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76 Caprice Classic

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76 Caprice Classic

Not rust colored paint but actual

Rust streaked down the side of

My very first car with the

tan dashboard cracked by sunlight,

Side mirrors big as kidneys which

filtered fear from other drivers' eyes

that I would move the sheer power

of my v-8 engine into their lane.

The squeaking chassis croaked out a rhythm

To keep time with the 8-track player

and teenage hormones in the

front and back seat of my 1-track mind

full frontal driving wasn't on my naked

agenda life is an adventure when

there's more under the hood

than behind the wheel

which was reaffirmed by my car at

every right turn where my horn would honk in

sheer audacity and desperation because

attention getters like that work every time

reflects my mind's eye rearview mirror who

remembers a face without fear and

dry river bed wrinkles where

laughter once ran like water

which flowed over iron bones

now brittle and rusty with

snap, crackle, pop

something always breaks

there's no warranty on kidneys and

I know I'm not a kid anymore

so stop reminding me I'm a little rusty,

this vehicle can still

get you where you're going!

I mean, so what I can't drive past groups of

neighborhood boys anymore with horn

honking, radio blaring and

blame it all on the car

that in its old age needs the attention

Shellie McCullough