

On the Road to Bowling Green

(in memory of Jim Wayne Miller)

by Marianne Worthington

Forsythia stretch yellow tentacles over fence rows.
Redbud peek shyly between bare finger branches.
Newborn calves rest close to their mothers
in fields warmed by an early April sun.
Everything is greening up again along the parkway.
If he were on this drive with me, we would
have to stop. He would smoke and drink
coffee and think up a poem about all this beauty,
or make a joke with the woman in the toll booth
about Kentuckians' penchants to name their parkways
after politicians, the punch line murmured below
his breath, in German, as we drive ahead, or he would tell
me again how his uncle responded to one of his stories
by saying, "Now Jimmy, that's not the way it was,"
followed by that knowing chuckle, one more
prank pulled on his family he got away with.
The drive through this new season brings new
found memories of his pretty manners and laughing
eyes taking in another fine Kentucky spring.