

*Fred Voss*

HAMMERS AND HEARTS OF THE GODS

Best is the morning  
when our hearts pound and our sugar spoons  
ring TING TING TING TING TING  
against the insides of our coffee mugs stirring  
the strong black coffee as  
a hundred machine motors fire up and we feel  
as if we can hear  
the feet of ants  
tapping  
across mountain rocks as our hands  
grip machine handles and oil  
and coolant begin to flow  
across machine beds and we rowed  
with Ulysses  
through the smashing-together rocks past the singing sirens  
toward home we  
built  
the Brooklyn Bridge drove the spikes down through the rails that spanned  
a continent held  
the ice  
at the South Pole in our fist balanced  
the ballerina  
in the palm of our hand at Carnegie Hall thought  
of the wheel  
that opened the world best  
is the morning  
at 7:05 or 7:32 am as the oranges ripen on branches  
tigers  
roar at rising suns babies  
take their first steps newspapers  
slap down onto pavements locomotives  
warm their engines