

## Urgency

Here are the tires with one purpose: to spin until  
Their quick end, swapped out in seconds. Here is  
The Parade of Bands, the RVs, propped tents,  
Food vendors hawking tenderloins large  
As your father's open hand. Here are fly-bys  
Screaming welcome overhead. Here is Gasoline Alley,  
The Snake Pit, the Coke lot. No one can deny  
We are sovereign in this land. Eternity waits  
Beyond the next turn, and the next. Here is where  
The engines start. Who is in the last row?  
Hear the starting command, spring's furious last rite.  
The first turn is the hardest. Don't be fooled by TV.  
Try it at 225 m.p.h., with downforce more than double  
That of gravity. Anticipation is a driver's hallmark.  
Why radio exists: To hear the call that, wherever  
You are, brings you back home again to Indiana,  
To the Indianapolis of your heart. 500 miles  
With no destination except the world.  
Your favorite driver is here. And the rookie  
Who will become your favorite next year.

—Andrew Scott, Indianapolis, IN

From the author: *I wanted to capture a fan's experience not from the infield, but from afar. Growing up in central Indiana, I almost never watched the race on TV, but my family always listened to the radio—which, of course, is far more poetic.*