



11-15-1999

Bi-cycle

David Galef

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Galef, David (1999) "Bi-cycle," *Westview*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol19/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Bi-cycle

by David Galef

The blind event that caused this lurch
Is back again, the sheets adrift
As the clock proclaims, "How late, how late."
My wife wheels around so noiselessly,
In synch with my revolutions,
We might as well be dreaming but
For the wail that cuts right through the night—
Abandonment and desolation.
It's my turn, no yours, says one of us,
As I skate into slippers and stumble hallward,
The dark parting thick as the curtain of life,
Into the chamber that houses our son.
His legs shoot outward, pedaling
The tricycle stolen just last week.
I pick up our hero; I soothe him with hands;
I tell him it's all right till he understands.
Leave slowly, turn once, keep the door ajar.
I move in reverse to the bed but lie wide-eyed.
After so many wakings, my sleep cycle's bent,
Like Dizzie's dinged trumpet, a warped lemniscate.
My wife's on her side with the bulk of the sheets.
I shut my eyes tight and coast until dawn.

