

Clip-In, Cycling Thoughts From The Road

Introduction

After many years of indoor workouts, I found myself one early summer evening on my health club's computerized bike machine hard pedaling into my routine spin, but wishing I was outside the window in front of me. Meanwhile the avatar on the machine's computer screen rode along the graphic coastal scene while the usual gym atmosphere confirmed reality.

The next day, I quit the health club, acquired my first road bike, and never looked back, except for oncoming traffic.

I also found that my rides led me to thoughts and feelings that I could best express in poetry. Riding became much more than exercise. An awakening beyond expectations...

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Winter Ride

With a fast pace kept,
Over roads with sand and salt coats
Dodging potholes, I'm quite adept
On sudden frost heaves, vulgar quotes

While crossing between pastures
Beds where pure white blankets flow
Framed by stone walls and brilliant patches
Racing cloud shadows, sprinting hard, follow

Climbing hills in tree shadows,
Out of forested stands into new light
Met by headwinds I crouch narrow
Then a fast descent and grim windchill fight

Wondering why this effort
In hard conditions forlorn?
My will to renew by retort
Achievement gained, life force reborn

Then back to my wood stove warming
Hands grasping a hot mug of green tea
I still feel the cold thrill of that crystal morning
And praise this wonderful life for what it can be.



Cold Marshes

Trails through cold marshes
Often deceive
For tides reach inland
And waters recede

Icebergs grind inlets
Then rest on trees
Frozen mud bottoms
The salt marsh receives

And there in trail grasses
Holes with thin ice
Braced for wheel plunges
Or sudden demise

On closer inspection
Take time to see
Remnants of creatures
Warmer living will free

Patient and waiting
For ice to recede
The marsh is creating
Life, and my serenity.



A Bridge To Sanity

Some ride for health,
Or fastest times,
Or better self,
Or later headlines

I pedal strong
With rhythm clear
Chase dreams along
To what awaits me there

Sharp turns and hills
Unseen ahead
Reach for the thrills
Focus my head

Path so straight
Dark river flow
Provides a break
A chance to know

With found wisdom
Sound mentality
I touched freedom
On a bridge to sanity.



Old Town Hill

I built my pace
Through forest and fields
Enjoying the taste
That wind and sweat yield

Down Hay Street strong
Jumping train track steel
Hard strokes prolong
Road heaves made it real

Hurling into sunshine
Shifting down to prepare
Leaning into turn's line
Speed kept right up there

I charged the Great Marsh
Across tidal salt grasses
Swallows raced my progress
With cross wheel dashes

Straight to Old Town Hill
Shifting up, bike flying
Over the bridge with skill
The dark stream left sighing

Into forest the climb begins
Lower gears kept my pace
Turbo breathing captured the wind
Will prevails in this uphill chase

Still strong I reached the crest
Amidst stone and high trees
Senses bid me, come to rest
Bright hay fields, fragrance of teas

The breeze, a leaf voice whisper
A moment of unexpected Grace
Beauty and peaceful rapture
Far more important than my race.

