

Powder blue pinto, parked on the corner
The color of a carefree cloudless sky
I pass it every day, to and from work
Reminds me of that bittersweet feeling
When I was seventeen years old and –
Thought I could do anything I wanted
But knew because of when and where I was
That nothing was actually possible

What would it be like to drive that car now?
Very slowly in rush hour traffic
An over-sized pickup truck behind me
The myth of explosion on my tailgate
Do you trust your taste for danger against –
Any value I have left for my life



The myth of explosion