

Yard Of Bricks

You're but a fraction of, a long ago paved past
All from local kilns, where hallowed stones were cast
Reddish grey, three feet of bricks, denoting start and finish
Destination for the world, whose lore will not diminish

Overhead, twenty feet, the flags wave evermore
Four hundred thousand cheering, above the Doppler roar

Bearing witness to, automotive innovation
Resounding spectacle, at the crossroads of our nation
Indy fans, we celebrate, this milestone event
Consider what these bricks have seen, and what they represent
Kneeling kiss and glass of milk, traditions of today
Steadily racing toward, another hundred months of May

—Michael Courtney, Brighthurst, IN

From the author: As an Indianapolis native and life-long Hoosier, some of my fondest childhood memories were of going to the track with my Dad and weekends spent with the family, listening to qualifications on the radio. Even today, when I fly, I try to sit on the right side of the plane to catch the awesome view of the Speedway as we pass west of downtown Indy on final approach for landing. Inspired by the rich history and legends of the Indianapolis 500, I've often marveled at what the "Yard of Bricks" has witnessed in its lifetime.

Michael Courtney is a life-long Hoosier and Purdue University grad. He lives in Carroll County and works for Accenture, a global technology and professional services company. His poem, "Yard of Bricks", has a symbolic one hundred words and is his first poetry submission.