

# I Don't Know Who Would Date You With That Grease Under Your Nails

there are nuts and bolts and greased cylinders  
prodding into silence before a pedal is pushed  
vroooooom is a daydream like a  
wagon ride- wait  
let me explain  
I never dreamed of weddings as a child  
I dreamed of wagons  
I dreamed of jerky and beer on the trail  
I hid in the storage space under a friend's house  
and wished I was back in time  
brought trail mix and made a seat on the dirt  
where I became ancient  
and summoned dusty pages to come find me  
with a careless "yee haw" under a quiet house  
but back to that engine  
waiting to vroom and panting like a over run dog  
a piece that wasn't twisted tight enough into place  
fell through the intricate ins and outs  
and ripped a belt on it's way down  
tiny bits of rubber fiber landed like dead Tinkerbells in the tar pits  
that collected on the metal  
gawking when the hood was lifted  
there were so many deposits it must have been going on for  
months  
how could this have evaded such a driver?  
how could burnt rubber distract from a tiny  
yet dangerous  
piece of loose metal?  
and the funny thing is  
a horse ride could make this obsolete  
but here is this fast driver  
bent over his engine  
inspecting with curious embarrassment  
such a small thing  
that has done so much damage

## Judi Smolker

