Oh, but it is dirty!—this little filling station, oil-soaked, oil-permeated to a disturbing, over-all black translucency. Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty, oil-soaked monkey suit that cuts him under the arms, and several quick and sancy and greasy sons assist him (it’s a family filling station), all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station? It has a cement porch behind the pumps, and on it a set of crushed and grease-impregnated wickerwork; on the wicker sofa a dirty dog, quite comfy.

Why the extraneous plant? Why the taboret? Why, oh why, the doily? (Embroidered in daisy stitch with marguerites, I think, and heavy with gray crochet.)

Somebody embroidered the doily. Somebody waters the plant, or oils it, maybe. Somebody arranges the rows of cans so that they softly say: esso—so—so—so to high-strung automobiles. Somebody loves us all.

Excerpt - "Filling Station", Elizabeth Bishop