

## *Going Down*

This is the guy in the white fastback Mustang  
commuting to work on a Wednesday morning.

This is the woman with wooly brown hair  
in the passenger seat of the white fastback car  
who goes down on the man who is driving like hell,  
passing a van, passing four cars, passing a bus on his way  
to the job on a Tuesday or Wednesday morning.

These are the thousands who rise before dawn,  
clip on their badges and climb on the bus,  
or jump in their cars if they've got enough gas,  
heading up north to their nut-numbing jobs,  
when a Mustang swings past and a woman goes down  
on a man growing famous for driving full blown  
into Monday, or Tuesday, morning.

This is a pattern of acting out  
on the only road through the Hanford Works,  
a.k.a. the ends of the earth,  
entertaining the masses en route to the site  
where they'll suit up in white, alert for alarms,  
locked in a gate, protected by guards,  
in a plant that makes high grade plutonium stock  
for government bombs to protect us from harm  
on a typical Tuesday morning.

This is the landscape of sagebrush and dust  
that can hold its secrets for only so long  
till they spill and spill, but for now and instead  
the woman goes down on the man driving fast,  
we cop our looks while they rocket past  
and the rest of us feel . . . not closer to death, but further  
from life as we slow at the gate for security check  
on another Wednesday morning.