

Keep driving
(for Sola)
Rob Worrall

Inside this room – housing the bible
carefully set aside – always close by
outside – supercars, gloriously number-plated “*Sly*”,
waiting patiently for one more drive
the day before you died.

Too vivid, you bent double
visceral pain
morbidly half-asleep
my daughter smiles
through veiled tears
eldest brother – wiser than fading daylight
watches solemnly over.

I could sense death
waiting patiently in the wings
to usher your soul away
ghastly kind to let me visit you
in living flesh, one more time.

Yet in August just gone
you were the one
driving us back to the hotel

animated, alive with stories
of racing model boats and go karts
admitting that the younger ones –
despite all your strategies and plans –
now had the upper hand.

Not my place to fall apart
can't take it in
so, we'll take to the wheel
for your warm smile
and for the last mile
up the road, round the bend –
keep driving,
dear son, father, brother and friend.