

After Sunrise

Brian A. Salmons

The dawn of adolescence is a Scooby-Doo-scented twilight really. You didn't know it then. The mystifying orbits of every shining thing in your backseat stuffystill world weren't fixed tracks, just dust motes' slowfloating in a speeding car. The mountains rocked up, in and back outside, forewash on a beach of your parents' darkening marriage. When the sun rose, mothermountainblack and fatherskyblue stood apart and you stopped to pee.

Uriah Heep at the cash register cassette curio piqued your interest oddly, let you breathedream thru Tennessee: red swells of rock, homes roosting on a pile of seafloor, and a hayseed wizard with a sword named melody.



Uriah Heep

"Sunrise"

The Magician's Birthday

11/1972

Bronze / Island