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## Cherrywood, Red Roses and the Red Caddy, Graveside

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Cherrywood, Red Roses and the Red Caddy, Graveside

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His mother bought a Chevy

At 65.

Told us all she'd learn to drive then.

Drove that Chevy to the store meat market church camp Women's club Wisconsin

Almost all the way to

The Other Side.

And she damn near did till we

Took away the keys when she tap tap tapped that bus, still in her prime at 91.

His father rode a cycle.

A motorcycle. Never learned to drive cars.

He parked his cycle only to

Ride the rails. St Louis run, a steward for

Fifty-odd years.

Odd duck. Retired with a railroad

Pension, he steered and roared from his easy chair,

Waving his arms around, simulating flight, shaking a  
Cane at the grandkids.  
Scared them all off.

Oh, but their son, a chip off the old Chevy and cycle block,  
Drove fast fast faster in a whole succession of  
Flashy flashier flashiest cars. Cadillacs mostly.  
Bought his last one at age 91, a two-seater, red, I think,  
Just after heart surgery.  
Had the dealers bring the cars to him.

Round and round tinmen paraded those cars in the circular driveway,  
Jaguars, Porsches, Chevys, maybe even a Ferrari, while he  
Recuperated,  
Lusting after those cars. Bought the little red Caddy  
Convertible  
Just before he lay down and died. Stress ulcer.  
Blood flowing unseen.  
The Red Caddy attended the wake, where everyone  
Coveted that Caddy and wondered at the man.  
Wondered why we didn't bury him in it instead of  
Cherrywood covered in red roses.

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