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Alman 650

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ALMAN 650

Richard Scott had been panning gold up in the North Georgia mountains

For so long that he didn't even know that Dwane Alman had wiped himself

Out on a cycle down in Macon.

"It happened months ago," I told him. We were sitting by the fireplace

Of the place I had in the woods. He was drinking coffee.

I was breaking down two pounds of just dried homegrown.

"The ultimate gig," he intoned, looking into the fire. "I'll bet he's Playing electric harp on some cloud right now."

"Sure," I answered, weighing out the first lid. "It's probably being Recorded by Muscle Shoals over in Alabama too."

Richard sat stroking his blond beard, watching me fill up the baggies.

"He's probably tooling around Heaven on some kind of celestial bike."

I laughed and said, "Of course. Probably an Alman 650."

—Kirby McCraney