

TRUCKS AND LOVERS

By Carla Winston

Men have trucks, women have lovers. A man can describe his pick-up in terms so loving a woman would blush. A woman can't describe her lover. The subject would be changed to a paint job "as smooth as a baby's bottom".

A woman can mentally stroke her lover's tender chest. He remembers the riding quality of a truck he had five years ago. She inhales around her lover to catch the scent of him. He can distinguish grades of gasoline by their smell.

Little boys play with trucks. Little girls watch them and wonder how long anyone can amuse themselves saying "brrumm".

Young gentlemen fantasize about a "four by four" . Young ladies fantasize about young gentlemen. And when those youngsters mature into their teens, a girl may catch his eye, and for a second, his heart, but a loaded Chevy will remain there forever.

A woman may want roses; he wants a cap for his long bed. She would like a seat at the opera, he, bucket seats, in leather. She, diamond earrings; he, chrome wheels. She, Tahiti; he, dual exhausts.

I wonder. When those mothers instructed their daughters to "close your eyes, and think of England", did these guys' dads tell them to "close your eyes and think of a Ford F350"?

Who ever said "vive la difference". Were they nuts?

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Previously published in *The Power of Words*, a publication of the Wachusett Writers and Poets Club