

### *A Talking Car*

is like a book. One can find a whip  
or a rope in there. One can find trash  
or underwear. The smell of vagina  
or not much of any smell, decaying foam.  
And one can drive anywhere  
in a talking car but nowhere important  
like a bank or a grocery store.  
One can drive to the pet store  
but only if one doesn't have a pet.  
Or to a closed down drive-in  
about to be an exurb strip. Or  
to an exgirlfriend's house  
where her parents still live.  
A talking car gets you in the right mood  
for forgetting while pleasantly  
incubating in memory shifting.  
One can masturbate on a freeway  
at night in a talking car. One  
can take other liberties, run a red light  
in the dead of winter, park and  
sleep on private property dirt roads,  
pick up teenagers who need a ride home.  
But nothing illegal: avoiding violence  
in one's talking car is the key  
to keeping the car talking.  
The talking car engages in telepathy  
not mysticism. Its high beams  
don't work. The talking car  
appears in black and white  
Alfred Hitchcock movies. In the  
movie the talking car isn't talking.