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Keys in the Car

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KEYS IN THE CAR

I am eight.
The car is five.
It likes me.
It speeds for me
through cars and cars
under swinging red-red lights.

Steering is sort of easy
but the wind likes
the side with the
cars getting bigger
into the ditch.

Everybody waves.
I'm their friend.
I can drive on this
crooked white line
past glaciers my
Daddy doesn't even
know the names of
but my uncle does.
My uncle lives
in Portland.

That sign says
Portage. I could spit
that far but a big
truck makes me
use two hands. Besides,
the gas goes too fast
when I stand.

I like this radio.
It says my name several
times. I sound better
than drums or windshield
wipes that get in my way.
I sound better than
Inlet ice that hides
the naughty car.