## 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.



Hughes, Stephanie. "Untitled." The Cornfield Review 17 (1999): 38. Available online at http://cornfieldreview.osu.edu. Copyright held by the author.

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