

Ghost Biker Me

I was riding breezily, happy, and free,
enjoying the weather, it was only me.
At my own pace, I routed on a whim,
at times on a path, at times with them.
Cars, that is, on a street. Mutual respect,
one to the other, does both protect.

You were in a hurry and don't often see,
cyclists like me. I was mere buzzy bee.
You wished I vanished, but I was still there,
you were late; so, you shifted gear.
The lane narrowed, then constricted more.
Formed an aisle with less room for error.
You couldn't wait, you tried to speed by,
at most, you gave a half-hearted try.

You clipped me, caught my bike mirror,
spun me around, the physics were severe.
To avoid injury, I tried my best.
but between car and bike; it's no contest.
People speak of me sadly, in past tense.
Some say 'mishap,' others 'it made no sense.'

Ghost Bike

Ghost bike white and still
through all seasons reminds of
life ephemeral.

Ghost Shoes

Ghost shoes white and chill
through all seasons remind of
life ephemeral.

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Ghost Bike and *Ghost Shoes* are Haiku in syllabic and line form. *Ghost Biker Me* is of Bop form. This form does not have a required meter or rhyming pattern. It uses stanzas of 6, 8, and 6 lines.

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The poem *Ghost Biker Me* is meant to be personalized. Revisions or restatements are invited. Read more about the Bop at [Bop | Academy of American Poets](#).