

Remembering David

The Drive Up

Red Ford Bronco and black asphalt
Sweeping by each other in a blur,
Fast-forward through Douglas firs,
Granite boulders, and manzanitas,
Like a speeded up movie.
David, dazzled by his own daring,
Darted through mountain turns to Aubury.
Eyes a-twinkle,
Swaying to a tune played on his nerves
By rushing, wild winds.

The Return

Like a ghost
The pale blue ambulance
In stately reverence
Measured quiet miles,
Gliding by without a sound
Like a blind man with a white cane,
Making full stops at each crossing.
Cows nibbling grass shoots did not look up.