

gambit

Crash
Garrett Hines

rubber skin, electric veins:
parts and pieces of evolved machines.
plastic fused with aluminum
in crumple patterns along the skull,
locked in a perfect shell.
bells and whistles,
radio static,
a cool black wheel
beneath white knuckles.

decisions made, time gone,
blood pumping forward
and backward,
leaving the chamber in between
a set of clenching eyes.

pupils focus on a future spinning,
 its chances now sliding
and bruised

tiny pebbles scatter in the lower jaws
of broken fossils
colliding,
grinding against the night.