

Flying Dutchman on Wheels

taking my old bike for a spin
through elegantly mature neighbourhoods
morning lined with good pavement, sedate
flower beds, so many confident trees
on parade my own spine like a royal banner
in a sudden gust unfurls
I crank up the speed, face pressed
into the moist wind that revives
limp skin faster than any miracle cream
lifts jowls, exposing a finely contoured chin
bold as a fully rigged frigate, I let go
of the handlebars and pedal so hard
my Raleigh, guided by the pressure
of buttocks and bare knees alone, squeals
its delight and I am free to wave
with both hands to the solemn couple
making their Sunday rounds
startled into open dismay
by the apparition sailing into their port
they don't return my greeting
I thank the spirits in charge
of the inner ear for a good sense of balance
perhaps the only useful gift received at birth
and continue; the furrow my bike and I
plow with so much glee into the smooth
green sea immediately disappears behind us

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