**How I learned to Bike**

I was biking on a dusty road

In ScItuate Rhode Island

It was spring and the sand

From the snowplows was still there

It was only my second time on a bike

Without training wheels to fall back on

And I felt a pang of fear as

I approached the giant sandy hill

I cautiously went forward,

Like a fawn trying out its legs for the first time

I started to roll forward

Slammed on the brakes

This process repeated over and over

Until I gathered my courage and went for it

I put my brakes on,

Hit sand and skidded out of control

Barreling into the woods

at inhuman speeds

I hit a tree and pitched forward

And skinned my knees

I didn’t like it then but now

It makes for a good story

So I am glad it happened.