

Biking Through Thorns

by enchanter

As the tides of the Nostalgian Sea ebb in and flow out, the sting of saltwater in one's eyes follows its path. My poor attempt at a poetic tribute to the past.

Ch. 1

Chapter 1 of 1

As the tides of the Nostalgian Sea ebb in and flow out, the sting of saltwater in one's eyes follows its path. My poor attempt at a poetic tribute to the past.

Lend me your mother's blood-red helmet
I want to take one last ride to that grove,
off the paved pathways by the South Saskatchewan
and into the thorny brush by
a mulched trail of last year's fallen hearts
only wide enough for one to lead,
and one to follow.
It was a wet summer
with heightened river ways and rain pellets pelting
with every branched slingshot
you released before me,
laughing shrieks ringing response to thwapping rustles,
ever the playful gentleman pulling at my hand.
You found it and had to show me the natural decor
a fallen log couch and cobweb wall hangings--
it was a cocoon of silk whispers, vivid green,

and black-brown bark,

a new place for 'us' to grow.

You offered your sweater as a rug for the mud carpet,

but somehow my knees were still scraped by the thorns,

rising cold and crusted with dried dirt:

dearest decay.