

Caleb Nelson

Jet Fuel

The whittlebone drives the shaft nut
and the sludge pump squeezes goo

through a tiny square hole. Do you really
think you have a chance? Only guts salute

this gory bag of bricks. Flesh and blood:
the origin of all sadness. Spindle cranes

rise high above the sleepy town. Blanket
sunrise, wafer pink, muskrat orange.

The last time we spoke you said very little.

Wave after wave of artichoke hearts. Nothing.
I still remember the distillery, its vast dome

and encased artifacts. Rows of boiling seeds.
No one knows what ordinary means.

I don't even want to. Glory glory
goes the battered broom. Glory glory

goes the greasy garbage truck. Fuel
for all the things I don't understand.

Waste is the only serious business. I start
to dissect my organs with the butterknife.