

Silent Running

Poetry by Mark Petruzzi
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not another soul on this farm stretch of road
I ride for these moments of silent running

the wind is against me, but i don't care just now
I am part of the whole thing...

wind
cloud streets
grassy hills
cadence of pedals
a near miss of a flying, buzzing
speck of life

taking the center stripe
delighting in the headlong rush of air
inhaling deeply,
I bless the hawks and hills

pushing just enough to overmatch wind and slope
no striving
no wasted effort
head bobbing, the white line pulses
my heart pulses

the earth pulses back...