My Camry and I

have put on the miles together,  
share other diminishments too.  
How many human years  
equal one car year?  
Three-point-five seems about right.  
Both of us suffer  
from sagging upholstery,  
weakened springs.  
Spare tires jiggle about  
in our trunks.  
And death, from the beginning  
always present of course,  
now in the side mirror  
is closer than it appears.

JOAN WALTERMIRE  
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