

BICYCLING ON LIDINGÖ

This gray cycle is a step-through model;
in the U.S. we'd call it a girl's bike.
A foot brake, no speeds, my son would sink it
in the ground with his ten-speed derailleur
contempt. Yet it rolls, or bounces, through bikeways
of conscientious Swedish planning, it winds
along paths of asphalt and level dirt,
sun spokes falling on wayside blueberry
and lingon bushes. It wheels past rust red
houses with white trim, pristine bays flashing
by the trees. Night sun of midsummer melds
pine and birch to the yellow side of green
steering the sky into a Swedish flag.
The path moving, the bicycle stands still,
I think I saw a fox along that hill.