Night Rider

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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, whistles, 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 lightsand familiar backstreets

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-642.html