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## Only Drive When It's Wet

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*College of DuPage*

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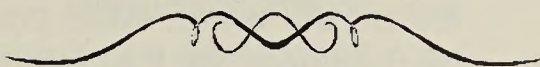
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Only Drive When It's Wet



Cherry red, buffed fenders curve like legs,  
Turning the ignition, roars of lust,  
Reving the RPM to warm it up,  
The engine smooth, the timing chain wanting to bust

No pings or knocks  
This machine grabs the road,  
Letting off in first,  
Flying away in a moan.

The heat builds up,  
The spoiler takes the wind,  
You flee into second,  
The seat grabs, letting you in.

The machine jerks,  
As you slam into third,  
Causing a high pitched sound,  
Slowly riding a turn.

The headlights soar the road  
Sweat from the speed,  
The tires taking up smoke,  
Tightly going into fourth to please.

Knowing the ramps just ahead,  
The machine doing 180 till bled,  
Quick into fifth you fly into orgasm,  
Leaving your machine on wheels to rest.  
You didn't even skid, knowing the roads were wet.

By: Neil Huffman

*"Watch where you step it might be your brain."  
- Neil Huffman*

