

## THE ROCK CRUSHER'S GOD

After the day's ear-numbing roar  
its incessant crunching rattle and clang  
the rock crusher finds its god,  
not in the click and ping of the cooling engine  
or the quiet clatter of the last rock bits  
falling through screens  
or the nearly silent sift of settling rock flour,  
not in the clinging scent of leaking diesel  
or the smell of shattered dolomite  
rising off the quarry wall...

the rock crusher does not solicit aid or access  
through patron saints:  
like mechanics turn to Saint Eligius  
or quarry workers to Saint Clement,  
and does not invoke its names: Vulcan, Lithos, Gravel,  
seeking praise or absolution or just an eternal hush,  
for the rock crusher and its god are now  
outside of words beyond prayer,  
*deus in machina, deus in petra*, in stone...

not the broken bits scattered and heaped around it  
not the erratic granite boulder at the top of the hill  
rolled out of the craton in the belly of the ice  
with its silent laminations of mica  
and the infinitesimal intersices where  
crystals of feldspar grew face to face  
not in the rich black sod beneath the boulder  
nor the mineral soil, so recently stone, below that  
not even in the upper layers of cracked bedrock  
but deeper  
where all the rock that has come apart  
been fractured, split open  
worn down  
become sediment  
carried away on the wind, in the rivers  
spilled into oceans  
and settled out  
each layer accumulated so slowly  
many many messiahs could arise and be resurrected  
before significant measure  
incrementally cemented  
compressed further  
succumbing to lithification's deep reform.  
Here, where all is out of reach and unbroken,  
here, the rock crusher finds its god.