

Ode to my Shitty Little Neon

You are...

the gash on the hood,
slash at the right door
(that "builds character")

the dent on the trunk
(which was from me,)
when you decided not to start,
(again)

running on two cylinders,
but (apparently) there's four,
(vindictive little whore.)

Mornings on the ways to nights
(that only made it days)
(and the Patterson mechanic shop.)

Thousands of dollars
(to invest in hundreds)
(and thousands more.)

287, spinning red and white lights
prompted
(a tap)
at the break,

you,
(wanted more.)

You are
the proceeding 540
(in the (middle) of the
five-lane highway.)

You are
my last words (twirling.)

You are
seated on the shoulder,
(in the opposite direction.)

You are
(transmission light blinking,
oil tank leaking,
on the way to
Old Lyme, Connecticut,
22nd and 7th,
the Morristown hospital,

You are
failing right after,
(but,
 (at least,
you always make it in the first place.