

Letter to Hot August Nights

Hunter Gowins

I used to think that it was all about the classic cars

I used to think that it was all about the paint jobs

I used to think that it was all about the rain that would come down right when the judging begins

I used to think that it was all about the local band that would play the greatest hits of the 50s as guests perused the casino parking lot

I used to think that it was all about the cruising around town in Grandpa's 1940 Merc

I used to think that it was all about the chocolate ice cream I would eat after a long day sitting in front of a whiteboard under fluorescent lights

I didn't care about the classic cars (I didn't grow up in a garage)

I didn't care about the paint jobs (pretty colors)

I didn't care about the rain that would come down right when judging began (why don't they call it Rainy August Nights?)

I didn't care about the local band that would play the greatest hits of the 50s as guests perused the casino parking lot (I get that it was part of the whole deal, but the only song they played I could recognize was Johnny B. Goode)

I didn't care about the cruising around town in Grandpa's 1940 Merc (I'm just being dramatic, I swear)

I didn't care about the chocolate ice cream I would eat after a long day sitting in front of a whiteboard under fluorescent lights (okay maybe I cared about the ice cream)

What I really cared about was getting to hang out with my grandparents for a whole week

Hunter Gowins