

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Wanda Coleman: "I Live For My Car"

Wanda Coleman · Saturday, November 23rd, 2013

*originally published on CW in March of 2012. RIP Wanda Coleman.*

can't let go of it. to live is to drive. to have it function  
smooth, flawless. to rise with morning and have it start  
i pray to the mechanic for heat again and air conditioning  
when i meet people i used to know i'm glad to see them until  
i remember what i'm driving and am afraid they'll go outside and  
see me climb into that struggle buggy and laugh deep long loud  
i've become very proficient at keeping my car running. i  
visit service stations and repair shops often which is why  
i haven't a coat to wear or nice clothes or enough money each  
month to pay the rent. i don't like my car to be dirty. i spend  
saturday mornings scrubbing it down. i've promised it a new bumper  
and a paint job. luckily this year i was able to pay registration  
i dream that my car is transformed into a stylish  
convertible and i'm riding along happily beneath sun glasses  
the desert wind kissing my face my man beside me. we smile  
we are very beautiful. sometimes the dreams become nightmares  
i'm careening into an intersection the kids in the back seat scream  
"mama!" i mash down on the brake. the pedal goes to the floor  
i have frequent fantasies about running over people i don't like  
with my car.  
my car's an absolute necessity in this city of cars where  
you come to know people best by how they maneuver on the freeway  
make lane changes or handle off-ramps. i've promised myself  
i will one day own a luxury model. it'll be something  
i can leave my children. till then i'm on spark plugs and lug nuts  
keeping the one i have mobile. i live for it. can't let go of it  
to drive is to live

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