

TIMOTHY STEELE

*Vermont Pastoral*

The pick-up in the meadow is bereft  
Of most of its components, but the space  
Created when the hood and engine left  
Has filled with goldenrod and Queen Anne's lace.

And bees, like diligent mechanics, swarm  
Among the flowers and make the pick-up hum,  
As if it might, well cared for, still perform  
Feats that it did when new and mettlesome.

Its cab suggests a skull that once housed thought.  
Its trailer hitch recalls the things it towed—  
Like a large-bottomed horse, behind which hot  
Impatient summer tourist traffic slowed.

Young pick-up trucks go racing on their way  
Along the Lake Road, raising clouds of dust,  
Transporting bags of mulch and bales of hay,  
Rejoicing in their speed and wanderlust.

The old truck has endured too much to mind  
That others still have tires and an owner  
And, far from looking envious, seems inclined  
To bask in having been an organ donor.

Indifferent to neglect as summer passes,  
Unchanging as skies darken or turn sunny,  
It sinks more deeply into weeds and grasses,  
Running on nectar and producing honey.