Hands At 10 and 2

Desa

Starting the car, I turn off the E brake.
A three point turn and I'm driving.
Hands are at 10 and 2.
Two eyes, a head blocking out two minor problems.
A faulty fuel gauge.
Idles, but not well.
I'm squinting both my eyes.
Daydreaming doubtless drew pictures of perfect life, my gaze from the truth.
Signal, mirror, over the shoulder and carefully enter the turn lane.
Hands are at 10 and 2.
Two eyes, a head in the clouds as the wreck approaches.
Obstructed signs on my shoulder assist me in getting nowhere.
Wish I could blame them for the crash, but I oughtta blame the driver.
He was squinting both his eyes.
Daydreaming doubtless drew pictures of perfect life, his gaze from the truth.
Can you drive me to a good view?
I've no sense of direction.
But something tells me you can help.

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