

# 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.

