Who knew cement trucks are our alter egos? With a combination of whimsy and seriousness that is characteristic of his work, today’s poem by the late Maine poet Richard Aldridge explains.

The Red and Green Cement Truck

*by Richard Aldridge*

rumbles by to where it’s going, while
  at an incline on the bed and
at right angles to the wheels
  its mixer, shaped
like a big cocktail shaker, turns
upon an axis slowly, slowly,
  blending the cement and water.

It is a feat as neat as
pat-your-head-and-rub-your-belly
  but what I like still better is
  to see in it
ourselves, we who do best
to use our heads for mulling, mixing
  while with our feet
  we keep on trucking.

*Take Heart: A Conversation in Poetry is produced in collaboration with the Maine Writers & Publishers Alliance. Poem copyright © 2001 by Richard Aldridge. Reprinted from The Poems of Richard Aldridge, 2001, by permission of the Estate of Richard Aldridge. Questions about submitting to Take Heart may be directed to David Turner, Special Assistant to the Maine Poet Laureate, at poetlaureate@mainewriters.org or 207-228-8263.*