

# Street Parking

*by* Bud Smith

I looked everywhere  
still couldn't find my truck  
there was nothing  
between 176th  
and 163rd  
no sign of it  
the river. the bridge.  
the hydrants. the park.  
me walking, one hand  
in pocket, the other  
clicking  
    a useless plastic  
panic button  
beer bottle popper  
keychain  
who would want  
a forest green  
1997 Ford Explorer?  
what kinda sadistic  
fuck?  
I stop on a bench  
and watch a pigeon  
then  
3 white sweat-suited  
    women  
doing tai chi  
    on  
frost covered grass  
in the distance  
a man in a brown leather coat  
plays himself at chess

he keeps getting up  
and walking around  
to the other side  
of the concrete board  
considering his next move

On broadway, I cave  
first I call the cops  
they say, "Don't have it."  
I call the tow lots  
"we don't have it either."  
It's gone to car Heaven.  
It's floating on a cloud.  
Oil is still leaking down  
like rain, secretly on everything  
When I call the cops again  
to report the thing jacked  
long gone, stolen  
chopped up, eaten  
they say, "We got it."  
"What?"  
"It's on 177th.  
Didn't you see the signs?"  
"No."  
"They were neon."  
"Everything is neon, " I say.  
"There was a movie."  
I walk over there  
head down  
birds suddenly singing  
all trash levitating  
the street sweeping machine  
rounding the corner  
and the driver shouting my name  
there's my truck

on 177th  
parked the wrong way  
on a one way street  
with a neon sign  
that says, 'Towed by NYC police  
Do Not Ticket.'

    I climb inside

    I turn the key  
it comes to life.

Life goes on.

