

" The Biker's Tale "

Here beginneth 'The Biker's Tale':

I've often heard the theory to be said
That biker guys are addled in the head.
Because they love a noisy big machine
Their sensibilities for folk are lean,
Their love of beer and pot does not enhance
This mode of thought from those who take that stance.
Men do not know that harm is seldom meant,
By those who won't acknowledge government,
For reasons that are not too hard to trace;
They love to feel the wind across their face.
Not all are bad that choose to live that way,
I'll tell you of a man I knew one day.
This man I knew was Frank he rode a bike;
A hog, a chopper, scooter if you like.
A better looking bike was never seen,
Embellished all with chrome it was, and clean?
It would not pain a man to eat a pie
From off he chain and sprocket, that's no lie!
Frank was tall, a man of massive build,
His oily jeans and shirt were nobly filled,
His hair was long and dark and with his beard
He looked as if on earth he nothing feared.
He had a leather jacket that was old,
And right across the back in letters bold
An emblem was emblazoned in full view,
The words of which I shall make known to you.
That ornamented logo it said this:
'Sir Frank Of Mississauga'! Take no piss!!

For Frank, he was a knight in shining studs,
An adventurer decked out in dirty duds.
His chopper too, in true romantic style,
Was aptly Christened by himself, the while
And baptized it was named Excalibur!
And of that I shall say something further.
Gleaming embossed chrome, an engaging sight,
Contrasting boldly with Sir Frank, the Knight
Who wore his crusty leathers and with pride,
A flashy Bowie knife blade by his side.
They both would rumble down the blue highway
And sometimes they would stop along the way
To help a stranded motorist unravel
The mystery of his car, now on the gravel.
For Frank, he was a wizard with his wrench;
He loved to pull it, and he loved the stench
Of dirty oil upon his callused skin,
He also liked to help folk that's no sin.
This kind of good behavior does not go
With one who rides a motorbike, I know;
But Frank, he was of slightly different hue
To other motorcyclists, listen do.
Besides a love of greasy moving parts,
His interests were consumed in other arts;
And he spent many hours of passing fun
In rearranging flowers with his mum.
And many trophies had this biker got
For skill in placing white forget-me-not.
For this he was most cruelly ostracized
By elite outlaw gangs, most highly praised
By those who are the common retinue

And follow on like sheep the chosen few.
And Frank was also looked on with disdain
By people of another social grain
Because he had a tattoo on his head;
Those words of wisdom on his bonce, they read:
'Up Yours!' - he'd had it done when he was young,
A hapless teenager with flapping tongue,
When he'd gone out upon a drunken spree
And also stoned as well on PCP.
And Frank did also have a younger brother
Whom he did not know from any other;
For in their infancy, their folks did part
And with a son apiece went off to start
A life as far from each as one could be,
And thirty years had passed, Oh deary me!
'I would not know my other son at all!'
Said Frankie's mum. Except, when they were small,
Their father, having had too many rums,
Had symbolic crests tattooed upon their bums.
And on a cheek apiece was this design:
A cherubim imbibing lots of wine.
Frank was in a place that's called the dead zone.
He thought he was fated to be alone.
But then he met a girl, that's always good,
Her name was Bev and to his chest she stood.
Now Frank, he loved that lovely from the start,
She was not like a big fat biker tart,
But she was slim and slender like a doe,
She wore black shoes, high heels with open toe;
For Frank, he had a liking for the kind_
Of girl who wore tight skirts – *AND* had a mind.

And Bev Of Bayview, she had all these things.
She had nice clothes, a business and could sing!
Now, they were not a very likely pair
Except they both had long, black flowing hair;
So pain and tears was written on the slate.
Old jeans and silk are too much in debate.
That Frank did love this girl a lot was bad,
This love affair for Bev was just a fad.
She thought it was exciting and a hoot
To jump from business man in business suit
To biker guy who'd take her from her turf
And make love to her upon the sodden earth.
Bev thought Frank had an interesting technique
For making love to her, although not chic.
All Frank did was to follow certain rules;
The laws of physics were his family jewels.
Much like the four-stroke engine was his style,
Intake was first - that went on for a while.
Following intake there was compression,
Then the climax of the four-stroke session
Was spontaneous combustion, of a kind
That caused exhaust to pour out from behind.
Now to the matter of this tale I head
So we can all go home and go to bed.
One day Excalibur was hit quite hard
While quietly parked in front of Bev's front yard.
A nasty bump he took it in the rear,
And it was plain as day and just as clear
That he who hit the bike would foot the bill;
That was the case, the dump jerk's name was Phil.
The damage to the scoot was quite expensive,

