

'Travelling', a poem by Angus Ewen, Portsmouth

A to B

Then on to C

The drabness of this journey

Never ceases to amaze me

Stop signs, red lights, bumper to bumper
sat there, wondering.

When did I become such a chump ugh?!

For me at least

Walking is a much better beast

It's at it's most fun

When it begins where the city does cease

Find a trail or a forest

Anywhere will do

As long as there's some green

Between you and that grey urban hue

When walking

Everything speaks a little more

Or you find it easier to see and to listen

To nature's joyous tune

Water so pretty it'll make you soon

Leaves like to rustle

They move and they shake

Only at the stillest of times

Does their peaceful bustle take a break

So as discussed
Walking is great
When it's near a mountain
A valley or a lake
On the sand next to the sea
Listening to the waves crash blissfully
But no not in the city, no it doesn't do it for me.

At least not the second time
You know
That place you've already been
Those things you've already seen
They shined, oh they shone
But now that first wonderment is sadly gone
You can run, you can skip
Pirouette in circles if it enhances your trip
But the problem is your so stationary
Kinda like a compass
Do anything out the ordinary
And people will stare strangely, like insanity has been accomplished
This is the sadness you see
In that it is far from the norm
To break from the commute to roll on the lawn
How does one move about while having some fun?

Well Me personally
I jump on my bike
Push twice on the ground
Then swing my leg over

Pedal hard just to start
My wheels start to spin, grow does my grin
I'm in my best form, a bicycle rover
Gliding round the corners cresting small hills
If I see type 2 thrillz
I just push a 'lil harder
Just do as I rather

Fast as lightening
Hitting corners hard kind frightening
Pushing on the straights
Fresh out the metaphorical gates
Chest is tightening, adrenaline heightening
Lungs sucking in the air
Meanwhile it whips through your hair
Nearly clear mind
Turn, lean and brake
While at same time your legs tart to shake
Lactic acid building up
Timing your strokes
Your going for broke
Gasping and rasping
Till you've got no more
Then it's all good
You just ease off, don't go so fast
Take in the sights as they sail past

This for me is the fun
Choose your own adventure

Maybe some cruise
It's a sunny day, you've got nothing to lose
Kick back
Feel that aggressive air
But feel it as your amigo, coolly caressing your hair
No longer attacking
Except for the heat
Listen to the freewheel click
Proof of the mechanics
Evidence that what your riding is actually of this planet
Fancy a beer?
Where do you park?
Don't be a lark
You can't park no closer
Than when your riding your 2 wheeled fun time coaster

In the interest of fairness
It isn't all fun

Take hills for example oh what a drag
Fighting your way up, commitment starting to flag
Then you remember right before the surrender
What goes up must come down
It's the second of that phrase
Which blows away that tired haze
Erasing that frown
You so painstakingly embraced
Energy free travel

At a most pleasing place
Once again it would seem
There's a positive to gleem
When you exit your car
And use your own volition
To travel the distance
Maybe just once leave the key out the ignition