



Keep on Rocking.

by Dustin Travis Jenkins

This is the Land of the Rockers.
All day we just sit here and rock.



We're strapped in these chairs when we're born.

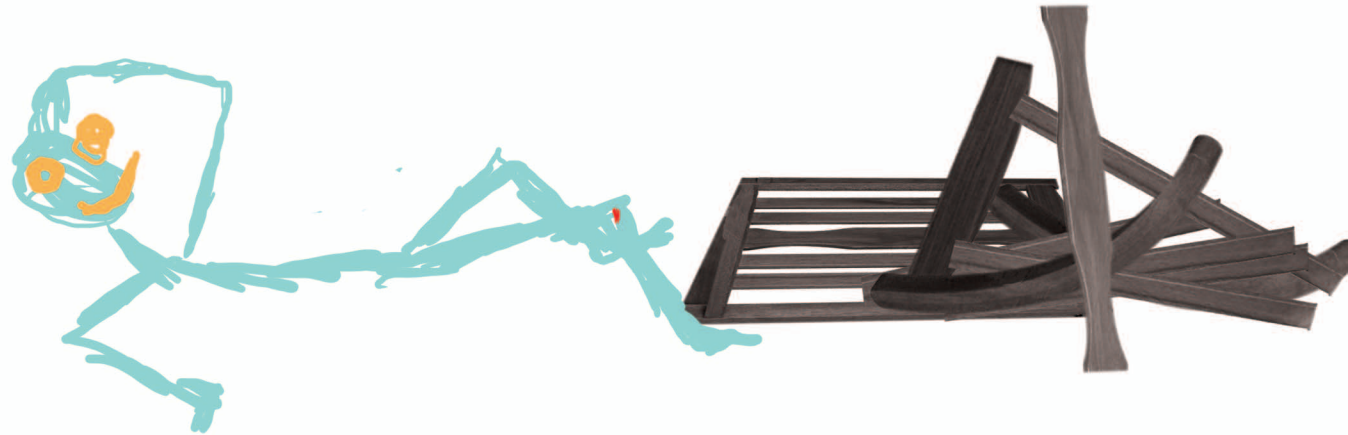


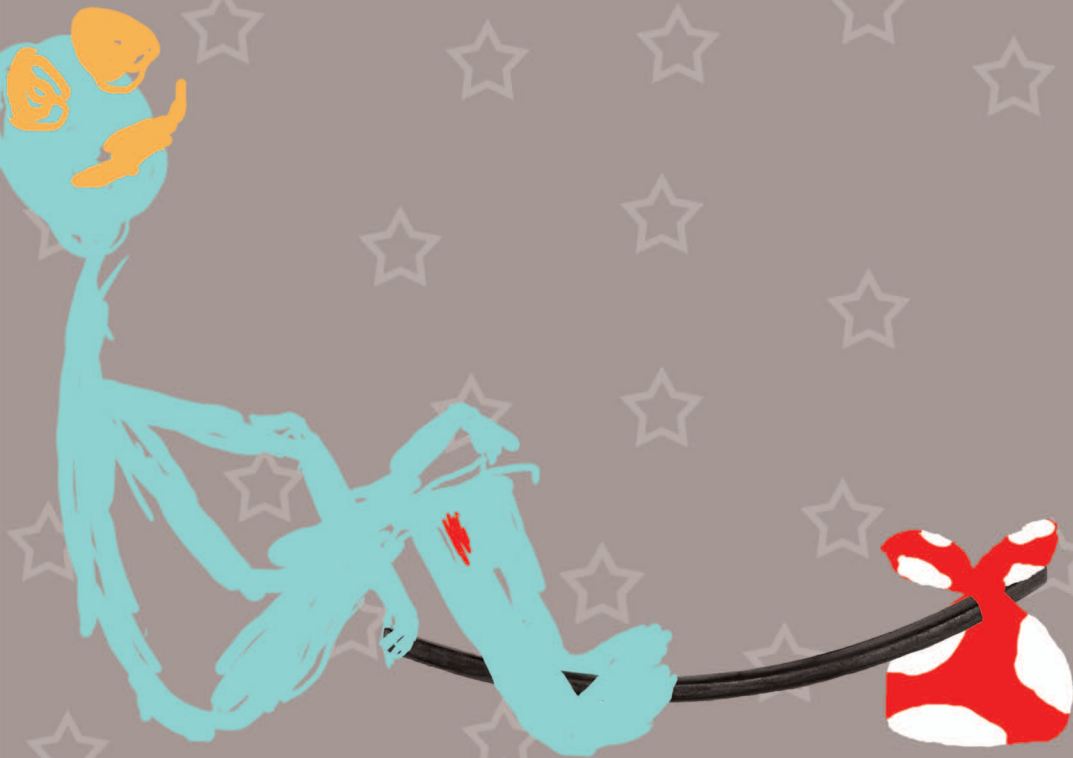
Our whole lives, we just rock, rock, rock.

