A Talking Car

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is like a book. One can find a whip or a rope in there. One can find trash or underwear. The smell of vagina or not much of any smell, decaying foam. And one can drive anywhere in a talking car but nowhere important like a bank or a grocery store. One can drive to the pet store but only if one doesn’t have a pet. Or to a closed down drive-in about to be an exurb strip. Or to an exgirlfriend’s house where her parents still live. A talking car gets you in the right mood for forgetting while pleasantly incubating in memory shifting. One can masturbate on a freeway at night in a talking car. One can take other liberties, run a red light in the dead of winter, park and sleep on private property dirt roads, pick up teenagers who need a ride home. But nothing illegal: avoiding violence in one’s talking car is the key to keeping the car talking. The talking car engages in telepathy not mysticism. Its high beams don’t work. The talking car appears in black and white Alfred Hitchcock movies. In the movie the talking car isn’t talking.