

Model T Ford

by Myra King

It lies in rusting riot
of shadowed days.
Flying high its emblem wings,
forever stalled.

Front fender,
damage done,
but introverted steel
protects itself
not healed but hidden.
Those who survived
its old time crash
long gone from other causes.

Wind sinews through its wreck
whistles thin
its paddock mate,
the tractor
with the flattened tyres.
Later vintage laid to rest
when drought
threadbared the land,
shed those souls of country birth,
buried them live
in the concrete work
of city living.

