

Motorcycle Mishap

I rolled to a stop
in grass beside the asphalt
hearing myself groan

opening my eyes
bike lies beside me, running
it slid, undamaged

disc brakes had heated
rusty from months in storage
I flung myself off

escape tumbling bike
I thought the safer option
novice rider's goof

two passing farmers
in their dusty pick-up truck
stopped to rescue me



Pan-American highway (then a narrow asphalt road), near Nacaome, Honduras, January 1969.
Photo 2020 same road, source: trip-suggest

Created: 8 August 2021



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