

Walking Through The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

Tori Woods

We were in the hall of human experience.
We were surrounded, pounded with images and sounds
of the greatest rock musicians in history.
So many of them are dead.
We marveled, felt humbled
in the house that rock built,
and the house that rock burned down.
We tried to tally the uncountable measures
of what drugs gave humanity,
and what they took away.
We tried to understand
the double edged needle,
the swallowing flames
as we looked at shards of a smashed up guitar
reassembled in a pristine case.
We couldn't avoid the questions:
Could Hendrix have rocked the anthem
without acid?
Could Kurt have tapped into our angst
without smack?
Would Lennon have dared to imagine Lucy
on his own?

