

You Make a Grown Man Cry

Superbowl Forty, halftime, and I'm marvelling, scarcely believing what I see. Sharp jabs of memory punch my brain, and I see both then and now tumbling through this space where I sit.

Jagger and company scarcely break a sweat as the infield crowd jumps in rhythm, hands lifted skyward.

I can see the wrinkles in Ron Wood's neck, he plays with a continuous half-smile, spilling noise into the vast surrounding air. Keith Richards stumbles across and down the stage, grubby hipster who saw it all and didn't let it kill him.

Mick, still saying he can't get no,..can't get no satisfaction. We know otherwise.

Ron Wood's nose. Damn. He plays down to a pretty girl with starbursts for eyes. She laughs, and I can feel, here in my chair, that hot flash on her face.

Hell, was I ever that young?

Why, yes I was.

Still am, dammit.

I could perform. I could thrill an audience, couldn't I? Lucy tells me I could, and I believe her.

Today, after half a lifetime of disconnect, I found the Rolling Stones. True, their lyrics didn't change my life's direction, their personalities weren't what I aspired to, but now,..now I know about purpose. About strength. About continuing on in the face of loss and self doubt.

As long as these guys can still prowl that stage, enmeshed in spirit, then my generation will be all right, we will still have our vital roots. We are the Rolling Stones generation, and don't you forget it.