

## DEATH IN MY AUTOMOBILE

*Took my truck to the car wash today...they didn't do such a great job...certainly not the hand job that I would have done...had I had the time I would have given it a good wash...we, the truck and I, weren't there more than 15 minutes...*

*She really could use a good waxing...10 years old this July...I love this truck...It was given to me by my grandparents in the summer of 1990...*

Seemed like death was rolling the dice on the roads today...drove by two major accidents...one alive and can't imagine that the other isn't dead...said prayers in any event...felt like a good day for dying in my automobile...it feels appropriate to think about dying in my automobile...spend so much time prepping it for driving if even to the store three blocks away...turn on the stereo...adjust the mirrors...fasten that seat belt...fix that cup holder...put on the shades...turn on the a/c or roll down the window...look all around before putting it in gear...and then I'm off and immediately in that place like no other...it can be a place that takes me back to the past or into space to another new experience...stereo playing loudly...all those songs that trigger all the right or wrong feelings...all the feelings that I am looking for or want so badly to feel again...they are all recorded onto one cassette tape...windows are rolled up and it begins...I am instantly in another world...my thoughts are as real as the tunes...

*Crack in the front, passenger side, indicator light cover...I ordered one a few months back...wonder if it's in...need to order a drivers side window crank...I just snapped it off the other day...careless...or maybe accidents really do happen...*

I don't even have to think about what to listen to in my truck...it's just natural...an instinct...pop it in and then I touch the volume control...get it just right...all set and ready to roll...

*Scratches on the exterior passenger bed area just above the rear tire...a lot of them are coming out with the polish...the paint job sure is getting dull...*

Driving along looking at others in their automobiles of all sorts shapes makes and sizes...I smile at him or her...nod at this one and that one...I change the tape and listen to a rain storm...it's a blue sky with a bright sun outside...I smile a little more as I begin to feel grayness brought on by the rain storm...the beauty is that no one knows...there are animal sounds, lightening, wind and the sound of branches breaking and leaves rustling...

*There are a few significant rust spots in the bed...should I have them fixed or not...there are quite a few rust spots...gonna give them a good waxing...I want it to look it's best...as best as it can...*

**How would I die...hit by someone else...mistake on my part...or just conscious suicide...immediate split second *drive* forcing me into nothing of significance...a vacant building...parts of the truck bounce on the pavement...fluids spew and flow...tires flat...the steering wheel impacted into my chest...giving me time for a few last minutes of reflection...white clouds in the sky...white clouds in the sky...the paramedics arrive...I smile and say that I am ready...no last words for anyone...they lift my body of broken bones off of the steering column and my lungs immediately fill with blood...the stereo continues to rain...**

***Brake...***