**Some Future**

Jim Larson

Out on the Great Plains the long grasses

provide a final resting place

for many rusted bodies

that once embodied speed and progress.

The one I drove past

was designed after the War

but before the killing started in Korea,

back when I was inventing my future.

Even with grass growing

up to the door handles

the high velocity sweep from headlight

to tail retained its elegance.

But what made me stop, and back up,

was the hood ornament, the pitted,

but still shiny finger pointing forward,

summoning an image of early jet aviation.

Hub caps were long gone;

the license plates stolen;

the windshield starred by a deer rifle;

a drafty motel for field mice.

Prying up the frozen hood hinges,

I find just two bolts tethering the artifact

to that time when our wishes

could break the speed of sound.

As it comes away in my hands,

the heaviness, the pitted chrome,

the rusted bolts, still insist on a world

whose future has come and gone.

**Sky Island Journal, Issue 1: Summer 2017**