

Sylvester Stallone Overdrive

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was how my father referred to his brother, my Uncle Enzo; he called him that because of his passion for muscle cars and Sly Stallone movies—*films*, as Enzo once told me, *film-zuh*, which was no movie I ever saw. Enzo was partial to John Rambo; his jet-black Belvedere GTX; its purple fuzzy dice, hanging from the rearview mirror like square grapes, like the fruit his father, my Nonno Giovanni picked for a living in Italia. He drove John Rambo mostly in the summer, during *marinated nights, on streets of dungarees and wide-eyed streetlights*. The voices of fire escapes cracked in rusted tenors when he asked his wife, my Aunt Zia, out for their first date. Enzo hurled his popcorn and soda at the cinema screen when Apollo Creed won the split decision over Rocky Balboa. Perhaps above all else, Enzo was indefinitely awestruck; always taken with the slow burn of Aunt Zia's impossibly long red hair *in curly wind*; with the moon, burning a hole in his pocket: a token to enter the turnstile of night.