

PHILOSOPHY OF A TIRE BY CONOR LAING

It's not the thought of a new tire, shiny black like catfish,
protecting the gleaming silver rim of a new means of transport.
It's the tire of worn rubber. The tire that witnessed ten thousand miles of
genealogies and dialectics. It came with you as you crossed deserted prairie,
and the decayed roads running across dust fields like an infected wound.
It remembers the beauty of greening forests under gray spring skies.

It remembers, even if you don't.

Every crack and flaw of the asphalt.
The tire understands the link between cracks
and the wrinkle in its rubber.
But it also understands the glory of being a tire
for without it, how could you see
every beauty from one sea
to the next? You remember those things.

And the tire remembers with you.

You may not understand every crack, every flaw of asphalt,
but you understand the budding forest under soft spring skies.
And an empty prairie, the kind Preacher Casey would cross;
the towns where Tom would hide from harm.
Sometimes, it is the tire who understands the road and
you who would dare travel toward some hopeful unknown.