Anyone who has had trouble starting the car on winter mornings in Maine will find encouragement in today’s poem by Stuart Kestenbaum of Deer Isle.

Starting the Subaru at Five Below
by Stuart Kestenbaum

After 6 Maine winters and 100,000 miles, when I take it to be inspected

I search for gas stations where they just say beep the horn and don’t ask me to

put it on the lift, exposing its soft rusted underbelly. Inside is the record

of commuting: apple cores, a bag from McDonald’s, crusted Dunkin’ Donuts cups,

a flashlight that doesn’t work and one that does, gas receipts blurred beyond recognition. Finger tips numb, nose hair frozen, I pump the accelerator

and turn the key. The battery cranks, the engine gives 2 or 3 low groans and starts. My God it starts. And unlike my family in the house, the job I’m headed towards, the poems in my briefcase, the dreams I had last night, there is no question about what makes sense.

White exhaust billowing from the tail pipe, heater blowing, this car is going to move me, it’s going to take me places.