



Thick clouds of pollen billow across the yard, yellow the deck, and probably my hair.

BIKE RIDE

Hair line cracks in the road along side craggy pot holes search for
My tires but those cracks have no volition and
Probably will not catch me will not
Deck me will not stop
The free feeling trail I follow alongside
The yellow line the white line the abrupt edges in front of
Yards Must be careful must not let
The roadside wildflowers or the comely Holsteins move
Across my focus become my focus, nor the menagerie of clouds that
Billow and smear across the vistas.
Pollen captures the attention of bees but
Clouds of distraction must not cut through the
Thick satisfactions of a country ride.

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