

## GRAND DADS

OVER THE MOUNTAINS I GO  
BUSSING THROUGH REDWOODS  
I PASS A LARGE TRUCK  
WITH GRAND-DADS ON ITS BACK  
BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG  
THEIR LEAVES ARE NOT THE SAME  
PERHAPS THIS IS A DREAM  
WHERE I AWAKE  
IN THE ARMS OF A REDWOOD  
THEN I REMEMBERED A METAL STRAP  
SUPPORTING THEIR IMPRISONMENT

-James Collins