Riding Backwards

One of his sons was driving, and Dad was lying in back looking back, with his back against the back of the front seat; and his son was speeding, or lagging—getting trapped behind trucks—but this wasn’t much Dad’s business anymore. Dad’s business—since he wasn’t going far—was mostly to keep an eye out where he’d been (which’d been quite a journey). Today it was Portland to Provo; but instead of lying there apprehensive over what might lie ahead (having less and less to do with it) Dad figured he might as well be watching Southern Idaho slip away—responsible for that.

—R. A. Christmas