The Ashland Bump
DAN SIEG

There was a quick rise and dip
in Ashland Street,
I never cared much why.
Turning off of Jefferson
toward the ice-floed strait,
we’d hit the bump near 40.
Faster would have
bottomed us out hard,
dangerously hard
in our fathers’ cars.
What better way to use
bitter cold Saturdays,
too finger-numbing for football,
too sunny to stay in.
We’d head down to Ashland
and the soaring thrill,
the risky landing
from launching out.