

The Hundredth Checkered Flag

You chase the checkered flag, as we observe you pass.
Adrenaline pumping fuel... the crowd comes to their feet.
The hundredth time around, on bricks, on oil, on gas.

Men who chase their dreams, as bold as polished brass,
Ride thunder on the wind, while strapped into their seats.
You chase the checkered flag, as we observe you pass.

Acceleration force is moving balanced mass.
Ball bearings... grease... rods and crank shaft meet.
The hundredth time around, on bricks, on oil, on gas.

We pause to bow our heads, for racing's ruling class,
A hundred times we've come to watch the speed elite,
You chase the checkered flag, as we observe you pass.

We cheer our favorite sons, and toast you with a glass.
"God's speed" to you all, who give this special treat.
You chase the checkered flag, as we observe you pass.
The hundredth time around, on bricks, on oil, on gas.

—S. Evan Walters, Lebanon, IN

From the author: I wrote this poem in memory of Bob Harkey, who recently passed away. He was so looking forward to the 100th running of the race. I will long treasure the day he and I spent at the track together.