

SHINY NEW CAR, BMW

Sloane

driving a shiny new car, bmw
she feels like a dentist's wife,
two kids in the back seat
on their way to daily summer camp
both with straight, white teeth

driving a shiny new car, bmw
she feels like a mafia boy's lover
husband is taking her to lunch
and the pearls *are* real,
Broadway pumps,
dress—real linen

driving a shiny new car, bmw
she feels like a pretty girl,
on the way to an important date,
freedom
radio blasting,
reconcile with the past

driving a shiny new car, bmw
in *this* car,
she's someone else—
anyone else—
not herself

at seventeen
he gave her a baby,
and—after a kick in the gut—
together they buried it
a bloody mass in the backyard
like an unwanted puppy

still—as a favor,
he dropped her off at a clinic
"slut," he said,
not bothering to slow down the car
her purse catching in the door handle,
—snap!

christmas, 1978
instead of a cheerful toast
he gave her a broken jaw
and plenty of advice—
thanks, daddy

good radio,
good brakes,
air-conditioning,
daddy always said, "*what for?*"
teeth white, like bmw

practically stolen,
but *not*

well, *sort of*
on sale
ross, dress for less

momentarily,
if *really* loud,
drown it out

she's pimped
yes,
true,
thank god

17? *too young*
boy or girl?
why?

bloody mass
still not sure

favor?
in another city, 70-miles away
blood soaking her jeans, clutching too little bus fare
rusty pick-up—do they make generic pick-ups?
vinyl, K-mart
oh, well

christmas!
he drinks too much anyway
she didn't ask for that
or *that* either

now, 1995
he gave her a shiny new car
still—not an apology

like a mafia boy's lover,
she's still cheap in a shiny new car

music blasting—
can't erase the thud, then the crack
thanks, daddy, for the shiny new car—

polite, well-behaved,
young ladies always say,

1995?
a bmw
none necessary
no use crying over spilt milk

mafia?
yes, sort of

—crack!
bmw

thanks, daddy for the shiny new car

thanks, daddy