

Cockburn Bruce

"The Bicycle Trip 405"

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Drift along
hear the gravel crackle
butterflies
shades of the Eternal Dancer
God has buttered the land with sunlight
sunlight

corn grows high
like a tall watusi
katydid
hums a monotonous tune
rather hypnotically
hmmmmmm
overhead there's a parrot with boxing gloves
singing like me
what a clever bird
even knows the words
but he doesn't seem to see
me
making my great escape

you can just take so much of your own advice
who needs a king
sitting in a tree
so loquaciously
pigeonholing everything
pi-
geons have a way of taking wing
-ing wing

back again
purple thistles bristle
all around
bane of the Eternal Dancer
hmmmmmm

home is just around the bend...
the end

