Ah, to be a Cog

John Pusey*
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Abstract

Ah, to be a cog in an intricate machine, To turn as others do when the light turns green. Ah, to be a wheel in the tunnel black,...
"Motto—blotto."

Pithecanthropus used his clever hand to flip the turtle over. He then took a large rock and smashed the turtle into pieces of pulpy flesh and shell. He cried, "Upward and onward," and walked away.

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Middle Pleistocene, late Pleistocene, and recent. A pinpoint in time. A flash and a bang and there are no more men. But millions of turtle eggs lie in the mud of the river bank. The sun warms them and they hatch.

— Jon Doerflinger, Sci. Sr.

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Ah, to be a Cog

Ah, to be a cog in an intricate machine,
To turn as others do when the light turns green.
Ah, to be a wheel in the tunnel black,
Always looking forward, never looking back.
Ah, to be a rivet locked into a space,
To hold the ship together forever in my place.

Better to be the native ore hidden in the rock,
Than the shiny, finished product cast to fit the lock.
Better yet the leaf upon the budding tree,
Spring the rain, summer the sun, and in the fall set free.