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## Satan Owns a Boneyard

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Dennis Held

## *Satan Owns a Boneyard*

Mephisto Motors, Used Parts and Whole  
Wrecks, nine miles out of town,  
the handmade I-beam gate patrolled  
by a three-legged mongrel, a hundred  
and fifty pound snarl with bad gums  
and oily fur. The boss is in  
the shed out back, no mask,  
joining iron with that resolute  
blue spark, slashing through steel  
with a torch, skrick-skrick and the air  
goes from zero to 2000 degrees in nothing  
flat, a cigar stub, unlit, tucked under  
one cheek and by god he's grinning  
as he looks out over his lot: an obscure  
Belvedere, a misspent Fury on cinder blocks,  
Valiant in decorous rust, seats blown  
like a milkweed pod, black Falcon  
up to its trunk in muck. "Meat," he hacks,  
"that car's bad meat and you're lucky if  
I take it off your hands, what the fuck  
you mean what'll I give you for it?"  
He's a perfect mimic, pisses your  
defeated words down into the mud.  
Try to pick up a tie rod or clutch  
plate, get a break on a camshaft.  
"Step inside, we'll talk."

He chucks a log into the oil drum.

"That car? The Gremlin? Forget it,  
that thing's a collector's item."

His gut shifts suspiciously under  
his coveralls, greasy and blue.

"Listen, you take it out, no guarantees,  
cost you a hundred, you want it or not?"

It's too much to pay, but you know  
you can't leave it, you want him  
to like you, to ask you to stay.