

Sonnet Scroll

While Driving Slowly By

By David Landon

“Be safe” is my impulsive wish for them,
a mom pushing her baby on four wheels,
her daughter with her left hand pushing too,
both in torn jeans, and both with pony-tails.

“Be safe,” I softly call, while driving by,
but why? This is the way it’s meant to be,
companions on a sunlit morning stroll,
bare knees revealed in rhythm with each step.

Her daughter in her right hand pulls a rope,
tugging a baby elephant with wheels,
red bows around its neck, its rump, its trunk,
its tail and ears inventing fancy moves.

“Stay safe,” I call to them in my rear view;
a large, dark truck pulls in behind, and honks.