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## The Astonishing Bicycle

Time has stood still after the mushroom cloud of that fateful day  
A haunting memorial, I lie in the, black clay  
I am alone, perfectly preserved as an ashen white stencil  
A shadow of a peace bicycle, appearing perfectly traced in pencil

It was August the Sixth, 1945  
Then there was an explosion with heat radiating, it was the last day my  
young owner was alive  
I was on the ground waiting, for my usual role was to provide a ride to school  
It seemed at the time that this act of war was to determine who would rule

My tires stayed perfect circles, my frame is preserved  
The handlebars are upright, and the seat is reserved  
The pedals are ready, the chain remains intact  
I am waiting for the ride that never came, the broken pact

As I lie now my body empty, for I am no more but a bomb ' s drawing of my  
shadow on the floor  
Autumn leaves dance lightly like swirls in the wind, reminding me of the past  
I am sure  
I am a shrine in the peace park often visited in the city  
Reminding all that in the tragedy of war the way man acts may not be pretty

A humble bicycle outline I am not  
I am a reminder of a time that should not be forgot  
I was owned by a child, an innocent victim, whose life was cut short  
I hope that a lesson has been learnt as the next generation is taught

I am the Hiroshima Peace Bicycle, astonishing and proud  
Nothing more, nothing less, my message is loud  
My perfect form is now but an empty shell  
The worth of my existence is not an offer of a ride but the story I tell