The comfort afforded by a Honda Civic is far less exciting than tales from the backseat of someone’s father’s Corvette but she is a cautious girl, the product of public television and holy cards, stranger to both the game of baseball and all its euphemistic connotations and he is a nervous boy whose pack of Marlboro Reds sits idle in its cellophane prison, betraying any hope of adolescent prestige.

The radio murmurs its Mellotron sweetness, dismantling, if only for a moment, the reality of advertisements for divorce lawyers and male enhancement supplements.
Lips—dry, sweet, and puerile—
meet clumsily
in the long-awaited exchange.
But it is growing darker still

as the baby hand creeps toward eleven
and Friday night begins its descent,
unforgiving as always.
Corvettes, she imagines, are for red lipstick,

black lace, and pay-per-view endeavors.
Honda Civics are for duckbills fumbling in the shadows
to 45 Minutes of Continuous Classic Hits
and minor revelation.