

## **Blasting Elvis and Buddy Holly**

By Roy J. Adams

I rocked down Route 66 quashing  
sleep with fists full of wide-eye wake-me-ups  
--swished by wacky Wigwam Inns,  
tore through insect tempests; flirted  
with mini-skirted Marilyn's at roller-skating drive-ins  
I was neon  
I was come on  
I was Major Betucan