

## **Tailpipe**

*by M.L. Crider*

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The rumble of the tailpipe  
leaks its snot in spurts drips on the cracked pavement  
He revved the accelerator twice  
to warm it for the dirt

His fingers, winter bones  
He breathed on them to thaw through his shirt  
Nineteen degrees December  
Sun on the rise over the wheat...  
He had to work.

Humble are the ones  
who trudge the thickest snow  
who calculate the bridges' strength  
when no one else will know

For you, for me, for him, for she  
Humble gets a name  
In anonymity; quiet invisibility  
without, we would never be

The architect of a bridge  
The mastermind of the overpass  
These are the real keepers of worker bees and queens,  
for each of us in between

The local school line cook  
feeding your cherished  
waking before the sun  
no matter the weather to perish

The Daily Heroes  
their silent duty  
Stitching and uniting this ubiquitous quilt

The rumble of the tailpipe  
the spurts, the pavement drips