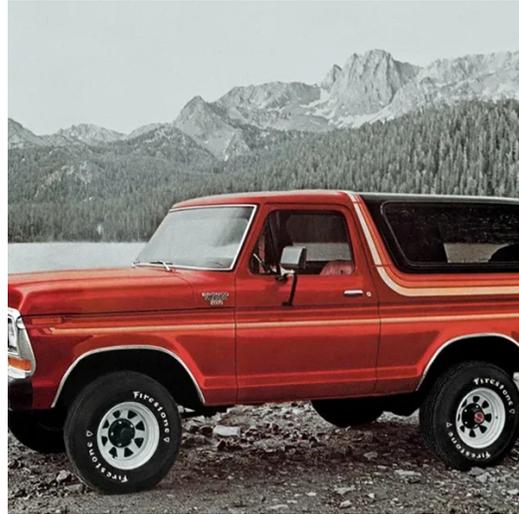


# David Was Only 19

## 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.