

Festival of the Wheels

The bicycles came at first light from the Racer and the Mountain orders,
having rolled in their holy lines for days across the length and breadth of land.
Then came the motored kind of bikes, and swarms of cars, their multicoloured
skins flashing, a rainbowed armour. Lorries and trucks cleared a corridor for
the rarer wheels – those funny aeroplanes which rolled on air, and stubborn trains
following only where rails would lead them. Baby hubcaps spun and bossed around
the furniture castors. Bright buttons shook blasphemously in their boxes, while rollerblades
and skateboards met their match on sand. The sensible prams rolled along the pier,
then silence for the millstone and the spinning wheel. Even the cogs in machinery stopped.
For the first time in the Age of Wheels there was no turning. I remember
the sea whispering, and then the clocks chimed now the waterwheel would speak.

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Written for the Bournemouth Wheels' Festival 2014

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