

## **Cherrywood, Red Roses and the Red Caddy, Graveside**

Patricia Lundberg<sup>1</sup>

His mother bought a Chevy  
At 65.  
Told us all she'd learn to drive then.  
Drove that Chevy to the store meat market church camp Women's club Wisconsin  
Almost all the way to  
The Other Side.  
And she damn near did till we  
Took away the keys when she tap tap tapped that bus, still in her prime at 91.

His father rode a cycle.  
A motorcycle. Never learned to drive cars.  
He parked his cycle only to  
Ride the rails. St Louis run, a steward for  
Fifty-odd years.  
Odd duck. Retired with a railroad  
Pension, he steered and roared from his easy chair,  
Waving his arms around, simulating flight, shaking a  
Cane at the grandkids.  
Scared them all off.

Oh, but their son, a chip off the old Chevy and cycle block,  
Drove fast fast faster in a whole succession of  
Flashy flashier flashiest cars. Cadillacs mostly.  
Bought his last one at age 91, a two-seater, red, I think,  
Just after heart surgery.  
Had the dealers bring the cars to him.

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Round and round tinmen paraded those cars in the circular driveway,  
Jaguars, Porsches, Chevys, maybe even a Ferrari, while he  
Recuperated,  
Lusting after those cars. Bought the little red Caddy  
Convertible  
Just before he lay down and died. Stress ulcer.  
Blood flowing unseen.  
The Red Caddy attended the wake, where everyone  
Coveted that Caddy and wondered at the man.  
Wondered why we didn't bury him in it instead of  
Cherrywood covered in red roses.