

## Workshop Love

My fantasies away toil in the dark workshop. . . .  
the cast iron machine console ponderously droops its horsehead top  
behind the burnished steel strip behind the temporary darkness  
and silence  
your oily fingers and piercing eyes your chest  
is steady as a hydraulic press—full of scorching roiling passion  
gentleness flows from my thick bent fingers. . . .  
amber lips iron blueprints bright metal indictors  
my tongue love torsos switches the force of a turning screwdriver  
fate and memory you in the darkness sourness of sweat  
oil streaks on arms those strands of messy black hair  
blue breakfast smoke caught in the stomach the cramped workshop  
I feel the tenderness between callouses with its rose-red  
love. . . . in the awkward handwriting of the workshop's certificates  
what's written in blue ballpoint pen is longing what's written in red  
is love and the white paper shows your oily fingerprints  
and your body's warmth black film bent shoots  
the horsehead machine like your shadow moves slowly  
life's machine creaks and squeaks love flowing from machines  
products on the shelves that violently birthed exhaustion and callouses  
thick fingers float over a rough life but love  
the only sign of spring in the workshop grows. . . .  
blue breakfast smoke caught in the stomach the cramped workshop  
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