

Workhorse

By: S. Whittington

I function where artificial light toils
And blots out heaven's pure stars.
My engine sweats flame.
My eyes, headlights
Dimming on dark roads.

My tanks disgorge gas with
My gauge straining to hit E.
Why trifle for concern?
I'm utilized
For the master plan.

I worry less now.
Anticipating tasks would only employ
To vindicate doubt's shadows.
Foil not the design
Of true progress.

My gears grind, sparks soar
As dark ambitions falter.
Back to the earth
This body slowly rusts,
Nothing more than loaned metal.

Industry races on.
This workhorse, battered no more.
My frame molders down,
Yet I grin from beyond stars
Remembered by earth no more.