

Unbroken

Now the 450 International-Farmall tractor sits,
and leaches rust against the Amarillo sunset,

longing to be idled,
screams viciously to be driven,

does not sputter or ooze charcoal smoke,
but sits and awaits its owner

who does not come to grease the joints
or fix the cracked headlight. How empty

the seat looks without Wrangler marks etched into the leather.
Holding no one's flesh, bones, and aged muscle.

— *Hannah Ziegler*