2000

A Two Mile Drive

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss4/3
"Almost sixty degrees in February,"
the man said to his wife.
"Can you believe it?"
As they drove to Sal's Family Restaurant
for the $6.99 Tuesday meatloaf special.

He drove slowly in the right lane,
ten miles under the speed limit.
People tailgated furiously,
but he did not notice
because Glen Miller was on the radio.

"Do you remember when we used to dance
in the old armory to this song?"
his wife asked him wistfully as
she tapped her foot in rhythm and
turned her wedding band around and around.

They drove past their favorite bakery
and their friends Harold and Rose
walking home from the church
where they went every night to pray
for their son who was killed in Vietnam.

"That Frankie was such a good boy,"
she murmured in a voice he couldn’t hear.
"Such a shame for our dear friends."
At times like these she believed it was a blessing
that God never gave them any children to bury.

He turned right into the parking lot
and slowly parked their Oldsmobile
next to a 97 Cadillac with Florida plates.
The clock on the car blinked 4:15 and the
man on the radio talked of an early spring.

"Almost 60 degrees in February,"
the old man said to wife.
"Can you believe it?"
As they walked into Sal's Family Restaurant
for the $6.99 Tuesday meatloaf special.

-Stacy Wittmeyer *