

Night Rider

by cubic *Thursday, Jun 20 2013, 12:11pm*

international / poetry / post



the wind is constant
on the southern tablelands
there is not one straight tree
on the land

but it's not the wind
it's the sound
as it hisses thru the grasses,
howls and whips
thru trees, outcrops and fences
that unhinges locals

stark and sharp in its bitterness

small settlements are known
for their brooding populations
no banjo players only disappearances
tourists and those foolish enough to hitch
a ride with windblown rattled minds

by the side of the road
my Italian 750 purrs under me
engine muffled by the wind
i tighten my scarf, zip my leathers
clip my helmet and hit the highway
tightening my thighs
to catch the warmth of the engine

headed north for Sydney,
home

night riding is safer
highway traffic is sparse

and speed is easy though
the cold freezes gloved hands
on throttle and clutch lever

black leathers,
helmet and bike
merging with the night
i roar past hamlets at speed, cognisant
of the many highway patrol vehicles
and cops on big bikes that love
to chase speeding motor cyclists

stopping is out of the question
i have been contracted
for special deliveries

the instant i see lights suddenly
appear
i open her up,
the engine is doctored and police
are not able to barricade the road
for fear of causing a death for a road offence
though they always partially
obstruct the highway
when radio'd ahead
the challenge is to choose
the safest way through gaps at speed,
it's better to make the pigs jump
than do jail time

i never know what's in the small packages
i deliver but it's not difficult
guessing the return packages are cash
and lots of it

but i do it for sport and skill,
not the money though it pays well

it's all in a night's work

i look forward to the city's
lights
and familiar backstreets