## Caleb Nelson

## Jet Fuel

The whittlebone drives the shaft nut and the sludge pump squeezes goo

through a tiny square hole. Do you really think you have a chance? Only guts salute

this gory bag of bricks. Flesh and blood: the origin of all sadness. Spindle cranes

rise high above the sleepy town. Blanket sunrise, wafer pink, muskrat orange.

The last time we spoke you said very little.

Wave after wave of artichoke hearts. Nothing. I still remember the distillery, its vast dome

and encased artifacts. Rows of boiling seeds. No one knows what ordinary means.

I don't even want to. Glory glory goes the battered broom. Glory glory

goes the greasy garbage truck. Fuel for all the things I don't understand.

Waste is the only serious business. I start to dissect my organs with the butterknife.

Caleb Nelson is a writer living in the upper peninsula of MI. He is a Master of Fine Arts Poetry Candidate at Northern Michigan University, and Associate Poetry Editor of Passages North. His work is forthcoming in Crab Fat Literary Magazine, Stoneboat, Prick of the Spindle, Red Savina Review and Cardinal Sins.