



## Changing Times

*Anna Brown*

An old black Ford sits abandoned under an oak tree  
The once shiny car, now covered with thick dust,  
Plays blackboard to the neighborhood teens  
Crude scrawl they write  
The old car  
Yearns for weddings, new births, indeed, deaths  
They are not soon forgotten  
Now a spider's web  
On the broken window  
Makes a home for a new species  
Inside the car a squirrel digs  
Through the fluffy remainder  
Of an upholstered seat  
The old car by the oak tree  
Relishes different seasons