

John McCarthy

Pickup Truck #5

All the trees in Illinois are frayed
nerve endings and it is fifteen
degrees. You will hide inside
your body until your coat stops

shivering. The heater, in this truck,
has not worked since I bought it.
I will tell you how we need to go
home. We will stop holding hands

so I can go faster on stick shift.
You will tell me I care too much.
I will beg to stay inside our house
for so long the neighbors forget

we are home. You will move out,
always hating the idea of my truck.
I will realize I could get comfortable
inside a bed full of boxes and glass.

As we drive and the years break
apart, I will tell you the same stories
about vacant parking lots and parties
that never actually happened,

where the acne covered quarterbacks
measured marksmanship by breaking
streetlamps. Every basketball hoop
in town is still missing a net. You will

reassure me we had it good enough.
When I begin to cry about growing up
in a trailer park, you will backhand
the blood out of my teeth.