

## INVENTIVE

The biker machinist  
smoked non-filter cigarettes,  
holding them between fingertips and thumb like they were  
joints taking deep drags on them sucking them down to  
small stubs which he then held  
in a roach clip to take a few final hits  
in front of a supervisor if possible.  
The machinist on the milling machine with the computer  
digital readout  
smoked a pipe  
as he spent hours and hours puzzling over the blueprints  
to the parts to be made  
as if he were a physics professor pondering Einstein's  
General Theory of Relativity.

### Wrongway

over on machine #470  
smoked those big green cheap cigars,  
tilted back in his leather swivel chair as his machine ran  
automatically  
and blowing huge lungfuls of smoke high up into the air  
where they would drift  
out over our machines in a 50' radius and descend  
on us like a stinking poison fog  
while he laughed until his fat belly bounced like a  
beach ball.

Machinists are far too colorful characters  
to just smoke.

## EVIL

There was one thing  
we machinists feared from supervisor Keal  
more than Keal's  
screaming fits of rage more than his  
suspicious spying or his demeaning  
cruel insults or his nerve-racking derogatory lectures  
against the fence outside the machine shop wall or  
his threats to reprimand or write up or suspend or  
fire or jail  
us machinists,  
and that was  
his smile,  
his special friendly and heartwarming  
smile with maybe a squeeze on the arm  
or a hug around the shoulder:

it meant  
that he had truly marked you  
for destruction.