

Untitled _____

I told you it had style
that it had class,
but you sold the car for \$50 anyway.

Maybe the brakes didn't work so well,
but we had some control:
the parking brake worked,
we always managed
to come to a stop
a safe distance from my house.
And there was always the curb,
it was awkward
and we might have hit it too hard
those October evenings that stretched
into the chilly depth of November.

So maybe the hood neither opened nor closed,
not that we would have known
how to fix anything anyway,
but everything seemed to go
for the moment,
things worked for us,
we had a piece of duct tape placed

to hold down the orange foam
that stuck up from the dashboard.

The AM radio hung by a wire
an inch off the floor;
it was either Dr. Laura
or static, but I loved it
knowing Dr. Laura would disapprove
of our wrecklessness,
as we'd swerve to stop over the curb
and into the wet leaves.

Every night we'd sit there
and let the oil light burn on,
we'd debate our next move
as the frozen mist blew
in my windowless door.

My teeth could never stop chattering
and I could never stop shivering
but I always let you take
my clothes off anyway.