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76 Caprice Classic

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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