

Rock City
By Dudley Stone

You grow old, you grow old.
You can't be bothered to wear
the bottoms of your trousers rolled

as you skirt the semis in the truck lane,
past Stuckey's, no time to read the billboards
(five more miles — you're almost there!)

and count the souvenirs you call your life
as you finally park, one last stretch,
only to climb and climb and climb

and approach a scenic ledge, hoping
to and see it all laid out before you at last,
magical and real like Rock City,

even though the drunken butterfly in your belly
staggers in flight because (like you) it can't decide
whether to soar or plunge.