

# 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?