

# I AM THE WHEEL

*Stephen Baily*

You drive your car to work. I drive my carcass.  
You get behind the wheel, start the ignition,  
Reach down, release the brake, shift out of park. This  
Permits you like some fleeting apparition  
To flit past me. It's not yet dawn. The rain  
That clobbers my slouch hat and soaks my sneakers  
Drums unheard on your metal roof, in vain  
Competing with the backbeat from your speakers.  
You turn the wheel. I am the wheel. I steer  
Myself along the streets, snarled at by curs,  
Tripped up by frost-heaved concrete slabs, in fear  
Of skulking lunatics and murderers.  
How smug you look when I reach work at last.  
Oh well. I get there too—just not as fast.

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