

dream car

a two-door bentley continental gt
has whispered my name
ever since it debuted in 2003

i saw *my* bentley on the triborough
veering right towards manhattan
while i was driving our minivan
to a family gathering in riverdale
hey look i cried there it is!
my wife said *oh ... so that's it?*
maybe i should get you one for your birthday?



it was midnight blue
with a muted silver leather interior
hugging the road with tenacity
a throaty rumble
from its turbocharged six-liter engine
these bentleys could generate 567 horsepower
can go from zero to sixty in 4.4 seconds
hit a top speed of 198 miles per hour
in an elegant supercar
weighing over five thousand pounds

i lust after my bentley
but i live in the real world ...
where would i park it?
our garage is filled with decades of stuff
there's barely room for my bicycle
and it's too small anyway

what about the driveway?
or along the curb in front of our house?
what does one *do*
with a car costing two hundred thousand dollars?

yet still ...
i imagine flooring it
on a barren stretch of interstate
a two-lane rural straightaway
the back stretch of a racecourse
i imagine grand-touring in it
to exotic locales
five-star destinations
places yet undiscovered

but here on long island
i'd face the ingloriousness of
stop-and-go traffic on the parkways
the holiday mess around roosevelt field
rush hour on merrick road and sunrise highway

and what happens when i get to bj's or trader joe's?
how far must i park it from errant shopping carts?
or at the library or doctor's offices where spaces are a premium
how would i stop it from getting dinged and scratched?
how would i feel when i noticed the first dent?

moreover i cherish the days
when i *don't* get in the car
when i can run my errands by foot or by bike
returning overdue books
dropping off a tax payment
picking up eyeglasses at costco
playing lotto and mega-millions

but when i see the occasional bentley
– there *are* others around besides *mine* –
i get a yearning in my gut
an overwhelming desire –
damn i want that car
– but of course i know
down deep
it can only be a dream