

**A Fire-Truck**  
*by Richard Wilbur*

Right down the shocked street with a siren-blast  
That sends all else skittering to the curb,  
Redness, brass, ladders and hats hurl past,  
Blurring to sheer verb,

Shift at the corner into uproarious gear  
And make it around the turn in a squall of traction,  
The headlong bell maintaining sure and clear,  
Thought is degraded action!

Beautiful, heavy, unwearied, loud, obvious thing!  
I stand here purged of nuance, my mind a blank.  
All I was brooding upon has taken wing,  
And I have you to thank.

As you howl beyond hearing I carry you into my mind,  
Ladders and brass and all, there to admire  
Your phoenix-red simplicity, enshrined  
In that not extinguished fire.