

Heavy Equipment

The Cat creeps along,
 Growling and clawing at the fresh earth,
 My father its master.
 I stand on the road,
 Lean against the car,
 Feel the smooth metal across my back
 And the door frame over my shoulder blades.
 My father and his machine
 Cross the dry land
 Beneath the late afternoon sun.
 He churns up a dirt cloud
 That fades across the field
 To where I stand:
 A message for me, to take in,
 And take home.
 Far across from me,
 He's building things
 He'll never have
 In his own life.
 I breathe in the dust
 Feel it rattle in my lungs
 While I revel in the scent
 Of my childhood.
 This is his contribution to my life.
 His gift to me,
 His only daughter,
 Is the dust he brings home
 Settled on his cap,
 And the mud caked on his boots.

--Karen Sasveld

User Friendly

I am amazed
 at how the terminal
 blinks brightly
 "funds not available"
 to the wrinkled face
 of a faded
 old woman
 standing hunched
 against the wind
 creased brown laceless shoes
 soaking in the snow.

--Jim Zeigler