

2010

God Bless the Diesel Engine

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Recommended Citation

Smith, Troy (2010) "God Bless the Diesel Engine," *The Oval*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 38.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol3/iss1/38>

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TROY SMITH

GOD BLESS THE DIESEL ENGINE



God bless the diesel engine
And save the double bitted axe
Throw
Dirt over your shoulders
Squatting boots in the red shod

The sex of full grain leather.

(Do not come here)
Here.
Is the tongue of the Wind
That rasps the heel of the day,
Laps up the sun's fire
Out of the open spaces and dark valley corners.

Here is the last place
The last recess in the
Body of Cancer.
Bandaged with barbed wire
A drumming diesel heart
Moaning in the wilderness.

Come (here)
Into this dead land
Into this land of rusted monsters
Their cold cardiacs that creak
In mountain air
Their steel vertebrae;
Iron scapulas planted
Into the landscape
Pitched from the sky,
By some great industrial hand.

God bless the diesel engine
And those pious who drink,

That red nectar, Guzzle
From the open veins of the earth, its
Sweet hot blood.

“Do not come here”
Is the voices under the rocks
that flutter over grass tops
You only
Handle your mornings with soft
Quiet hands
This undigested
Sprawl of dead grass
And dead rocks.
Slow are the piles of red
Scrap and Waste