

The Mighty Nash Ambassador

The upside-down bathtub on the driveway itches to rev its six straight inline pistons.
The accommodating hole welcomes the key and awaits the clockwise turn with anticipation.

The family steed basks every day in the weather, forest green on top,
light green on the bottom. Seats fold down to a double bed,
a radio knob turns speaker sounds front to rear.

A three-speed transmission with overdrive, column mounted, contains so many
ways to choose the motion.

Rev it up in second gear, let off the foot feet, it drops into a higher gear
and can surpass seventy.

The boat beckons, urge builds, key turns, left foot squashes the clutch, right
taps the gas pedal. Gasoline squirts into the carburetor,

Six cylinders roar alive, first gear stands ready,
clutch pops, engages!

Wheels propel forward, no rubber squeals, no tires spin, no fishtail slides,
only moves are those toward places safely known

A disappointed teen, testosterone *interruptus*,
a fantasy for a moment,

but, drive-in movies are fun.

