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## Purple and Blue Star Handlebars

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When I was 8, I spent more time with my bike than I did with other people.

I was so familiar with band-aids; I saw them as a part of my skin.

My knees and elbows could tell the story of my every adventure on their own,

Every so often I had to color because I was so sore but I never admitted that out loud.

In an attempt to get as much daylight as possible, I raced home at the sound of the school bell daily.

“I’ll be around the block,” was only true for a few weeks.

My boundaries grew quickly, making my scabs jealous and limbs fearful of what was to come soon.

I let the air take me in like a breath until the street lights came on.

I only ever trusted my sister to be my companion occasionally, but she didn’t see it the way I did.

Calm, happy, alive

As an adult, I long for these feelings which now are so rare.

From this cage, I miss my bike.