After learning “me” and “I”
but well before my father learns
a restraining order's
between him and our home,
we share some good times.
Remember the back of his bicycle.
I sit on a seat secured over the tire.
Our laughter lolls like exhaust
as we drive over bumps in the lawn,
dandelions losing their heads
between the tires and spokes.
Remember his Suzuki.
The Z holds pre-literate powers in its
70s font blazing like Evel Knievel
sideburns. Gear shift jerk. The smush
of my ear against black foam lining.
The outer shell of my white helmet
presses into his large back. Another
gear shift knock. Fraser Highway's
convenience store shacks blur by.
Until one intersection flips
onto its side and freezes as if caught
in our single headlight.
“Are you okay?”
My open mouth is the reply.
As a child I didn't know what drove him.
A complicated accident to report;
many words spinning out of reach.