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Elmo Myson

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Elmo Myson

And it was so that Elmo Myson was corrupt
and it came to be that time
that Elmo should really want to move upon the face of the earth.
And Elmo thought to himself
I shall make me a car of untruth
after the likeness of my daydreams
a Judas kiss engine shall I put in the car
and I shall varnish it within and without
with a metallic pretense.

And behold, a quarter of a mile was to take place
and it did tantalize his flesh
and quicken the breath of his life.
And he wanted to drive his car
him and his pride and his corruption with him.

Thus did Elmo
according to all that he had daydreamed
and he sold all his possessions
and what he could not sell he put into the car with him
for he had seen others and what goods they conveyed.

So in the seventeenth year of Elmo's life
in the second month
the seventeenth day of the month
the same day all the fountains in his park were broken
Elmo Myson stood, wrench in hand
with his marvle car before him.
And things all strange were built into his car,
sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears.
Its crankshaft was of falsehood and derision.
The blue-fire, energy-wasting breath

of his souped up life
licked the boiler tubes
of his smaller vapor engine.
And the two engines coupled together
both delivering power to the wheels
that would smear rubber all over the road.
And it would not impress Elmo's girlfriend,
"Hoola Hoop," and her friends
as they would watch that hot-rod child, Elmo Myson
drive the quarter mile.

And it really was so that Elmo Myson was corrupt.
And his over running clutch
did not understand
nor did the secret gears of his action
nor the springs of his motivation.
And along the years he had wondered
and he had fallen asleep
not understanding.
And it was not understanding
that he gathered false impressions,
and hugged them closer as the years went by.
And virtues often seemed to him transgressions.
Frighted soul with stunted vision,
he had often measured magnitude by his narrow gauge
and the microscopic with his naked eye.
And his secret sin, unpardoned
burned inside of him
in the car
that terrible afternoon.
And the vision of his quarter mile life
was an awful thing to face
alone in the front seat of his car.
And time did not stop on a dime for Elmo.

And he left the bridge
going out a short way
and then down
and no one tried to stop him.

And it was alone
that Elmo felt the future in the present
and the present that would never go away
and it was the thought of his seventeen years
going into eternity.

And it was without the sound of music
and the voice of them that wept
that Elmo and his car plunged into that icy river
underneath the bridge's broken rail.

And the water was upon Elmo and his car
for one hundred and fifty minutes
and the water was flat.

And they watched as Elmo and his car
were pulled out of the river.

And no one gave him answer.
For they did not understand
that there is a plan far greater than the plan they knew of.
And a wind blew over that part of the earth.

And it was with the sound of music
and with the voice of them that wept
that Elmo and the funeral car moved slowly
past that quarter of a mile
past that bridge's broken rail.

“Earth to earth, dust to dust,”
the minister's words were calmly said.
Iron ore to auburn rust,
was not, yet could have been said.