

SLAM!

By: Matt Daigle

Pretend for one second that skaters are revered;
praised like war heroes, with the faceless masses
of people swarming like ants to their bruised
bodies, embracing them as legends who deserve
to have their faces forever captured in the
tapestry of an artist.

But let's be honest:
People are cold, like winter in the Northeast,
with the ice seeping through their skin until it's
cracked and worn.
Their hearts are as rough as the grip tape upon
our skateboards;
Quick to judge, too slow to catch on.

Let's be realistic for a moment.
Before you decide to label us, plague us with your
stigmas and misconceptions,
step inside our shoes
and visit our home away from home.
Deep in the heart of Lewiston, where the air smells
of dedication and ambition,
where the granite is stained with the blood of our brothers,
where our little community is unified more every time
the police, with their big guns and bigger egos grab our
wrists, trying to beat their lessons of self-righteousness
into our skulls.

So be open-minded for a minute;
Come on down to our skater's haven,
where anyone, any age, is accepted.
We all carry our Hester Prynne-esque label upon our chest;
A scarlet "V" burned into our skin,
but we all work past it,
here at the heart of Lewiston,
where the only voices we need to hear are the ones of
our friends, our brothers, our comrades
and the voice of the wheels rolling across the gravel;
rough, yet soothing at the same time.
And when the wheels cease to move, we'll let our bodies
SLAM into the ground.
SLAM with passion, SLAM with vigor.
Slam with focus, with meaning,
with heart.