

The moon glow on the salt  
brings a welcome sense of peace.

As a glimmer of light softly breaks  
the horizon, soon the mountains  
become warm and inviting.

In the distance the faint sound of  
a lone roadster working its way  
through the gears, its Flathead and  
quick change creating a memorable echo.

Gaining speed it comes to pass  
in a blur, all too soon only taillights  
to be seen.

Roadster and pilot on his way home,  
having touched more than he knew.

*In memory of Paul Howard*

