

The Greatest Spectacle

“Stay tuned for the greatest spectacle in racing...”

The All-American Marching Band echoes Far
Away and Forever, the car begins pacing
Around and through where the wonderful masses are.

The All-American Marching Band echoes far
God Bless, the Beautiful and Anthem, the voice soars
Around and through where the wonderful masses are.
All goes still as the trumpet weeps with gaps of wars.

God bless the beautiful and anthem—the voice soars
Back Home Again; red, white, and blue fills the May sky.
All goes still as the trumpet weeps with gaps of wars—
Families’ Soldiers and the day—then jets fly by.

Back home again—Red White and Blue fills the May sky.
“Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!” ignites
Families, Soldiers, and the Day, then jets fly by
In spellbinding fits of speed at once untouched heights.

“Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!” ignites
The Eleven Rows of Three, gearing up to rage
In spellbinding fits of speed at once untouched heights.
The flag goes green with a mighty gust to the page.

The Eleven Rows of Three, gearing up to rage
Away and forever...the car beings pacing.
The flag goes green with a mighty gust to the page;
Stay tuned for the Greatest Spectacle in Racing...

—Matt Tapp, Westfield, IN

From the author: *Matt Tapp lives in Westfield with his wife and two daughters. One of Matt’s favorite traditions is Race Day at the Track with his two older brothers. His favorite part of the 500 is the incredible build-up and anticipation leading up to the Green Flag, which Matt tries to capture in this poem.*