HEDGIE CHOI

You Are a Little Red Bike

You are stolen.

You are stolen again.

Now you don’t remember which kid it is you miss.

The one with the skinned knee or the one with the skinned elbow?

But this kid here you don’t miss him at all since he is right here all the time foot on pedal & fingers on brakes.

You hope he dies.

He dies.

Because global warming.

No one steals you even though you are left out in the parking lot with a flimsy cable lock for years getting weathered on the weather getting weirder every year.

Good, you think. So there.