

The Form of a Cyclist

by Michael Barela

His legs were pedaling hard and his heart was beating fast,
He's got his scars; He can't outrun his past,
Down the hill he goes, wind whipped his hair, a new style with each
draft.

*He broke his brakes long ago; He cut the cable and ripped off the
pads.*

He cried songs of joy and love as the world became a blur,
He learned to balance his weight; He finally learned to let go,
He would return the car's embrace, but the horn was all he heard.
He learned to lie to everyone; His grin was just for show.

He thought he heard church bells ring as he felt the rising
lightness,

His inner demon took control; He said it was the form of a cyclist.

