Tse-Tse

C. W. Gusewelle

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss2/14

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.
The city—our single great industrial hazard—
Howls and flashes and grinds
And finally, not satisfied with deafening, blinding,
It more than maims, it breaks
And leaves us twisted on the technicolor cement
Reflecting the nervous neon.

In the night we hear it still, behind closed doors,
The hum of the mechanical fly.
Was this, then, the dream of the "Empire Builders?"
Those Artists of the Ugly . . .
They built the night-fly with innards of wire and tubing
Lubricated with lives!

It hums about us, this monster bug, deafens us to truth,
Blinds us to the beautiful.
And, if still we know too much, bites us just a bit
And leaves us on the paving,
Insane with sleep. And the crowd gathers, sirens roar,
The hum becomes a shriek of repetition.

Can't you see that we are lubricant and fuel at once?
All the same weight and grade
(It only takes a little more in winter!) keeping the engine—
The insect—running smoothly.
It is OUR shepherd; to want is to know too damn much,
And then to sleep on cement.

... C. W. Gusewelle