Satan Owns a Boneyard

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Mephisto Motors, Used Parts and Whole Wrecks, nine miles out of town, the handmade 1-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 missspent 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.