Once, when riding my bike

By Josh Thompson © October 2019

Once, when riding my bike

My big brother Bob wanted to ride

So he put me on the back to pump me

Barefoot

My toes got stuck in the spokes, ouch!

I cried, he stopped, I climbed off, and crawled toward home,

Crying and crying.

Brother Bob said, “Get up! You’re okay,” and went on home.

When he went inside, I wiped my tears,

Got on my bike and rode off.

Once, when riding my bike,

I looked up as a bird flew by.

I chased that bird, I thought I could fly.

I looked up and dragged my toe on the gravel pavement, ouch.

I wiped my tears,

Got on my bike and rode off.

Once, when riding my bike,

I turned left

And found myself on a country road.

It curved around, went through some trees,

And then, the road fell away,

Down, de down down to a narrow wooden bridge

Bump de bump bump.

I cried, “Whee!”

Stayed on my bike and rode off.

Once, when riding my bike with my friend Joe,

We saw a path to the park.

We went down and around and played all day.

Late, we headed home, but the path went dark.

Instead of down along our street, suddenly we were stuck.

We could go all the way back and around to find the path,

Or go forward, straight toward home, whatever came this way.

Maybe dinosaurs, or tractors, or hippos at the zoo.

No, just a plane came along, and landed close by.

We got back on our bikes and rode off.

This all happened,

Once, while riding my bike.