

# SCRAP

DANE HAMANN

Squint-dizzy in the hallways of summer,  
I lean into the unquenchable hands

of the sun as it heaps the rollicking  
industry of daytime over me: heat

and the nova-flash of glass and metal,  
motorcycle Doppler songs, the far-off

shirt-rip of mower engines, radios  
generously pushing their waves toward

the shore of me. This unroofed factory  
floor, this place of sweat, where all things are made

by the unmaking of something else. See  
me there among the workpieces? I'm simply

scrap cast from the spinning lathe of warm light,  
waiting to find form in these dusty hours.