

The Bike Track

A poem by Brenton Cullen

Rippling wounds
stripe my back like
ribbons of scarlet sun,
with pain pangs of pierced flesh
criss-crossing in scrapes
down my arms, belly, and
legs, twined around scrub
of bristles, brush and boulder
I wrangle an escape, and wheel
home the wonky-wired bike,
my cheeks pink in shame
At my friend's hoots and laughs
I join in and laugh at myself,
but cycling round my head,
are the worries of
'What will Dad say about
his bike?'