

## MACHINES

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*Dan Campion*

The machine that lowers Faust is definitive.  
I saw it perform one night in the Rocky Mountains,  
Open-air, the weather cooperating.  
Faust went down like Lucifer himself,  
Pronouncing Marlowe's lines in summer lightning.  
The generator, stage, and engine worked  
Without a hitch, as if a climber simply  
Slipped and drifted down a smooth rock face.  
After his descent I watched the mountains  
Gliding smoothly in their cylinders.  
The sky was purple as engine oil, but light  
With electricity. Late that night  
I slept as deeply as a prehistoric beast,  
Steeping in the dark machinery of earth.