

Car

What makes you the most sublime machine on earth?
Do they sit around in heaven and talk about
Distributors and overhead cams?
How many animal names
Have you scalped?
How many women
Have you seduced with your
Rust and your carbon monoxide fumes?
Car, I silently protest you and
You keep driving back
To assure me it is only mobility
The happiness and freedom that I lack
Only streamlined forms
And tinted perspectives
The beautiful and marvelous I don't see.
You are America to me
And what we all want to be.
You are America to me
As I walk, numbed, on the berm of the road.

