

## Bicycle and Wings

Those wings won't work anymore, so he rides  
a bike through the country  
of another century, the clatter, now whir  
of wheels on cobblestone, the sky's vast passing  
through him as he goes—all a lifting thing  
except there's the sense of what he's lost  
somewhere before the sweet enough transit this  
flight is—you can see it in that gently  
downcast air of his, the way a lone hand lazies  
on the handlebar in absent-heartedness  
as if he's not quite sure he's going anywhere  
worth going. Then pedaling on's the closest thing  
to prayer he might forget the need of wings  
and wear them still as his proper strangeness  
here in the one place where time still passes.

