

## I ROCK

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*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.