It was a time of great unrest and movement all across the land, and I was of it and in it and on it and with it. My sonnet was half finished; my soul was a traffic light turning from red to green. It was the time, and I packed my toothbrush and a comb and a cold can of Schaefer beer, and I went to my mother's side.

"I got to go, Dad," I said, kissing her, digging her, all choked up with love and Zen and a mouthful of popcans to go with the beer. "Sam is giving me a big party, and I got to go." Sam was my friend and he was hip.

The swinging Sam gave for me was wild, icy, far out. Nobody moved for hours. We sat on the floor, looking inured, Zenward, sipping our good gold Schaefer brew. Suddenly the door swung open, and a bearded, haunted, serene face appeared, and it was a poet and he had been out there everywhere and he had dug it all and he was back. He knew, man, he knew it and we knew it, that he knew. He was crammed full of Zen-wisdom and his eyes were wise and wild and his whole body was bandaged. He was beat.

"Do you know why Schaefer is your kind of beer?" he asked us. "Because it's round, Dad. That means a smooth harmony of flavors. It's round, man, and it's your kind of beer because nobody here is a square!"

So, out of nowhere, I had the word, and the word was round. It was the time, and I set off along quiet streets-past the football field, looking for kicks; past country gardens, digging the carrots and onions; and then ahead of me I saw the curving, calling, mystery, roaring highway. And it was the time, and Schaefer was my kind of beer, and I was gone.