

Bonnaroo

Empty beer cans and scattered cigarette butts litter the ground like ruins.

Dread locked girls entwine tattooed boys.

Tripping,

Rolling,

Dripping in the Tennessee sun.

A mob of screaming hippies, sway, drenched under the stage lights.

Hair sticking to my forehead,

I close my eyes, seeing pulsing white spots against the slick black night.

The heavy humid air blends with the sweet sweat of thousands,
the musty nicotine haze dances with the pot smoke cloaking the crowd.

In a trance under the heavy drum beats,

the strobe lights electrify.

I turned toward the roar of the crowd.

Hills of people waving their hands through the thick air,

brandishing their lighters, like a patriots flag.

Braless,

Dirty.

Stoned boys swaying to the pulse of the guitar,

the strumming that can be heard among the boundless tent city.

Ankle deep in mud,

bearing the claustrophobic heat of the Porter Pottys.

Clutching our beers and squeezing the life out of our cigarettes.

closing our eyes to trip on the lyrics,

to swallow them whole.

What becomes of this place when the music is gone?

Empty beer cans and scattered cigarette butts becoming the very
earth we stand on.