

Ford Galaxie 500

Lindy Obach

A 1972. Green and long and heavy
as a freight train.

You drive this mean machine
all over the countryside
looking for love,
smelling like mint and soap.

Everyone hears you
before they see you.

The radio is on
and loud constantly.
You have found
a crackly station out of Saskatoon that plays
old country love songs,
and you know that this is like
quilts and farm dogs
and yard lights and one hand
reaching across the vinyl seat
to pet a denim thigh.

You smile the whole stretch
of I-29
when you hear George Strait sing,
*Don't make me come
over there and love you,
because I will, right now.*

Pedal to the metal, you point
the wide nose west.