

CONFLICT (8)
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WORD COUNT: 381

I was hitch-hiking one day when a beat up Chevy pickup stopped. I noticed rusty, twisted, welded pipe sticking out of the truck bed.

"Where 'ya headed?" I asked

"East Liberty."

"Sorry, thanks for stopping though."

"Where'd ya need to go?"

"Greenfield."

"Where's that?"

"Between Squirrel Hill and Hazelwood."

"I need some help unloading this, he pointed to the junk, if you'd help me I'll take you to Squirrel Hill."

It had been slow thumbing that day so I said, "Ok," and jumped in the pick up truck.

We headed to East Liberty and along the way I wondered where this salvage or junk yard was located. Although I was vaguely familiar with East Liberty I couldn't imagine where one could be.

We passed through a gate and entered the drive of a beautiful small house-like building. I was puzzled, I figured the driver had gotten lost, but he never said a word. He got out of the truck, went to the door chatted with someone and came back.

He said, "got to go around to the back."

I did not understand what he was talking about.

He drove to the back on the private drive and went a short distance before he stopped.

"Ok, this is the place," he said and jumped out of the truck.

I still did not understand, but got out.

"If you'll help me ease this out, we'll slide it to its spot," he said, pointing a short distance away on the well kept lawn.

"Ok." I still had no idea what we were doing.

We slid the nasty, rusty, twisted, welded pipes from the truck. It was a mess of something you'd see alongside a rural road. (Perhaps you wouldn't if the locals had any pride.)

We wrestled the twisted, garbled junk to a spot. He wasn't satisfied so we turned it several times until I heard, "That's it."

"Let's go," he said.

"We leaving this here?"

"Sure, they bought it."

"Bought? What is it?"

"I call it "Conflict. It's art."

"Art?"

We left the small museum as he kept his word and drove me to Squirrel Hill. He never told me how much he got for "Conflict" but I could only believe its new owner had never been to a junk yard.

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