

Lonely, Wild & Free

By David A Zien, Written in 1967, won State Honors/Writing & Speaking

Wind her out, dig, spin & squeal.
With the wind at your back,
And your past behind,
You'll be as only few, have been
On your Cicle', ridin' with wind.

Good thing they had brakes,
Or I'd still be lying there.
On my back I seen through the flakes,
With my body numb with cold,

Three cars and two trucks that slide to a halt.
They all called me crazy,
But they called Bob that too.
Now all they have for 'em is compassion.

We had fun ridin' the yellow line,
Swervin' side to side & passin' on the right.
"Cicle', I remember well,
Soon we'll give her another try."

Last night a dream revealed to me,
An awesome sight, as awesome as could be.
I seen myself passin' that last car -----!
Rebellious, wild and free.

Miles ahead and miles behind,
On your conquering cicle',
You're ridin' the last frontier.

Danger is staying behind,
Death is passin' the next car.
You know that every move you make,
Is a gamble with death and the devil.

With each close call you say to yourself,
"Use your brains, quit while you're ahead."
But a head belongs to the quick and living.
On a Cicle', you're more than alive.

You may settle down to some degree,
But not as long as there's a sunrise.
For you were born free,
Free, to do as you please.
An' to Roam these endless skies.

Gurglin' groan of a Cicle's moan.
Being the last speck in today's life's entry,
You're here to be wild & free.
Riden' with the devil's fury.

Look at a guy on a Cicle',
The clothes on his back.
What makes him lonely & Bad?!
But you'll have to admit,
He's not like the crowd, not like you are!

Cool as the wind.
The wind it teaches you what you wanna do.
Don't know why you're that way,
Ready to ride & roam
And break the law again.

The glistenin' chrome matches,
The fire in your eyes.
The Cicle's hum beats a rhythm to the brain.
You're ridin' alone boy, with no-one along
So do as you please in this midnight air.

For perhaps the time has nearly come.
Live today as if there's no tomorrow.
The sun pierces your mind & sets you free.
You're ridin' alone.

The rumble, screech & the groan,
Your Cicle's heartbeat matchin' your own.
Our wheels a churnin' to no laws abide,
The few hopes left are pointed to the sky.

Endless road, endless love.
Useless past, pointless future.
Only three things concern you,
Yourself, your Cicle', & those challenges,

Always loaming ahead, waiting to be conquered.
Passin' on the uphill, speedin' at night,
Weavin' through traffic, all you behold.
For nothin' matches your speed and endurance,
On the endless road.

Conquest - Cicle' a poundin'.
Proud as a king,
Who's been through a long day?
The everlasting siege to turn good, Jabs at ya!
But you've won over that, for now.

But many consider mankind lost,
Cause ya' won.
So the laws get harsh,
And the people get hard.
You're alone Boy, but proud as a king.

The beat's slow,
It's been a hard day.
Loved ones at home worryin'.
Only now there's no home.
Ma told ya' to stay close,
Now the sub-conscience is Ma.
To turn back would be to accept failure.

Eyes hypnotized to the road ahead.
It's a long ways to the unknown.
Maybe you'll get there - soon.
The unknown is the satisfaction of conquest,
Or the overcoming of defeat.
But which conquest or what defeat?

Unknown to all whom sees.
To them, you're a hood on a bike.
But your cause is deeper, far deeper,
Than any of theirs.
Because you want to be free,
And you are.

Without the Cicle',
Perhaps in an office you'd sit -
With your back to the outdoors.
To be forever shunned
And to shun the forever.

Accelerate, decelerate, clutch & brake,
Runnin' that last stop sign was a mistake,
For on your tail is a screachin' cop,
Is it worth it, or is it not?
Every ounce of brain and power
Is fed into this heat.

Around the block or even the world,
At the ultimate of speed.
A wrong turn or move could be your final fate.
Then You'd have to part with your cicle',
Your lovin' mate.

You're a ray of light -- undefined.
A motherless child -- with no one to mind.
You try to prove what you always knew,
But you can't.

Screamin' brakes & the clash of the steel.
You know not whether you'll eat a next meal.
Every close call is a prophecy,
Of what tomorrow, you may very well see.

You often pray and this be your prayer,
When I make that final ride,
And find myself in the grave.

"Please Lord, may this be my last request,
When I make that final ride,
And find myself in the grave,
Bury my Cicle' under me.

And for me no sympathy ever bare,
For we'll be ridin' through heaven and hell,
My Cicle' and me.


When you get there, wherever you go.
An' you hear a bellerin' & thunderin',
Don't expect to see the god Thor,
But rather my Cicle and me.

Thunderin' flames from dual exhaust pipe,
An' bellowin' clouds that'll welcome thee
For we'll be riden'
Through Heaven and Hell
My Cicle' and me.

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