

# The Sun

Aidan Knight

The wind in my ear  
I pedal and push  
Riding my bicycle

The clouds are too much  
I found the brakes  
Light came down as I rode away

Tied up my ties  
Tried to look my very best  
Wind off an arm, arms  
Crossed on my chest

Just what I feared  
A knife or a crutch  
Caught in the spokes and  
Got me all cut up