

So Loved, My Car

When I drive, it worries me.
I know I'm being watched.
Not by any human eye,
But those of the wilderness.
I once did love the animals,
But that was before I knew
That they'd attack, and that they adored;
That they so loved my car.
My first hint was in summertime,
When often I'd hit a bird.
I knew it wasn't on purpose,
Perhaps just a natural turn.
But the situation deepened
When I came around a curve,
And in the road, a cow was standing,
Staring at my car.
As I Honked it did not waiver,
Just glared into my lights,
So I Swerved around it,
And almost wrecked,
In the middle of the night.
Now this is where, one just might think,
That the story would soon end.
But since the cow on that August night
I've seen many of his friends.
I hit a squirrel in November,
And not long after that,
A dog ran out in front of me,
And I knocked him to the ground.
I've also had grave run-ins,
With horses and with deer.
And once about a month ago,
A raccoon chose to appear.
I can't quite understand it.
I don't know what I've done.
I wish they would just stay away,
From yes, so loved, my car.

Tina Pfaff