

Backbone of Existence

You're the backbone of a constant battle
pressing the keys of daily depression
rigorously deep down hard and boiling—
crunching numbers, crunching abs, crunching
spines. You're the maker met with a puppied eye
and a dog-eared bible. You're the one to run from.
You're the cold breath streaming from a barreling
steam engine, and the proud earth's thrust to get ahead
on time.