

## David Was Only 19

### The Drive Up

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

### The Return

Like a silent ghost,  
A pale blue ambulance,  
In stately reverence,  
Measured quiet miles,  
Descending without a sound,  
Making full stops at each crossing,  
Like a blind man with a white cane.