



DEPT. 301

Dyson M. Shannon, Jr.

In the haze of oil mist,
another day of pulling dies
and punches.

I flip on the call light for the overhead crane—
time for a coil change.

I tell Ol' Domino I need
a clamshell for the corner brackets
and packets of gloves,
ear plugs and a new fan.

He grins and says, "Dream on."

I center the coil on the mandrel, lace it
through the leveler and the feed rollers.

The last-break buzzer sounds.

I dash to the truck dock and get stoned
on the bench in the bay
with the Press Room Gang.

Ten minutes gone, we glimpse
the setting sun, and we return to Charlie in wrist braces
and thirty years of aching bones—
slinging 460 pieces of steel
every hour on the manual press.