

VENGE

S.P. Flannery

I drive the machine
that scrubs floors
through the glass panels
because I am told
not to stop, to keep
going by supervisors
adamant about securing
their dominance, alpha
status amongst the troop,
show control to people
above them, superiors
who salivate at
subordinate behavior,
so to make them wet,
I grind broken glass
into the travertine
limestone floor, then
accelerate
the machine towards
where they stand,
where
they stood before I
sent them over the
edge.