

There is some reward for that alone.....
takes me from the mind to the body with awareness
moving through space in a passage of time.

Sometimes, it is enough, just to go through the motions.

Passionate, too, maybe it could be said.

Several years back I was a bit more aggressive, obsessive about the ride.

I stopped at the beach pavilion today and picked up my free-for-seniors photo id beach pass.

Now, it is being a bit more paced.

At one time, it might have been a rather pressing ride.

This trip gets me almost or somewhere around twenty-eight miles.

In town I pick up the bike path to the station.

There is a stretch along the shore, where I can see the waves before they break.

Sometimes, I ride, starting from my house, up a half mile fairly steep hill, seven miles to town.

I feel better, as I anticipated, at least a bit toned down, no clearer or certain.
It is another six miles back to my starting point. Back to my truck and back home.

What the tide brings
Always that elusive vision.
At the edge of awareness
Hypnagogic images play before sleep.

Hoping that purpose and passion find me home.

The rides are a bit of controlled chaos as the floods surge and recede.

Something that I cannot put into words.
To the best of my knowledge the vision is a memory of remembered events.

I am looking for something that I can not quite put my finger on.

Please recycle to a friend.

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ANOTHER DAY

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Six miles on the bike path, brings me through the edge of "The Great Swamp"
ending at the train station, where I neither see someone off or on, as the case may be.

I usually stay long enough to watch at least one train pass through or stop, on its way.

This is not like Grand Central with its endless flow of travelers, local and beyond.

The dearly departed and the recently arrived passing shoulder to shoulder,
seeming to take no notice of the other.

I notice their passing dissolving into the stream of passersby.