

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

Donald Peach

October

Warm Saturday afternoons my neighbor
Washes an old car in his driveway.
With slow patience he drives the blood-
Black thirty-year-old car from the white garage
Where it lives its days nestled in a warm
Cave like memory. He washes
And waxes and polishes, his movements
Carnal. His hands linger more than they
Need to, ravagers and preservers both.

It was his wife's car.

She died two years ago, a rock dropping death
Leaving him with empty house and vacant children.
Once I caught him glancing at me buried
In my October lawn, cascading leaf upon
leaf. His face said: speed kills.

Car brilliant in the sun, he then slid onto
The driver's seat and talked to the steering
Wheel.