

Rentals

by Steven Gowin

They smell new, new car new, yet something of the last driver lingers... a trace of Chanel or burrito or something best left undiscovered.

You master their secrets. Mirror adjusters... Air conditioning knobs... Fuel door releases... Changing their satellites to Mojo Nixon. But you never really know them.

In driving, you smash parking berms into their suspensions, tear away underside dust shields, ride them rough over potholes. Still, their wobbly tie rods witness no transgression.

