

## Mechanic

Here's your old sports car,  
bonnet up in a backstreet  
garage, covered in dust.  
Two wheels are missing  
and a Love Yorkshire sticker  
peels from the rear window.

Two hundred thousand  
miles end like this.  
Split and torn, the black  
leather seats slowly rot.  
Your dented front bumper  
rusts on the greasy shelf.

Lean, efficient, a mechanic  
bends into the darkness,  
unscrewing metal from metal  
to fix other problems. I wait,  
then slide into place, check  
the mirror, drive back to you.