

Why History, Though?

Wedge in the corner here.
I had to learn history before things were amazing.
I'm a car.
Rev, rev.
No one told me history
Was a prerequisite for awe.

They told me: drive.

They told me: stop at stop lights, signs. (And don't bowl people over.)

My name is Rex.
Maybe I don't want to reveal that yet.
What am I like?
Backwards, I reckon.

Backwards engine, backwards flutes.
Backwards steering column.
Backwards exhaust pipe.

I always want to say "pipes," but it's not much exhaust: not a great volume (for a car).

I'm pretty nifty.
I get things done.

Why history, though?

History of Me

What's the history of me?
No idea.
Or do I?
Where do all my parts come from?
Tongues inside my motor.
History whizzing through frame.
Doors hatching chicks.
Levers and electricity clicked together.

Unendurable energy
Of road
Into center

Cycles of pistons, pistols, smoke.
Siphoning enigmas from wheels.
Ruts, dents, rust of being
Banged together
Jacks and levitation
Open, close, weld. Weld-
ed.
Neat.
Crisp, sharp, angular.

Shiny.
Round, sometimes, as baldness.
Hairy as a cadaver in window-groove.
Radios, shockwaves.
I love you all.
I love me all.
Axles spinning, carrying.
Fluid bristling.
[glint]