

The Steering Wheel

By Ann Kavanaugh

We exchange seats pretty much every time now.
I buckle in grip my cell phone so firmly
my hands look pale white
one thumb ready at the nine
the other at the one.
How did we ever reach this point?
I turn over not only control of her young life to her
but the steering wheel as well.

She has such a long road yet to travel.
Too many miles in my rearview mirror.
Finally, the garage comes into view
I know that I we have just traveled
some of the most important territory
we will ever cover.

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