

## **The weeds**

**Perhaps within the steel and glass  
of realized capability, capacity;  
talent, that unwelcome weed of mind  
is respected.  
Such appreciation can be afforded  
in the crystalline spaces of success.**

**But down with these nuts and bolts  
among rivets and beams  
there is no need for such unproductive things.  
For if talent cannot turn the screw  
into the driver  
what use?  
A sledgehammer  
singing opera  
falls only upon battered ears.  
Sand among the gears  
are nuggets of poetry, eroding efficiency  
wasting capacity, promoting complacency.  
The occasional gaseous belches of philosophy  
pollute the filters of conformity.  
It was decreed long before this century  
That labor need not be happy or angry  
only obey productively.  
Those born of filth and squalor  
are oiled and dirty, surely  
but they need not be seen.  
if they fulfill their duty.  
Hammer them, grind them, squeeze of them  
until weathered they seize  
having never seen....  
    **inbred and frail  
    this new market  
    of gleaming fantasy.****

**For it was refined from the blind backs of those beasts.**

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