

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*John Schneider*  
**Gasoline**

On those muggy mid-summer days  
I would get away  
By flying down the road  
Hot wind in my face  
Wheeling my tricycle  
Pedaling fast as I could  
Wheels spinning through time  
As if I was turning the earth itself  
Using up all the gasoline  
I had made soaking  
Colored crepe papers in an empty  
One-pound Hills Brothers coffee can  
Tied to the trike with binder twine  
So it would drag behind splashing  
Out more and more the faster I cycled  
Leaving a liquid rainbow behind me,  
Evidence of where I had been  
And of what I would become.