

LIFE OF A DRILL

When living driven life of a drill
boring through the wood, all day,
every day, as if entering the life
by the relentless drill
that won't let go, won't stop,
a manmade instrument designed
at modern factories of useful arts,
a complete academy of churning
with its need for power, electricity
to drill, even in dreams,
for drilling was life, never
knew thrilling was anything else,
as known defined by the normalcy
defined to exclude any denial
and so a flood of drills drilling
a life. Boring, screwing into wood,
metal, honey, buildings, bricks,
souls, bodies, flying particles of
a life, coating everybody with coats
of film of the insides, heaps
of life lying scattered, inert, a fart.

Soul flew into the void
from the rampart noise of the hydra headed
hyena of hybrid drills, drilling for a living,
the mind ingrained in perpetuity,
in the grooves of psychic complexities

of Hecuba's drill forever, a walking drill
that, of course, wanted to kill
deeper, beyond wood, deeper into the land
the forgotten land where you lived,
forgot you lived, where you never were
and never forgiven and impossible
to get out, not having any way
other than pull or drill out.

Drilled through, split the wood, knots too,
no return what went through,
completely, forever.
The songs of the earth sing me.