

Steering Clear · *Stuart Friebert*

Push in the free-wheeling knob,
the Model T makes a scarecrow
look like a man, the hill put
down a velvet carpet, the old
minister out on his porch give
all his attention to the dust.

A cow barks, a dog moos, snow's
fed by the melting river, flowers
change their names. No one needs
your help, they can't see you now.
Grief's gone, you even roll past
your father who was about to hitch
a ride. He sits back down on his
battered suitcase. Night comes,
Is that you? you say to the dark.