To Jeremy

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To Jeremy

You always wanted a Jetta—
Not new, warn in enough
To keep you occupied
On a Saturday afternoon
With tinkering and tightening
Up the bolts of some faulty piece of
Foreign-made machinery.

You used to be my companion.
We’d take late night rides
Out to the diner for coffee and cigarettes
And I would feel safe driving
In a blizzard with you—
Always knowing just how fast
To take a corner before the ice
Made casualties of us.

You were my chassy,
My infrastructure,
My support system,
But in one moment
My circuit shorted and
You would not try to trip that
Breaker or reconnect my wires
Like you always did before
So I cut you off and pulled out the
Tool box on my own.

Now I miss you and your fucked-up life.
I bent my rules to
Accept you and your differences,
Overlooking stories of loveless sex with
People I knew or didn’t want to,
Or the drugs that left you
Burnt out and coughing like a
beat up old junk car no one wants.

Now when I pass a Jetta parked in
Some lot, I see your reflection
In the glass
The VW emblem on its hood
Matching the one tattooed on
The middle of your back, unfinished,
Missing the fire.

-Monica Hopkins