

The Sun

Aidan Knight

The wind in my ear
I pedal and push
Riding my bicycle

The clouds are too much
I found the brakes
Light came down as I rode away

Tied up my ties
Tried to look my very best
Wind off an arm, arms
Crossed on my chest

Just what I feared
A knife or a crutch
Caught in the spokes and
Got me all cut up