

A Motorcycle

By Ariana Landeira

Simple machine, it is the vehicle
of my only thrill. exhausted, i
indulged in clever tension. i am safe
on a horse of chrome. free rush accelerated;
no stop, no halt
and those cringes from a doubtful face float
away. this race is a silver hair in free fall—
I just go with the light. Speeding
sprees swerve me like gasoline. perhaps,
the ignition of this moment is freedom.