

Two-Autos

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by Richard Rose

Two Autos

Two autos were talking in the shed
With comments emerging from the head,
The black sedan had learned of God
For God revived him now and then,
And healed him of a knocking rod,
And kept him from the evil men.
The yellow coupe was something more,
Psychology was his affair,
He learned that 'neath the motor's roar,
Conditioned nerves were there.
His left headlight worked from a lobe,
Within the right side of his battery,
And hanging in a plastic globe,
Synaptic points were thinking laterally.
With thinking came decisions on the road,
And God now smiled for He could sleep,
While traveling with a heavy load
Of nectar from the keggy deep.

Synaptic shorts occurred that flamed and blew

Out both the Potted and his Pots,

The coupe was torn apart and never knew

If God had really known his thoughts.

[End]

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