

Fast Buck
(a study of *fast*)

I am fast asleep in the back seat
of the shiny new car.
My mother is at the wheel
driving in the fast lane.

Voices pierce my somnolent state.
How fast will this car go?

It s supposed to do 120.

Oh, I know that.
I was afraid
to go any faster.

Then I hear the siren and see the
flashing lights of the cruiser.
Do you know how fast
you were going, lady?

My mother puts on
her most innocent face.
She is not a fast woman.
No, officer. Was I speeding?

My father fastens the warning ticket
to the sun visor
with an elastic band.
I d have had the book thrown at me.
You were really lucky.

We break our fast
at the next Howard Johnson--
Fast food and slow service.
My father takes the wheel and
sets a moderate and steady pace.
Tough job for *Fast Buck*.

May 1999