

June 12, 2010

**Andy Carr**

HOKA HEY MOTORCYCLE CHALLENGE POEM  
THE RACE

Hoka Hey,  
The race is now on,  
We're all headed west,  
And riding along.

Across the Southeast,  
Along the Trail of Tears,  
To the cold Northwest,  
Remembering Chief Joseph's fears.

Over the Alleghenies,  
Through the Steelwalkers' land,  
To the Hurons' Big Waters,  
With its glistening white sand.

Through the land of the Talkers,  
Of great Navajo fame,  
With shouts of Ya Ta Hey,  
And answering Hoka Hey.

Day after day,  
The pipes of my Harley,  
Sing me a song,  
"Go Farther, Go Farther."

A Gut Grenade,  
And Gatorade,  
And down the road we go,  
Looking for a place,  
At the end of this race,  
Where the wind will never blow.

Around every curve,  
Americas beauty,  
Give Thanks to our God,  
And the Soldiers on duty.

A galled ass,  
The Bikers bane,

Put on some Monkey Butt,  
And kill the pain.

Are the skeeters in Alaska,  
As big as the hoppers in Texas?  
Do they all smell the same,  
On hot steel enflamed?

My minds in a quandary,  
What will I find,  
When I come across,  
That Canadian line?

It's just more great friends,  
From beginning to end,  
A Warrior clan of brothers,  
Of the great Harley V Twin.

An Ultra, a Wide Glide,  
And a Road King I'm sure,  
Will bring us all home,  
After this arduous tour.

Day after day,  
I ride in amazement,  
Of my strong Harley steed,  
As "We Roll" along the pavement.

How Willie G. and Karen and crew,  
Keep making them better,  
With the Feds in the brew,  
Lord we'll never know.

Sand in our eyes,  
Cramps in our thighs,  
Next stop more Monkey Butt,  
Or I'll scream to the skies!

HOKA HEY MOTORCYCLE CHALLENGE POEM  
THE END

We've done some good deeds,  
We've fought for our cause,

We want help for others,  
Without any applause.

The race is done,  
The gold is gone,  
But friendships we've made,  
Will all linger on.

We'll all Party Down'  
In Homer at last,  
And shoot off some fireworks,  
Remembering our past.

Like Warriors of old,  
Some stories will be told,  
When all have come home,  
Again to the fold.

For the rest of our days,  
In the quiet of evening,  
We'll hear through the mists,  
Hoka Hey!,  
What a great day,  
What a great ride,  
In the Indian way.

~ *Andy Carr*