



Ode to a 2007 Mazda Miata

Oh little red roadster, so sprightly and small,
You zoom through the sunshine, you dance through the squall.
Born in two-thousand-seven, a year full of cheer,
You're still turning heads when you shift into gear.

With your soft top pulled down like a wink from the skies,
You flirt with the breeze as it tousles your ties.
Your curves are poetic, your growl a soft purr,
Each twist in the road makes your engine demur.

You take every corner like you're painting a line,
With tires that whisper, "This moment is mine."
No frills or flash gadgets, no fuss in your soul,
You're built for pure joy, not just getting me whole.

You've dodged many potholes and outlived the trends,
Outlasting your rivals, outdriving your friends.
No screen the size of a dinner plate here—
Just analog gauges and real shifting cheer.

You hum like a lullaby down coastal bends,
A trusty companion, not just means to ends.
A car with a smile and a trunk full of dreams,
Who lives in the laughter and sunlight and screams.

So here's to you, Miata, so cheeky and bold,
You're sporty, you're zippy, you're never too old.
May your spark plugs stay spry and your clutch never slip,
And may we ride on through life, top down on our trip.