

THE GIFT

The boy did not get the Schwinn he wanted.
The bicycle was a Christmas present
his parents could afford. His pleasure
hid his cravings for the Schwinn.
He could not understand how his parents
didn't know. His parents had always known.

The boy repaired the chain
that continuously broke on the bike
that he could not stand. He left
the bike as soon as he could
for other things.

Today, he cannot recall the name of the

bike

only the bike that would have satisfied
being the envy with the best. No recall,
either, does he have of that boy he was
as he is the boy who loved the bike
that love could afford that didn't work
aright and rattled and came apart, piece
by piece, and was tossed into the junkyard
and left to rot, chain slipping, skipping,
never getting anywhere, creating danger
in the woods, yet held up to patchwork
through hell bent for speed.

Grottos in Hawaii tempered the loss, plane
rides as flaming coffins, the rock
that sank him broomed lightness into a buoy,
a compass, while the ants are as ever
here, and now I, who have been both of them,
release the sun back to orbiting as moon
has risen in a dark land, live discoveries
and other desire stories, rent bicycles
for a marathon of afternoons, celebration
of the vanishings and embracing
the leak of shame, I give back
as I release the horn of blame,
as I've been junked for falling
apart enough to shave the walrus, pet
the cobra, and let land balloons I have
abandoned for gifts that give nothing,
gives and nothing can take away.