

**Factory Worker Inscribed by a Spring Morning**

I see the foundry door open  
your arched back abandon work  
and rusty vats of molten steel  
sky orange mixed with flesh  
color sticking out of your jacket  
sleeves the cranes frozen high  
as the sun progresses to arch  
a cornice over the city's  
bare intersections free of  
the dance of never-ending people  
lines of cars channeled to chores  
or dreams and draped over your frame  
the dawn palette applied to your shoulders  
as an annunciation the award  
heavy as bricks your roughened  
hands get hold of and carry to  
the parking lot relieved of sweat  
stillness finding you like  
a killed man ready for sleep  
lines of exhaustion the fine stitching  
of fatigue sewn to the skin  
relaxed after punching the clock  
and waiting eight hours for your  
way home to return easy as habit

*R. Nikolas Macioci*