

Havana

When my dad died, I inherited a cool aunt,
a set of Craftsman tools and a '50 Buick.
The car looked like a malevolent walrus
with a full mouth of chrome teeth
and a hood opening to the side
like my dad's coffin.
My friends dubbed her the Green Monster.
I learned to replace the blown tranny
and fix the rusted floor.

It hauled us over Pittsburgh's wintry hills
and took my aunt to family gatherings.
Sadly, the Buick fell prey to bad brakes
a blown transmission (again),
and the gleam in the junkman's eye.
The Craftsman tools are out in the garage, still.
Perhaps the Buick made it to an earthly car paradise
and exists, independent of this poem.