

Poem: The Tricycle
Fictional
Writer: Carol Lee Brunk
Date: April 17, 2014

The Tricycle

Hands that don't feel small;

Large his/her own touch;

It's the calm, admiration, no silk, a glide,

Not duplicated to the one's own touch to the other hand;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Feet placed upon a flat black square;

Legs in rapid rotation;

His/her hands directly at an eased drape;

Smooth, black, bumped, roll held cool black handles;

Legs in rapid rotation;

His/her seat, butt fits perfect;

Legs in rapid rotation;

He/she's attentions expelled;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Circles, long lengths, the hall stride;

No rapid square corners taken;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Time lapse, slight pauses;

An animal barks;

It's the distraction- cause-

Disembark, dismount;

Legs in rapid rotation at full length stride;

Animal barks;

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Wags of a tail;

No rapid rotation in circular fashion the rest of the day.

Placid.