While Driving to Mexico City and Thinking of Paradise
For Jack Kerouac

Listen, you don’t give yourself enough credit, traveler. With your outstretched thumb to the world.

You knew all along that when rooster is eaten, chicken ain’t worried. And when you hunger for the road, you run on asphalt dreams with pacific scenery melting into generations.

Word junky. Mother’s blue collar poet. Drunken sailor with some good stories.

Life is but a gamble you smile. But don’t die to go to heaven, angel, just keep driving.