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Goldwing

Donna Atkins Gilbert

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Goldwing

*Donna Atkins Gilbert
For my Father*

I picture him silhouetted
against Big Bend
On his Honda Goldwing,
listening to a rotation of CDs,
Cat Stevens, Lucinda Williams
and Rod Stewart,

Easily leaning into curves
knowing mysteries
Of winding roads and
straight-away illusions;
Now, skipping to the
Beatles *One*

I gave him this year for
Christmas.
He's heading through
Southwest Texas
Because he wants to, because

After Japan, Europe, and
tropical cruises
Texas is his favorite place
to travel:
The land, the rivers, the ocean.

I see him as a child, a sage,
and a brave explorer
Speeding through homeland
At once foreign and familiar;

I'm watching from somewhere
up in the Hill Country,
Hovering in a canopy of
live oak and bald cypress,

As he turns his head toward
the sunset
On fire with orange, azure
and purple
And smiles;

I hear the hum of the motor,
watch with a lump in
my throat
As he lifts his arms like
wings, and the bike
Carries him toward the coast.