

ROAD TRIP

by Larry Strattner

Drove my car on a little trip
to sit with an old friend dying.
We talked in small nostalgic bits
as he readied himself for the sky,
or wherever we go
when we no longer know
the whos or the whats or the whys,
but enough of pernicious wherefores
to grasp at our past for salvation
and failing to hang on
to cry.

