

LAURIN BECKER MACIOS

# 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.