

CRAMPED

A metal frame thrust upon two wheels,
Why are you so clumsy?

Carriages strew with necessities,
Fingers enthralled in electronics, trapped in radiation.

I wheel you on, I wedge you in,
Between my need, my will, my better judgement.

Eyes that probe, that pierce your arrival,
A universal language, inaudibly threatening.

Forced to remain, nailed to your movement,
If I should wavier, I clamp you tighter.

All the while they're watching, waiting to vocalise,
Expressively judging my boundaries.

Each stop increasing, footsteps gathering,
We walk while we travel, but how will we pass the time?

Bruising of pages, chattering of keys,
Conversations overheard by strangers, better left unsaid.

I bore my mind with distractions, to expel you from view
But distractions are trivial, overpowered by touch.

Skin beside skin, material pressed into one,
My knee against metal, your eyes against my choice.

My choice is my vessel, that of machine and of man
A vehicle of pursuance, now shackled and bound.

I stand here and wait, watch the world pass in blurs
Awaiting the moment, I command you to fly

My destination at last, the travellers disperse
Released from your cage, a burden no longer.

My freedom to ride.