

MATTHEW NIENOW

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*Adjustments*

We take off the guard.  
It only gets in the way.  
The riving knife too.  
What does it know  
holding its long finger  
through newly sawn  
wood? I'd like to believe  
in the terrible beauty  
of the table saw,  
the splayed nubbins,  
the raker teeth,  
the table itself, cast  
into being the murky  
water above the beast  
we walk toward  
over and over, reaching  
our long hands close  
to the patient mouth;  
we push against the fence,  
against the movement  
of the blade, we keep  
ourselves close  
to ourselves; the machine  
has such a way  
with us, the voice  
we cannot forget,  
the spindle bright  
enough to want.