

## **My Machine**

I live for the days when everything feels right, riding down the open road, free...

This machine is over three decades old now. But I love it! I can't imagine my life without it. Yeah, sure, it's got its problems... Mainly, the ventilation doesn't quite work right and fuel consumption isn't as efficient as it's supposed to be. The composition of fluids is always a little off. But after many years, I've figured out a good system to keep it running smoothly.

There haven't been many structural problems, only minor dents and cracks. The circuits rarely light up with any significant issues, mostly things the electronics know how to handle. Sometimes oil leaks into the exhaust, but usually it goes away on its own. Mechanics have only had to get their hands dirty under the hood a couple times. The engine is strong and the filtration system has been working miracles. As time goes on, I just replace the tires as needed, change the decorations once in awhile, and watch the surface get more rugged with age.

I have come to love its imperfections, its flaws are exactly what makes it perfect for me. I wouldn't trade it in for any other, even if I could. When we ride together, it feels as if we are one. And for most of my life, I really did define myself by it. By now, I've seen so many other machines and their owners that I realize it doesn't matter what kind you've got. As mine gets older, I can't take it as far as I used to be able to, and upkeep takes longer and longer. But I wouldn't have it any other way.

Sometimes I wonder what I'm going to do without it. I take for granted that it starts up fine every morning and gets me to where I need to be, usually on cruise control. When it isn't working well, I worry about what it will feel like when it starts to break down and I can't fix it anymore. I have insurance, but you know, nothing lasts forever. This lesson is hard to accept sometimes. But my machine has taught me how to appreciate what I have here and now, and I am happier for it.

So I enjoy every day that I get to look out these windows, and when it finally comes time to say goodbye, I think I'll be ready. God knows I'll be grateful for all the good times I've had.

I live for the days when everything feels right, riding down the open road, free...