Once, though, I rocked too far forward,
and I rocked too far fro, as well.
I tipped myself completely over,
and off of my rocker I fell.



My chair was totally broken,
but I didn't even want it repaired.
I thought, "This may be my only chance
to do something no one has dared."



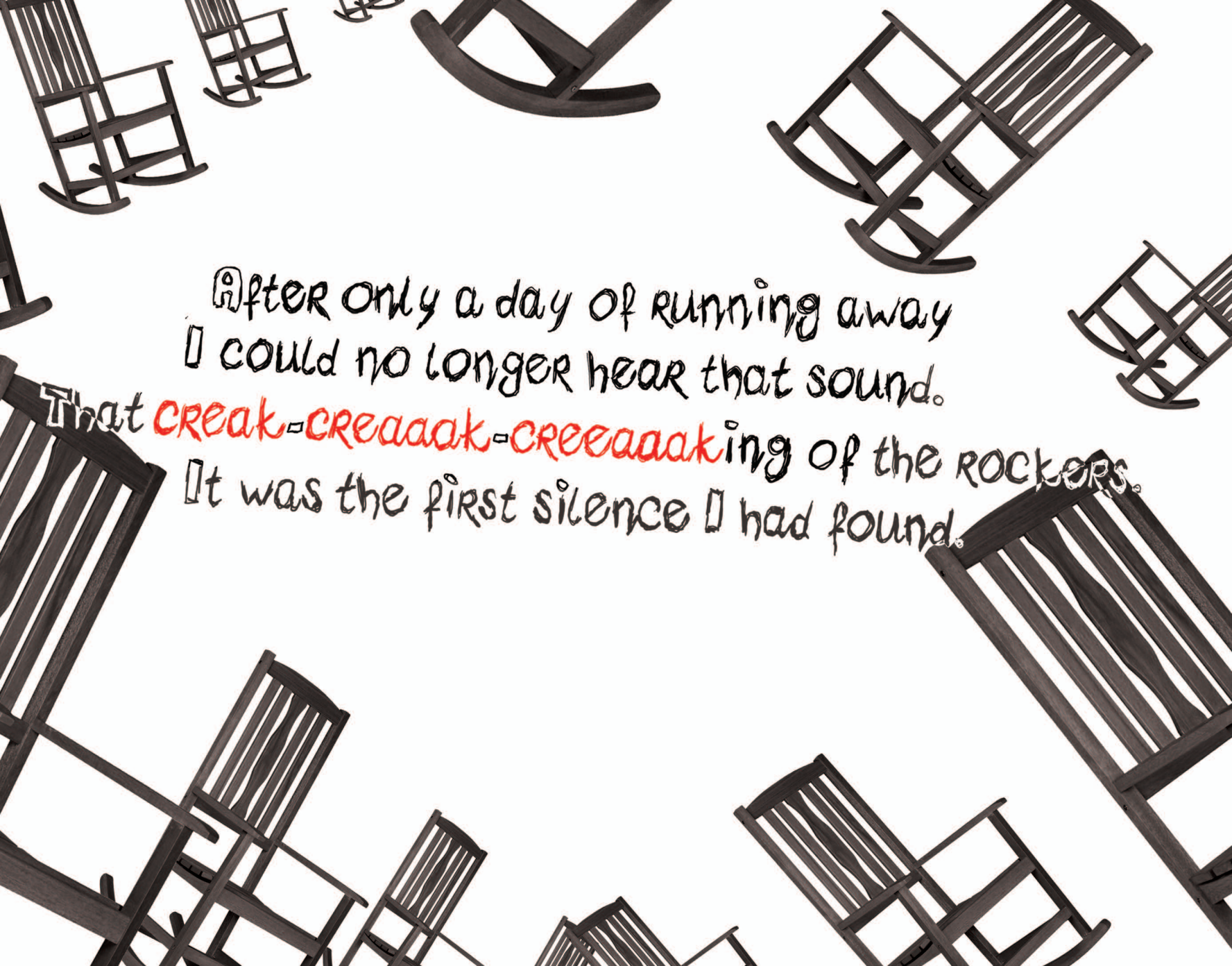


So I packed my sack with snacks for my face
and some band-aids for my knee.
I'd chase the sun by day and the stars by night,
to a place where the eye can't see.

