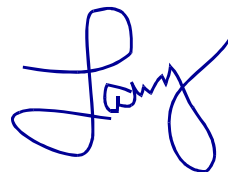


Yellow Tractors

The screen door is open. Body against machine I sit very still and delay in any additional activity. From truck seat to machine seat, I am here. The day's shine rises. A glow begins to cover all. The world is awash in faded intensely bright colors. The fog is there, but going. The enormous power beneath my ass is good and can be aggressive. The capabilities are beneficial and destructive. This was the same as yesterday. Tomorrow will be the same. This is only the nascent phase of our overall endeavors. The yawping is here; it is always part of this place. Grinding, humming, whizzing, whirring and voices fill the airwaves. I sit very still. There is a contrast. The wet and slippery dew on the side of the can creeps down. The color contrast of the scene reflects everywhere. My stimulated eyes flicker in response. I still sit very still. The man barks orders. Movement is all around. Behind dark glasses, I see brown being moved. I see black being torn and shredded. My turn will come. Green of all categories surrounds the arena of toil. Short and tall trees, Maples, Oaks, Birches, Elms, Spruces, stand guard. Silently and fearfully the vegetation and foliage accepts the trespass. Insects, birds and cars fly by. These exploits to calm are fast and controlled I hope, either a destination or survival, or both. One knows, I hope the other knows too. What will be the reward? Later, the search for shade will be an objective for all. I am still sitting still. Dials, knobs, sensors, and gauges hum and wait. Instructions and a wheel remain paused. Is this zeroth controlled? No, I think not. I close the rusty screen door; I am moving now but sit very still. Contact is made, machine to planet. This is the beginning of the creation; this is the end of this time and place. Time is the devourer of all things. Art is expression. Art is imagination directed. The plan is detailed. The interpretation is confined. The fulfillment is mine. My years have established me as the oracular of this métier. Could there be history here? Maybe evidence of troglodytes? A passing second is history. How do we know history? Does history have to be captured? The moment, the action has passed. Others follow. Humans and machines locked in a callithumpian march forward. A look here and a look there – I know. I stop moving. I am not exaggerated with my sequence, I reach I press I read I listen I hear I twist. Everything is hard, however my actions are smooth, and I know the future. The container delivers cold into my parched oral cavity. The absorbent towel wipes the wet from my head and face, but I am not dry, the hours to this day of creation will continue. Coded frequencies transmitted from anti-sylph humans, through machines, humans respond, machines

respond. The surface is harder; I counter with determination. There are several houses is nearby. Children play on a millefleur tapestry. They stop and peer at our early-summer destruction/construction Chautauqua. An abecedarian chant filled my head. My eyes smile. Their eyes smile. Links keep us apart and that is a good thing because I need to obliterate all. They like it. Grinding, humming, whizzing, whirring and now crashing and crunching. No triskaidekaphobia on this day, the edaciously man-and-machine combination is indomitable to this gargantuan challenge, its gone, advanced progress continues. The passing day, the children at play, the mercury rising caused my focus to ramify from here and now to visions laving through my head; fishing, my children, the lottery, vacations, beer and so on. Standing at a small lake cove dressed comfortably in mufti, my line piercing the glass surface, son and daughter by my side, wife reposed to the shade of a Maple tree this was the weltering vision captured. Imagine the pristine beauty. Grinding, humming, whizzing, whirring and now more crashing and more crunching. I will not achieve laudable gains if this work is not absolute in completing the day's plan. The stretch of ahead welcomes and challenges my movements. There on a newly created heap of rubble is my successor, the next man-machine amalgamation glowering at me. I will not resile to this. My position is unmistakable. My trusted confidence to traditional machinery and years of wisdom will complete our destiny to the satisfaction of all. No time for parietal behavior. I will destroy and I will create! Gears shift, functionality engaged, tons are pushed, pulled, shifted, rearranged and repositioned. The peak of grinding, humming, whizzing, whirring, droning, buzzing, crashing, crunching is in a symphony of artistic engagement. Hours rush by. Our dust-covered parade marches on. I sense and recognize that we are in close proximity to the completion of our tasks. Over our broadcasting system, my ears capture the 'end of day' command.

I unbolt the screen door, disengage from my compartment, stretch my hands and arms to the blue sky, look to the sun-setting horizon and contemplate about this yellow tractor day.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'J. Lang', written in a cursive style.