

## Dead Heading By Richard Tornello

Dead heading to the terminals.  
GPS the hidden controller.  
They all leave like clock work.

Picks the load and picks the road.  
Organized at the highest levels.  
Leeway given for their speed;  
Invisible to the badge.

OVERALL,  
They have deadlines to meet.  
OVERALL,  
The system's huge fleet.  
OVERALL,  
Hammer down, pedal to the metal.

Polished Chromium Pipes.  
Sweet the sound, the pitch the timbre.  
Exhaust tuned running true  
Matched to engine and the fuel.  
Blue smoke, faintly, hued.  
Running hard  
Like there is no tomorrow.

GPS, he knows where they are.  
GPS, he knows when they will get  
To the point.

The exhaust plume,  
The smell,  
Deep from the earth,  
Up from the wells.  
Burning fire,  
Compression ignition.  
Metal contained hell.

GPS we know where they are.  
GPS we know when they  
Reach that point.

Sekhmet, Perses, Shiva and Kali

Senior drives in the union.  
Of all?  
Of all remember the old days  
And today?  
They see, and saw it coming.

Shiva and Kali over the radio  
Internet connects the rest.  
Trucks on the road.  
Full up loads.

To the ports load one more  
The parts fit together.  
Never more.

Gabriel Trucking rules the road.  
Gabriel sings to the country tune.  
Waiting for the call and add new fuel.

Feeds the fire deep below.  
The exhaust note changes.  
The pitch is shrill.  
An increase in power and never more.

Destruction in the wakes.  
The tune they make.  
Shiva, Sekhmet, Kali, Perses  
THE FOUR  
Nod in unison  
As Gabriel emails all.

Fuel systems change over  
The vehicles' scream the change  
Exhaust pitch harmonics  
Road beneath the big wheels vanish.

It's End of the world  
As we know it.  
As Gabriel calls the tune.  
GPS, God's Planned System.

The End