I got myself up on two wobbly legs
that I never before had used.

My journey had finally started,
afraid, alone, and a-bruised.





After only a day of running away
I could no longer hear that sound.

That creak-creaaak-creeaak-ing of the rockers.
It was the first silence I had found.

After several more weeks of trudging along,
I found a forest not marked on my map.
It was excitingly magical, yet peacefully calm,
like a unicorn taking a nap.





I walked into it, and heard a faint sound
that grew louder with each tree that went by.
It lifted my feet and carried me along,
like old cartoon whiffs of pie.

It led me to a clearing full of people,
a whole community in the wood.
They played instruments made of broken rockers.
It sounded really, really good.



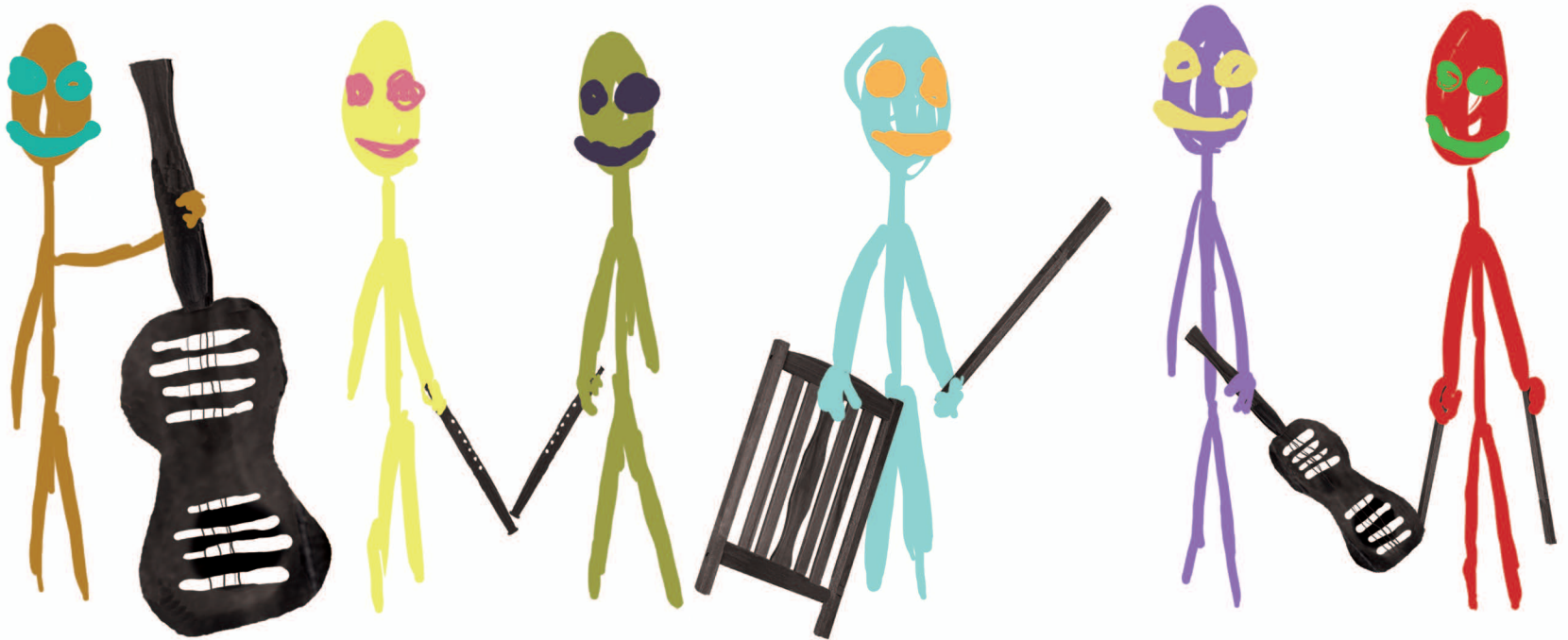
Some of them used their chair parts like drumsticks.
Some had made theirs into guitars.
They sung songs about life in the wilderness.
"Tall barky stalks, our only bars."



One of them tossed me a backrest,
and said, "Keep up if you can."

I fell instantly into their groove,
and I hope I never fall out again.

This is the Land of the Rockers.
All day we just hang out and ROCK.



Now that we're free from all the shackles,
our whole lives, we just ROCK, ROCK, ROCK.

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