

ED MEEK

**Powder Blue**

The poet Richard Hugo once told me  
he wanted a Mercedes—  
powder blue. I scoffed,  
then thought of his arthritic knees,  
blackened lungs, dysfunctional liver--  
30 years of cigarettes and booze.  
He'd fought the last World War,  
worked 15 years at Boeing;  
he deserved a nice ride.  
That was 40 years ago. Today  
I bought a BMW,  
titanium paint, xenon headlights,  
moonroof, 17 inch  
alloy wheels.

What did I do  
to deserve this? Was I born  
at the right time, here  
in North America—  
far from Al Qaeda's caves,  
mine-fields, hand-held missiles?  
Don't I deserve to be scammed  
by the venal salesman whose boss  
pads the sticker with add-ons?  
Wouldn't you like to vandalize my car,  
gleaming in the driveway?

Say you were Arabic, pious

in your prayers to Allah,  
your country run by  
two-faced lackeys.  
Wouldn't you love  
to fly to America,  
all expenses paid,  
to place a plastic explosive  
beneath the wheel of my car  
and watch it blow  
on the nightly news  
me in it?

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