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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.