

## Cockburn Bruce

### "The Bicycle Trip"

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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

