

The Tricycle

by pam rosenblatt

The large black pedals on the red
Tricycle rotate, push along the cracked,

Weedy surface. It travels downward,
Bounces off the ground,

Turns left onto an uneven lined gray
Concrete, a map of high

Tides' run overs and seashells. I pedal,
Pause, pedal again. Wild waves

Snap, break on the rocky shoreline.
I'm the toddler captain, steering through

Tire-worn coke cups, tattered candy bar wrappers,
Lipstick marked cigarette butts, empty cigarette

Cartons, away from cooing pigeons on the
Slanted gray-black roof, attached to my family's

Purple-gray house. A seagull soars in the topaz sky,
Drops, crashes a clam on the sidewalk

Right by my three wheeler. Long, thick fingers grasp
The silver handle bar. My black leather patters

No longer turn pedals. The hand now navigates.
We reverse, plow through trash and seashells,

Over broken pavement, back up the sea-torn

Land. The three rubber wheels churn shells, sands,

Pebbles. The tricycle stops. I stumble off, hug
My suit-with-tie wearing father, then see pink and white

Balloons with gold letters, tied to the house's
Front door handle, wiggle happy birthday!

