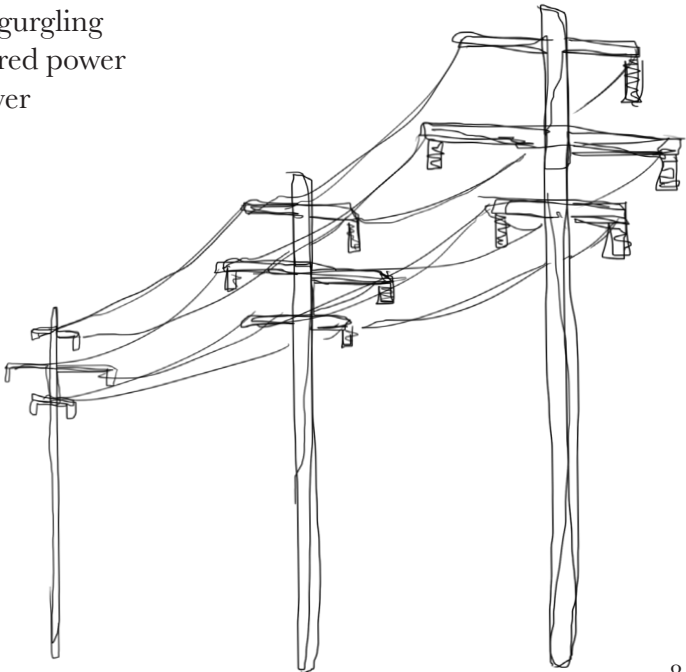


# Generators Speak

The power is gone.  
The only power on  
Is coming from generators;  
The difference is heard by the way they speak.  
The powerlines hum along  
To a silent song.  
The generators speak in labored  
Breaths. An endless breath.  
The powerlines

dangle  
lightly  
In the air, posted and perched on poles.  
The generators squat heavily on the ground, squeezing energy  
through  
Gritted teeth, growling  
Growling  
Growling to groveling  
Gasoline for gurgling  
An encumbered power  
A lifeless power



The generators sleep.  
Growling again. Power once more.  
The cycle continues  
One day more  
          One day more  
One day more

*by Kathy Kūte*