

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

