

# RECLAIMED

*by Cole Hammill*

Everything that comes from nature will eventually return.

An old car sits in a field, rotting into the ground.

Not all items stay around forever; one day, I suppose we'll learn.

The engine is seized, valves stuck shut. For a quart of oil it yearns,

But it was left here to rot in the side of this field, no mechanic near.

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The fuel tank sits rusted out, absent of any gasoline to burn,

Spark plugs that once fed the engine lightning now sit without a charge.

Parked here on four flat tires, these wheels never again will turn.

The engine sits dormant, rotting away, the pistons cease to churn.

Shining blue paint now reduced to faded brown, caked with moss and dirt.

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The bumper fell off and gives the car a frown, looking stern.

Shattered glass from each of the windows glitters the ground below.

Sinking, rotting into the ground, the car sentenced to decay for eterne.

Everything rusts away eventually, but that shouldn't cause concern.

An old car rots into the ground in a country field.

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