

Adenauer 300

By Henrik Harbin

There must have been a time when it was a real car,
An active car, a stylish car, not meant to be a family car,
Drifting down the street at a stately 31 KPH,
Its shiny brown darkness blazing like the night
in the afternoon sun;

But now, it's long gone, its darkness faded,
And my last view of it was long past its prime --
The round, spoked hood ornament,
 slightly dusty, buried, lonely and dead, in a desk drawer,
The wide span of silver grille-- so like a grin of calm assurance-- long gone,
The headlights, huge, silvery, staring, now blinded,
The cunningly curved windshield filmy with more dust,
The engine --
Absent.

1953 - a good year for cars
But who would drive such a dream now,
Or even know, understand the phrase "Adenauer 300,"
Or the name that once meant class and wealth--

Mercedes-Benz?