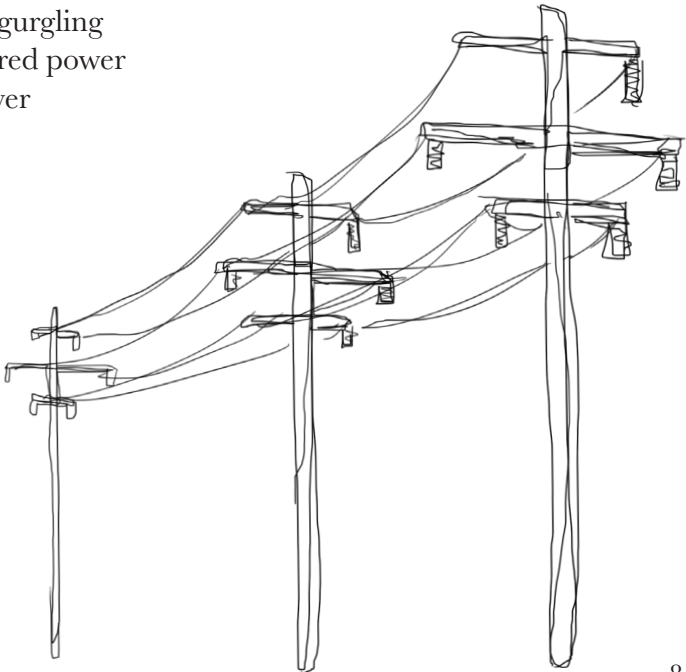


Generators Speak

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