop immaculate and giving us sinister  
scowling dirty looks whenever we seem to be beginning  
to think that he likes us  
and he is good at making us keep the rubber mat carpet  
leading out of his office clean  
of every last speck of metal chips.

He would have no trouble at all  
wearing a crown.

## PLAYGROUND

Machinists  
hook wire and cloth tails  
to the belt loops on the backs of each other's pants or  
glue nude photos of hairy cocks and balls on top of  
each other's i.d. photos or pin  
company newspaper photos of each other onto the main aisle  
bulletin board with written-in captions like "Gay Machinist  
of the Month" or roll big rolls of masking tape up and  
down the asiles at each other like bowling balls or make  
those super  
rockets  
out of cardboard cutter tubes and tape and modelling clay  
that they fire  
off their 105-pounds-of-air-pressure air-gun-tube nozzles  
high up into the air and hundreds of feet across the  
machine shop  
where they land on machinists or hit  
the tin machine shop wall 50 or 60 feet above the floor  
and hopefully stick,  
the machinists going into hysterical laughing and grinning  
and leering with the joyful juvenile delinquent excitement  
of someone who has just set off a cherry bomb during the  
school assembly.

Not many 30- or 40- or 60-year-olds  
can get paid  
to be 9 years old.