

At the Rust-Belt Car Wash

by J. J. McKenna

Like penitent souls in line for absolution at Lent,
the rust belt cars queue up at the local car wash;
they are soiled and stained with a slurry of slush,
yet their drivers hope for renewal in a 3-minute wash
topped off by a hot wax to permanently seal
the guarantee of salvation from cancerous rust.
Even that rich man up ahead in his Cad, confessing
into his phone, knows he'll have to come clean.