

The following poems are '**Honourable Mentions**' submitted by contestants of the 1st Annual Toronto International Biker Poetry Contest.

Although not chosen to compete on stage at the Spring Motorcycle Show we agreed that these were too good not to share with you.

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Roads Caller

If I could write a poem
Of the roads I'd Roam
Be they Paved
.....or Stone
Near
or Far from Home
I'd really best mention
How it relieves all tension...
In that other dimension
On this
a fabulous invention.

If single you ride
Or with friends by your side.
You know what I mean
When you straddle your machine....
Accelerating and Keen
To cruise
or to lean....
And round the last bend
Near a long days end.
Feeling inspired.....
By all
that's transpired.

And though much has been said
In things we have read
Of dangers ahead
You know in your heart
From the moment you start
That you'll have no misgiving
When you are out there.....

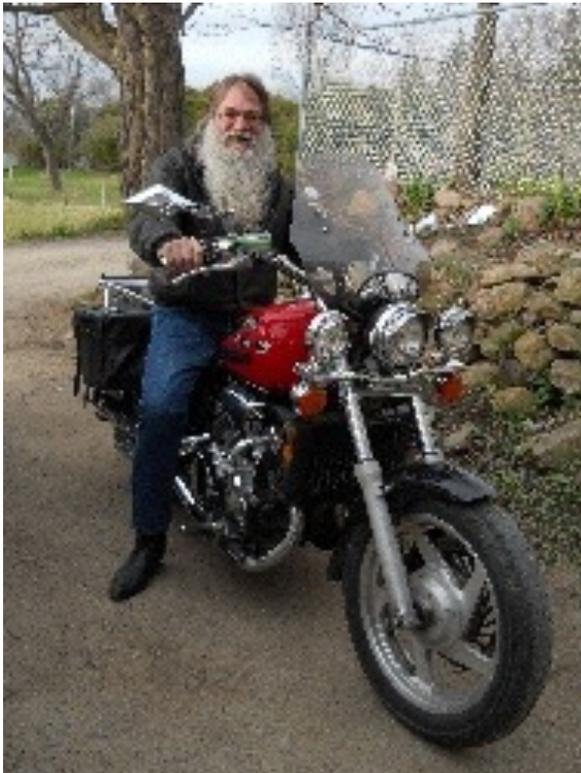
Really living.



Kevin Lyons, Guelph Ontario

Challenged Rider

I woke up this morning to a horrible sight,
But the sound that went with it was a much greater fright.
The vision was one of frost on the ground,
But more than amazing was the scooter sound
All summer long I've seen him drive by
on his tiny little scooter with a gleam in his eye
Not a complex man, pursuing his destination
A man that is happy, with his own limitation.
But here I stand,
angry at the frost.
Unhappy cuz a cold day,
is a riding day lost.
But there rides the "challenged" man smiling, past my house
So really who is challenged?
Who's the man?
Who's the mouse?



Glen Eagle

JUST RIDE...

For years I've been riding
All over the place,
When we first met we went for a ride
Until then, she never liked bikes.
She smiled as she talked
About wind in her face,
And how now she could feel
The sun on her back.
One early morning ride,
A short felt a chill enveloped her.
As we rode along on the tree lined road,
Felt the ups the downs, and the solitude.
Her mom once asked, "What is the draw?"
She smiled that grin, before she replied,
Said, "Often the world just flies on by,"
"But sometimes, You can even smell the earth".



Bruno Gauweiler

Woman on the Wild Side

Riding My Motorcycle ...

At a Fast Pace...

Wind In My Face...

Engine Thumping Bass...

Daring A Race...

In Leather & Lace...

Helmet Just In Case...

Nothing Can Replace...

... (repeat!)



Patsy Vaillancourt, Oshawa Ontario

Theatre of the Mind

...allow me to take you on my search for...
"TOMORROW"

You don't know me or my roots
I stumble out of the wilderness in these vagabond boots.
Brushing the dust from my leathers and blues
Tired from riding I saddle up by you.
You look my way and can't help but stare
I shake my head, right now I ain't go'n no where.
Calling this home, need a place to rest my head
The bar-keep walks over, I have a double Jack instead.
Don't ever remember feeling so exhausted and alone
Leaning against this stranger, the energy is drawn.
Sun sinking fast, feel the cool air over my skin
Jack's made me feel warm deep from within.
Growing more tired, eyes drawing heavy
Quietly excuse myself, don't finish my bevy.
"Hey" you ask "I don't even know your name?"
I answer "Honestly Babe, it's better left that way."
Don't think I have a heart of stone
Please understand, I need to complete this journey alone.
Now in my room I draw a bath so hot
Undressed, slowly, slipping in, mmm... hits the spot.
I'm ready to lay down here in this place
I allow the lunar beams caress my tire face.
Tomorrow I'll straddle my Iron Indian steed once again
You know, it'll take more than one gas tank to keep me sane.



Gypsy Free, Lisle Ontario

Thanks, Dad

My dad he taught me how to ride,
I always loved to be by his side.
It was a little yellow yamaha 50,
At 8 years old that was pretty nifty!
Man could I ever make that thing rip,
Go so quick my mom would flip!
But I just loved to go real fast,
I'd wish the summers would forever last!
Now 44 still riding bikes,
My fb pics get tons of likes!
I don't care on street or dirt,
As long as I don't wipe out & get hurt!
I truly thank my dad for this love,
He rides with me now from
heaven above.



Melanie Smith