Junior Munson Does the Long Haul
ELTON GLASER

I like to start my mornings
Sunnyside up at a truckstop,
Rashers and hash and Texas toast.
I want my coffee so strong
You could run a Peterbilt on it
All the way from Big Bone Lick to the Mississippi,
With a full load of lard on the hoof
And a coontail strappped to the antenna,
Mudflaps dusty enough you’d have to squint
At the naked women stuck on the rubber.
Give me a toothpick to go
And a pack of smokes and a paper napkin
To clear my RayBans against the glare.
It’s an evil day that don’t begin with Dolly
Or Loretta riding the airwaves from Nashville,
Twitchy fiddles behind them and a guitar
Fingerplucked to the second knuckle.
Baby shoes shake from the rearview mirror,
And I’ve got a little wobbly skull
At the knob end of the gear stick, its eyes
Blinking red when I push the tranny high.
If the devil wants my soul, he’ll have to
Filter it from ten hot quarts of Valvoline
With the engine revved, fan belt doing its loops
And the pistons humping like five-dollar whores.
I'm on the long haul to Memphis, just a blur
Down the I-40 in pinepitch air, eighteen wheels
Whining on the asphalt and a half ton of hogs
Squealing in the wind, boot on the gas
Till I cruise this rig past Graceland and brake
In the city of greasy blues and sweet pulled pork.