

Slant Six

Jack Wickens

Mellencamp was born in a small town,
and so was I that moonlit spring night back in '65.
Parents never made it to the hospital,
back of a Dodge Dart with a slant six engine
my first breath I cried.
"That's ok," Dad confessed to me years later,
"Cause you were conceived in a similar spot."

Chrome bumpers once reflected a teenager
with shoulder length hair and white t-shirt.
Jack and Diane blared from speakers
mounted in the trunk. I rubbed
Turtle Wax on its olive green paint
before cruising Main Street on a Friday night.

As I grew older met the girl of my dreams.
"Take the time to talk to me,"
That's sort of what she said.
Guess I never really listened
and so we never wed.

Don't have a ring on my finger, but I still got
that Dodge Dart with a slant six engine.
Place where I was born.
The back seat spotted with placental blood,
and the steering wheel I wrapped
in imitation fur.