

A Forgotten Model T

She sits dormant, waiting for
life again.

Curves and sharp lines make
up her body.

A bonnet trimmed in a dull chrome,
covers her sleeping soul.

Pistons frozen with a lifetime of
rust and dirt.

Panes of glass frosted with
dust.

She dreams of the rush and speed of the
accelerator.

—*Devon Lyle Hardwick*