

Carolle Bourne



Tough Act

My father drove around
in a vintage Ford –
We called him Henry
(the car that is).
So dashing with his
sleek black running boards,
sporty canvas top that
went up or stayed down
and a challenging crank-up start.
I loved Henry.

I chose relationships
with a sense of doom
from the start
and each time believed
it was everlasting love
while endlessly
driving myself into the ground.
Such a let down after Henry.

