

Barbara Brooks

'54 Chevy

It was faded blue with a white top. What I remember most are trips out West taken most every summer. That car took us to Yellowstone,

Grand Tetons, Bryce's Canyon, Wind Rivers and to New England for the Presidential Range in New Hampshire. Dad built storage boxes

to fit in the back to carry all our camping gear: tent, sleeping bags, utensils. My brother and I sat in the back doing the usual brother/sister stuff:

"Mom, he's on my side of the seat!" and "When will we get there?"
Dad took care of that car: changed the oil, checked the timing,

gapped the new spark plugs. We had to get a new car for our new hobby: horses. The old Chevy just couldn't pull a trailer. I don't remember

what happened to the old car, just that another Chevy replaced it. I've had several cars since, two Vegas, three Subarus, and a Nissan truck.

Some of those cars had lots of miles on them but none has ever taken me as far as that old Chevy.

Barbara Brooks is a retired physical therapist living in North Carolina and a member of the poetry group Poet Fools. She is an avid birder and has traveled extensively throughout the world viewing wild birds in their natural habitat. She frequently incorporates nature in her poetry as an extension of her love of the outdoors. She has two chapbooks: *The Catbird Sang* and *A Shell to Return to the Sea*. She has had published poems in a number of eclectic journals such as *Jellyfish Whispers*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Peregrine* and *Third Wednesday*.