The Bicycle

*- James Brown*

I have always been lucky.

When I was seven

my parents gave me

a red bicycle.

I rode it every day until

it became a part of me.

It had a basket on the front,

and my father attached a bell

to make doing the deliveries

more noticeable.

Pedalling up hills

pushed me so far inside my head

that only reaching the top

could bring me back out.

Going down, my mouth would open

as the world became flocks

of many-coloured birds

soaring into flight.

I loved that bicycle.

Lying in bed listening

to rain sheet against the window

and knowing that tomorrow

it was Monday,

I would get up and go

into the hall and stare at it,

consoled by the standing

of its beautiful silence.