

# MONTANA MOUNTAINS IN MY HEART



POETRY AND  
MUSINGS

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## CYCLE THERAPY

Bills are piling up the car needs work.  
 Back aches, knees and ankles have quirks.  
 News is bad the whole country is whack.  
 Time to grab the bike and find some single track.

Air up the tires mount the steed.  
 The little saddle fits like a glove.  
 Knobbies roll like tumbleweeds in the wind.  
 Pick up speed, soak up the bumps.  
 Flick around the turns, focus down the trail.  
 Nuthin' Hurts.  
 It's Cycle Therapy

The bike and you perform as one.  
 Spin for power, squeeze the brakes just right.  
 Tap the lever change the gears.  
 Push up the hills while legs rebel.  
 Dodge the rocks, lean back to clear the ledge.  
 Nuthin' Hurts.  
 It's Cycle Therapy

Age creeps up and friends are ill.  
 Some have passed, others trapped in their minds.  
 Trail cuts through the prairie, and along the cliffs.  
 The expanse and solitude sneak into your inner being.  
 Gotta think quick or just react. Afflictions vanish and demons  
 depart.  
 Nuthin' Hurts.  
 It's Cycle Therapy

Trail passes under the tires like ribbon through a roller.  
 Clear the Tepee Rock like a speed bump.  
 Don't catch your pack on the Limbo Tree.  
 Cross the 2-plank bridge and up the rocks.  
 Drop the seat for the downhill; pop it back up for the climb.  
 Nuthin' Hurts.  
 It's Cycle Therapy

Back to the trailhead, a brief respite.  
 Demons and afflictions kept out of sight.  
 Change into street clothes and check the list.  
 Life's varied problems still persist.  
 New perspective and vision for your guide.  
 Until the next time you can ride.

