

I ROCK

Tim Flanagan

I sit on my bed,
pillows at my lower back,
legs straight-forward, feet together,
hands clasped behind my knees,
and I rock to the radio,
back and forth: a metronome.

I am twenty-six years, three months,
and twenty-four days old,
and been a rocker as long as I remember.
My mother says I started
when she took away my jumping chair.

I rock every day, if possible,
for half an hour or more.
It's a kind of therapy.
I haven't needed any other.

No one knows I rock.
I rock in secret
and have never been observed,
except as a little boy.

As far as I know,
I'm the only person in the world
ever to rock the way I rock.
I hope that's so. I want to be that proud.