TALK RADIO across ROUTE 66

By David Hoag

McAllister, Montana to Tucson, Arizona

Take the interstate, North to south,

Cross old Route 66,

Enter the Sonoran Desert.

Cruise eight-hundred aimless miles south toward  
that road, the one that means the most. Along the  
way, listen close, for the tongue-flapped  
diesel fumed noise of non-stop talk radio.  
  
There is no escape, that four-lane  
north-south drab gray concrete pillared,

two directional run-down racing interstate  
take with it our voices, our accents.  
  
Whatever happened to those kicks on old Route 66?  
Motor adventures east young man, west young woman.  
A day dazzles fresh along that reasonable coursing asphalt river  
of dreams plastered with intelligent paint on that drab concrete.  
  
Go forward but visualize those pale talking heads  
bald where earphones come to meet one-way conversation.  
Oversized egos dissecting every new cultural thought  
tritely tell us my way or the highway.  
  
Come down off your rocky mountain high   
toward the final hill climb, that two-speed   
rear axle clunks in to low gear, then up   
past that last steep hill, now the rolling plain.  
  
Now we know their slick-tongued tricks  
you can call their toll-free numbered sponsor  
put yourself on their numbed calling list.  
As for my way, I’ll stick to old Route 66.