

Freewheeling: Alice String

Feet off the pedals, hair flying in the breeze
I skoot down the hill with oh such ease
Freedom at last from exams and the birch
One in ten, says the sign. I giggle and lurch

I've escaped from school, and frowning parent's eye
I laugh as faster and faster green fields whirl by
A wobbly wheel. Hey it's no big deal
But the pothole ahead is not ideal

With thump and a bump I'm all undone
The wheel floats by as I land on my bum
I lie on my back and look at the sky
My oh my, this is no way to die

A long walk home with sore knees and knuckles
With each turn the remaining wheel buckles
The one in ten sign looked great as I sped down
But going back up I look like a clown

The moral of this story is
Freedom really is such a fizz
Full of exhilaration, danger and joy
Oh to be a happy and sore boy
Too much freedom: Laurie Wilson

Our modern world rejoices
In a myriad of choices.
Our freedom is complete and unabated.
But the problem with these visions
Is that too many decisions
Can leave us rather discombobulated.

I recall for us old geezers
It was simple buying cheeses.
There was only Kraft (or tasty for a party).
But now we have the freedom
To choose emmental or edam
Gorgonzola, brie, haloumi or Havarti.

The milk that goes in tea can
Now be almond, soy or pecan,
Or lactose free, skim, full cream or organic.
For salad dressings; these are
Just a few: there's mayo, Caesar,
Thousand island, ranch, Italian or balsamic.

And watching television
Was a trivial decision.
The choice was two or nine or ten or seven.
But now there's streaming, cable,
Free to air and I'm unable
To decide if too much freedom's hell or heaven!

But life is short and then you
Finish off life's pull-down menu,
And fate decides it's time that death do part us.
Our final choice awaits
As we pass the pearly gates:
"What type of cloud sir, cumulus or stratus?"