

## RUST BELT

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*Hans VonMilla*

Rusting in your orchard sits an old Dodge milk truck  
With exuberant wartime fenders like Betty Grable's  
thighs  
You whiz by the hulk daily  
Not noticing, never thinking  
It's a crying shame

Your dad rescued it from land barons

Who bulldozed the stonerows  
And hauled away the past  
Nine cubic yards at a time  
We named the old truck and loved it  
The way you'd love a three-legged hound  
Cousin Chris and I drove it a thousand miles  
Never moving an inch

For a dozen years it hauled the stuff to build your  
dreams  
But after Viet Nam you parked it  
Between an apple tree and forever  
Near the family homestead, which like the old truck  
Sits rotting, windows falling out, unpainted  
Returning to the earth it came from

Now you have your own bulldozers  
And large new trucks with  
Seven point three liter Navistar diesels  
Shiny reminders that in our family  
We can't be bothered with the old things  
We're like our grandparents  
Who burned the Edison phonograph  
The day they bought a new Victrola