

Third Time Briskly

A cyclist or a poet

T'was a brisk and chilly morning
That Sunday it would be
Only Rosie would be 'tending
For one to ride with me

At seven lines above the zero
The warm stuff was a-needed
To stop ye-olde frozen toe
Those words were keenly heeded

A snap shot at the start
Something to send a-twitter
It's times like this we say to self
I would like to be more fitter!



So off we sets along the road
On our chilly journey far
Minding our own busy-ness
But still harassed by car

Along Teviot and Bushman
We see less of crazy car
We also look behind us
And say bye bye Jim-boom-ba



Now Kilmoylar brings us dirty stuff
Just dodge those rocks and stones!
Another stop to take a pic
On those bloody android phones

Allenview's a lovely spot
And shows us all it can
I needs to rub me eyes real hard
At that flock of Pelican?

Arriving in Beadesert
Wind having lashed our faces
We hide-away in Macca's home
In warm and cosy places



I need a visit to the rest room
And alas no paper found!
Rosie notes "your arm warmers gone?"
I says "dropped them on the ground"

Hot coffee and sweet chocolate
Goes well with fruit 'n' muffin
But strugglin' by the end of this
I think I've had my stuffin'

Leaving Beauy once again
That lovely sleepy town
We slowly ride up-up-up-up
Then down-down-down-down-down

Gould Hill Road and Veresdale Scrub
Provide some good knee-busters
It's times like this I wonder why
I ride bikes without those clusters?

Catching breaths on Millstream Rd
And losing them on Kurra-jong
Mundoolun gives a slight reprieve
Then Edelsten comes along

Turning on Camp Cable Rd
My legs go partly crampy
Should I stop and rub myself?
Or would that seem quite campy?

Now Rosie's flying like an eagle
Making life wee tough for me
But slowing for those steely train lines
As we pass through old Stockleigh

The last few k's through Chambers Flat
And that sparse Reserve of Logan's
Lots of black snakes cover the roads
Are these of those of Bogan's?

The final plod on Waratah
And left into Augusta
That Crestmead Park's inviting me
To go that wee bit faster

Rosie was happy on the road
And by crikey on her game
Life made really easy now
With that new bi-cycle frame

Third time lucky to hold the Brisky
Still many bods did not appear
Perhaps a chance to ride it later
If you lot all turn up to here



Dino Morgante