

## Woody's last dance

■ Cite as: *CMAJ* 2018 July 23;190:E889. doi: 10.1503/cmaj.180356

The Legend is writhing,  
wavering, flicking.  
Still singing the mankind.  
Inside.

Where Huntington is just a place in Long Island.  
And his spirit travels the landscapes  
of Dust Bowl America,  
with hobos and tramps and bums,  
hoping machines with clear  
or no destinations.

Out here in Queens  
neural forces beyond control  
conspire to keep his travelin' and wanderin'  
painfully out of reach.

Still, all we can see  
is the lawless ballet of a weirdo.  
Something to fear,  
conceal,  
disremember.  
The tortured body meets the eye.

**Andrea Manca MSc(MPhty) PhD**  
Department of Biomedical Sciences,  
University of Sassari, Sassari, Italy

This article has not been peer reviewed.

