

Dashes to Dashes, Rust to Rust

Old calloused hands rise in praise to the Holy Ghosts of Detroit Past

Big Three

Trinity

Busted knuckles drip Ford Blue, Chevy Orange, and Mopar Red

Henry Ford, Louis Chevrolet, and brothers Dodge, hallowed be thy names

Lost souls adrift haunt hometown altars of consecrated garages

Junkyards—now graveyards—entomb Post War's grace

Spider webs and snake dens,

Red wasp and rat nests,

Cockleburs and chiggers,

Poison ivy and ticks

A common pestilence among The Righteous

Dashes to dashes, rust to rust!

Mother Road's cobbled concrete artery bleeds from the spear of countless bypasses

HEAR THE GOSPEL CHILDREN! A revival is at hand!

V8 combustion scorches through exhaust tips like Hell's fury

Metal replaces metal

Rubber meets the road

Dashboard Jesus, Saint Christopher y Madre Guadalupe—pious Icons of reverent trips

Beware sinner! Revelation is near!

Jezebel—Mistress of Chrome—beckons in the night

The Great Whore seduces—her temptation is great

Man lusts for her bearings—her trim—her perfect stance

Gloss and Satin, Glitter and Clear

Lace leaves the bedroom for the harlot of the shop

Scarred hands of education cannot contain her

Fear not ye Backslider and motor on!

Motown spirits beam a guiding light

Stainless steel and tailfins, hardtops and big blocks exorcise the demons of the road!

Sunburn and patina are born again—gas, oil, and water make new

Rapture is here!

A Blessing of the Cars

Willard Jacob Cornwell circa 2010