

## THE BICYCLE

The bicycle is the true vehicle  
of poets. Think  
of all it allows you to do:

As you ride it you can rise  
and dip your head into the bell of the wind,  
brake in a Trojan army of wet leaves,

balance on tilted wheels  
under the strict eyes  
of walk-don't-walk

like tightrope-walking spectacles  
above the abyss of an empty circus ring.  
The bicycle brings with it knowledge of headwind

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and a horizon hunted in vain  
on the way to your lover  
in front of whose house you chain it,

as guardian, aluminum virgin, handcuff,  
where it can safely let wild vines  
grow over it, should you

for the duration of the night,  
a lifetime,  
not come out anymore.