Winter 1993

# Satan Owns a Boneyard

Dennis Held

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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.