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A Sunday Drive

Abstract

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Keywords

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A Sunday Drive

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A Sunday Drive is a short poem about finding joy in the simple things and everyday moments of life. It highlights the opportunity to rest and recharge, to find balance in our busy lives as health care providers.

I feel the warmth of the sun on my face as I look out the front windshield.
Driving out of town, I'm greeted by the framed view of an old cottonwood,
gliding back and forth in the breeze.
Seeming remnants of years past,
unimpressed with our attempts to control the passage of time.

There are several more giants just ahead, clustered along the river.
Their twisting, sculpted branches stretching out from weathered bases.
Suddenly, bursts of gold break loose, fluttering in the air,
carried forward by that ever present, invisible force of the prairie.

They rustle together in chorus, as their staggered, wispy leaves pass by.
My thoughts are pushed along with them,
carried toward the river and out of view.
Seemingly lost in a timeless landscape.

A faint, familiar melody comes on over the radio,
a call to bring me back.
The magic of a Sunday drive. ■