

Steering in Color

by Jenny McQuaide

Rustic red and faded silver paint
Flakes slowly away day by day
The steering wheel, once alive with motion
Now only rotates with the help of the gusting wind

During the blazing summer days
Of my childhood
My brothers, friends, and I
Spun the wheel round and round
And our imaginations went to a land
Where impossible did not exist

Steering among sharks and cliffs
Gave us a thrill and a fright
But thinking of what we might discover
Made us endure our journey

Those days are now gone
And time has paralyzed the wheel.
We have grown up
And our imagination refuses to let us
Find those places in our mind
Where those memories
Were once made