

H.L. HIX

I see now where your features come from.

Dad loved cars, would have studied engineering,
but they could send only one son to school, so
he stayed, worked in the family bakery.
That's why they look so happy to me here: his
fedora tilted toward the black sedan,
the buttons on their coats echoing headlights
and hubcaps, arm in arm, her calves and ankles
bare, her weight on one foot, the other tiptoe.