The imbecile Phil was apprehensive
About the forking out of so much cash:
“My insurance will handle it, must dash!”
Enter Guy, the insurance appraiser
With dark grey suite cut sharp like a razor.
A black briefcase accompanied his side,
He stood quite tall and bore himself with pride.
The day he came Frank waited by the door,
And Bev was there, a chiffon dress she wore.
With eye as keen as any bird of prey
Guy viewed the bike while on the ground it lay.
“We'll fix you up,” said Guy, “So, have no fear.
We'll sort out all this stuff, that's why I'm here.”
And with his pen he scribbled down the story.
It looked like everything was honky dory.
But then Frank saw a thing that made him sigh,
For Bev was giving Guy the lusty eye.
“Oh crack-lock! Bollocks, shite and deary me!
She fancies Guy,” thought Frank, “It's plain to see”.
Frank did not want to turn to violence
And throttle Guy. To him it made no sense.
Instead he thought he'd use philosophy;
“If Bev likes Guy, well that's alright by me.”
And happy with the wisdom he had mustered,
He drank a beer and no more was he flustered.
Two weeks down the road we now take our tale
As we come to the end of this sundry trail.
Frank came round one day to see his girl,
He saw her leave the house and with a twirl
She jumped into a little sporty car,
Frank could not see who drove it was too far.

But then his heart was stopped by a laser,
The car belonged to Guy The Appraiser!!
There upon the spot Frank's dreams imploded,
He'd just found out he had been cuckolded.
The car picked up, they sped off down the road,
Frank followed the two, his heart a heavy load.
Down the detestable Danforth they went,
Frank followed the two, for hell he was bent.
They did not tarry long in the city,
To Scarborough they went, more is the pity,
And soon they did come upon a small townhouse,
They went through the door, the girl and the louse.
Frank stomped to the front of that doomed domain,
With tears in his eyes, revenge in his brain!
Like a V twin engine his heart did pound,
A single head butt, the door hit the ground!
The splinters, the dust, the almighty din,
Frank plowed through the lot, the house he was in.
He looked, he listened, the stairs he did soar,
He burst in Guy's room with a manic roar,
But he was stopped by a sight most obscene,
Bev's legs in the air, Guy's bum in between!!
Frank's bust up had been such a swift undertaking,
They had not had time to give up their lovemaking.
His head swimming, Frank stood astride to smite.
The two could not move, afraid of the sight,
But Frank felt quite ill and not well at all,
He staggered and weaved, he thought he would fall,
And so he focused on Guy's pink behind,
To help him stay up and balance to find.
And verily his jaw did hit the ground,

For there on upon Guy's shapely bottom round
Was the crest his father had enshrined:
A cherubim so drunk he was quite blind.
“Gadzooks”! said Guy, and kissed the sacred spot.
“Get off!” said Guy, “Seduce me you shall not”!
“Guy”, said Frank, “It's me your long lost brother”!
“Heard that one before, tell me another”!
Said Guy, his back pressed soundly to the wall,
“I'll prove it,” said our hero, then let fall
His Levi jeans, which tussled to the floor.
“I've had enough,” said Guy, “Where is the door”!
But Frank was quick and interposed his rear,
The sight of which abated all Guy's fear;
For there on hairy arse in faded ink,
Was the cherubim enjoying a drink.
“Ye Gods,” said Guy, “You really are my brother”!
And gushing each did boldly kiss the other.
The sight of all this raucus made Bev freeze;
“Two men embracing, trousers at their knees?
They did not teach me this in business Ed.”
She mumbled, fainted and slid off the bed.
To cut then a tale that is long to short,
I shall say but this and thus I report,
All three became quite happy in their way
And they are still together to this day.
The gal would alternate from bloke to bloke;
She still adored to be on Frank's four stroke,
But then she'd feel a liking to hob nob
Around on Guy's rotary sportsy job.
And Guy and Frank together they would ride
Upon the blue concession side by side.

Here endeth 'The Biker's Tale.'