



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.