

## MRS CARBURETOR

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doesn't know the first thing about engines. She gives the underparts of cars her own names, calls the slotted hump the helmsler, the wonky bell the viona. Tic tac bellywhack turn a frog to stone, she says. Bring your car in Monday at 2. Mrs. Carburetor doesn't need to know about engines to do the hard thing. She dreams she is a brass typewriter out of which an endless scroll of paper streams. Most days Mrs. Carburetor wears a lilac trench over a granny bra to keep the boys in the back guessing. She is ageless like Cleopatra had Cleopatra been wrung through a paper shredder and come out crinkle cut. She dreams of tracking the snakes that drag themselves up the Saharan dunes. She climbs to the roof of the garage, fans out her trench à la a flying squirrel. Her whole life has been a hard thing and she'd rather whack the belly once and for all, but there are appointments to be made, vionas to be dewonked. She closes her coat so the boys don't see her granny bra and think her old. She wants them to invite her back for coffee, play a round of poker about which she knows plenty. She wants to turn to brass before their eyes, to be the hard thing they don't know the first thing about.