

# American Icon

Darren Shell 7/12/2006

I stand proudly in the forgotten corners  
of America's farm fields.

I still diligently shelter bales of hay  
far too old for consumption.

My weathered siding is wrinkled from years of warm sun...  
much like the tender cheek of a loving grandparent.

My rusted roof no longer offers a reflection to the morning sun,  
but I am still here...fulfilling my purpose.

I still wait patiently...months on end...  
for the clamor of youthful feet to play in my hay mow,  
and catch bugs in my dusty corners.

Blackberry vines still push their way into my breezeway,  
only to find the abandoned plow last pulled by true *horsepower*.

Young saplings push at my hand-sawn boards,  
and tug on my square-cut nails...but I push back.

I push back because I long to stay here.  
I long to still be a part of the American landscape.

For I *am* Americana...I am part of what made this country strong...  
made it hearty...made it vibrant.

I am the American barn of yesteryear...not my iron-clad brethren...  
recently punched out a piece-at-a-time by some machine.

I am the product of the hands that have hewn my beams...  
planed my boards,  
and I have aged into oblivion like the souls who built me.

My ancient beams sag with age, yet I am strong,

and I will persevere as long as my natural components will endure.

For where will American youth look for beauty in the rolling fields?  
Will they look to the concrete and steel...lifeless and nearly ageless shells  
of a *superior product*?

But, right or wrong, that is progress.

I will still stand proudly...here in my tiny forgotten corner  
of our farming fields. It is wonderful here, where the crickets still chirp...  
where the barn swallows still nest in *barns*.

It is still America...rich and wonderful.  
And, I am so very proud to be a part of it.

