

1969

Paul Newman, Indy 500 champ,
(Hollywood edition)
Feasts on a thousand eyes
While Underwood and Sharp
Pace the Brickyards' racecar.

Their all-American prototype
Runs shunt to shunt with surgical
Precision, each bite of fame
Crisp as kale. Drafting like the devil's
In his carbon fiber body,

And dressed in a kinetic smile,
Their driver bends the track
Into a sublime palindrome
Secure in the knowledge that distances
—like legends—are measured by speed.

—Anna Saikin, Missouri City, TX

From the author: *I was inspired to write this poem for my father, who has been a fan of racing since the 1960s. I grew up with movies such as Steve McQueen "Le Mans" and Paul Newman's "Winning" playing in the background. The domestic imagery is in part an homage to my mom, a Hoosier, who always kept a bottle of Newman's Own dressing in the fridge.*