

The Car

by Gary Moshimer

The buggy creaks up to the Ford dealership. The couple, dressed in the traditional, shit color depressing garb ,bow their heads silently in prayer.

The salesman greets them and speaks in Dutch. The couple speak their own Dutch, which the salesman doesn't understand. What they are saying is actually, "Fuck you, motherfucker."

They choose the red Mustang with crazy horsepower. They look over at their poor one horse deal.

The man squeals onto the track. On the second lap he reaches 180. The woman's sin strainer flies off her head. The man howls. "This is life, Mommy!" The car goes up on two wheels and they hoot. They yell in unison, "Cocksucking motherfucking cunt muncher!" They give the salesman the finger, thick, crusty working fingers.

At the desk they make the salesman fill out all the paperwork. Then they laugh. "Bless you, Son, for believing in your English world."

They walk solemnly to the buggy, heads bowed, asking for forgiveness. God forgives them for everything. "Fire her up, Mommy. One horse-power!"

