

Steven Koontz
Weekly Exercise 6 – Poetic 3D Design



Near nothing, rising
out of the plain land,
carcasses stand parked
in a ring, mirroring another
4,000 miles away.

Steel cruises about
until new steel takes its place.
Then what of the once living
machines, now hunks of scrap?
Some are lucky
enough to be remade
larger than they are.

A hidden site few will see,
out in the open Midwest.
Part of the journey,
but never the destination.

When we are gone,
and new life finds our rock,
and they see both rings,
they will think
this one was sacred.