

1. The Bicycle

The bike leans,
an old friend resting
against the wall.
Its handle bars jut out
like a cow's horns.

The wheels are suns;
spindles
thin as spaghetti,
spinning
in a blur.

Chrome peels back
like a silver scab.

Cogs click a rhythmic beat.
A chunky chain whirrs.
Pedals dangle,
waiting impatiently.

The bell trills
like a mechanical bird.

Gears click into place,
quick as a click.

The saddle waits,
squat as a mushroom.



1. Biking Free

Black tyres spin –
pattern's tread –
spokes flicker –
legs of lead.

Streets blur by –
eyeball stings –
handles gleam –
cycle sings.

Steel rim squeals –
brake blocks grasp –
squeeze as hard –
as a bully's grasp.

Pounding pulse –
heart beats' race –
clicking gears –
furious pace.



1. The Roadster

Sleek,
Roadster stalks
the streets –

Its hub caps glitter,
as tyres buzz,
gripping tarmac.

Lights stab the black road ahead,
carving slices of night
as the Roadster charges
through the tunnel
of darkness.

The bonnet curves
like a metallic wave,
glistening beneath night lights.

The engine purrs.
More than a cat that haunts
the city streets,
the Roadster slinks by
fixed in a blur of shimmering colour;
the grill grins.

Windows are anonymous,
tinted black.

Whoever drives is hidden.

Brake lights flare
flickering like fire –
as she screams to a halt.



1. This is the Car of...

This is the car of sunlight,
as hot as molten lava.

This is the car of Siberia,
as cold as frosted stars.

This is the car of sea snakes,
as quick as a cobra's sting.

This is the car of soap operas,
as curious as a curtain's twitch.

This is the car of sob stories,
as false as a fool's gold.

This is the car of sympathy,
as cosy as grandma's teapot.

This is the car with sixth sense,
as subtle as a mind reader's trick.

This is the car of silence,
as quiet as a librarian's sigh.

