

## Depression · *Henry Carlile*

He is pushing a black Ford  
through an empty street—  
a car like his father's  
that beat the flat roads like wind  
in summer and brought him here.

He never forgave his father.  
That was the year he left home.  
Then there was talk of weather  
and everyone was packing.  
Windmills were stopped  
all over Kansas.

He is thinking of fathers,  
the ways they never forgive you,  
withholding love like lust.  
But they quit, they stop like pumps.  
There is no way to  
set them working again.

He is thinking of mothers,  
how she could not know how he  
half followed girls down dark streets  
of his heart, how that loneliness  
is passed to sons,  
to the fathers of sons.

He is pushing a black Ford.  
Its problem is such a heart  
you cannot give it enough care.  
Like a father it will quit.  
And there is no end to this.