Carolle Bourne

Tough Act

My father drove around in a vintage Ford — We called him Henry (the car that is). So dashing with his sleek black running boards, sporty canvas top that went up or stayed down and a challenging crank-up start. I loved Henry.

I chose relationships
with a sense of doom
from the start
and each time believed
it was everlasting love
while endlessly
driving myself into the ground.
Such a let down after Henry.