

In the rearview mirror,

perched atop the heap
of a rusting crap of cars,
in a scrapyard by the railway line
in the urban ravage of the city,
was an ocean blue
Rover P3500s.

Mildewed black vinyl roof.
Eyes gouged out.
Poxed grill grimacing.

A long life held
in the rearview mirror,
with endless tales to tell;

kids puking on the backseat,
screaming rows in the front.
Youth dry-fucking on the backseat.
Pop music and disposable laughter
lining the interior.

I peered closer as my train took a signal halt,
to see a figure at the wheel of this classic 70s wreck.
To see me. The ghost of my would-be younger self,

in kid leather cognac driving gloves.
The ones with holes exposing the knuckles.
Elbow out the window, tab in mouth.
Looking more than almost happy.

And as the signal changed to green,
as my train began to move,
I slipped away slowly behind a derelict warehouse;
the flicker of my dying day suspended for a blink
in a blistered window frame shard;

the ash from my cigarette shearing
as my head and hands grooved
to the long defunct
Blaupunkt
car radio.